PDC

SIR!

NOV. 35¢

YOUR SWEETHEART AND ABORTION

(See page 20)

LAURA VICKERS ►





WHY CALL GIRLS ARE THAT WAY

(See page 26)

HUMAN JERKED BEEF

The strange case of America's first cannibal

ARE YOU TAKING A CHANCE WITH VD

(See page 14)



the Strange Case of UNITY MITFORD Hitler's Mistress



MAJOR DRUMMOND'S Two Weeks in Hell

"You don't need a college diploma but you do need plenty of common sense and . . .

You've got to like people"



I guess I've given this same answer to thousands of men and women in the last 40 years. The question itself is worded in different ways . . . but it always has to do with whether an average person can learn my kind of professional work. They are interested because they want to do it as a new full-time occupation . . . or as a dignified spare-time way of making extra money . . . or (because my work is so fascinating) they want to learn it for self-development and for use as a hobby. No matter what your reason for accepting this that I offer you in the story below, your own life will become fuller and each new day will bring you the satisfactions and excitement of new adventure.

By M. N. Bunker

DO PEOPLE interest you? Does knowing what makes people tick intrigue you? Would you call yourself a student of human nature?

I am lucky enough to say this has been my life's work—the study of people, their likes and dislikes, their strengths and their weaknesses. If I had my life to live over again I'd get back into the same field. And if I couldn't do it for pay I'd do it as a hobby. That's how much I like the work I have done all my life.

I'm semi-retired now and look back with complete satisfaction. My life is full and I have made and saved more money than I shall ever need. But of far greater importance to me—I have shown many men and women an interesting way of helping themselves by helping others.

Is it Magic?

This occupation which I have followed all my life uses a practical science that, many people think, works like magic. True, it may work like magic but this is the kind of miracle that has its feet firmly on the ground—solid as a rock—based on sound logic and proved fact.

If you are mentally mature and if you are intelligent enough to be open minded (which is probably so or you would not have read this far into my message) I want to show you how you can turn your ability into cash . . . how you can achieve emotional well-being and a positive approach to living.

I don't have space here to tell you the whole story of my unique profession-business. And, in any case, I would like first to give you, without charge, a "free sample" of the science of grapho analysis.

Grapho analysis is the fast growing technique of reading character and personality traits from ordinary handwriting. Please note that this is *not* graphology and has nothing to do with fortune-telling.

Please be a Doubting Thomas

I hope you are now shaking your head and saying to yourself, "Sounds interesting, but just what can this ability to analyze handwriting do for me?" I want you to be a Doubting Thomas because thinking people do best with grapho analysis.

Basically, this advanced method of getting significant meaning out of ordinary handwriting is a psychological tool. You can use it to understand people—your loved ones, your employees, your customers, your bosses. With this knowledge of grapho analysis you know how to handle people. You become a practical psychologist. Also, a study of your own handwriting will reveal many things about your own strengths and weaknesses that you never before understood very well, if at all.

This knowledge and ability makes you feel different about yourself. You'll feel an inner strength, an inner self-esteem to accompany your new-found understanding. You'll enjoy life more . . . your pleasant positive attitude will bring you confidence and success.

Remember, these inner personal benefits are something you get *in addition* to the money-making opportunities you have in grapho analysis. Many of our members start earning lecture fees (as much as $50.00 an hour) even before they are through with their training. There is a demand for good grapho analysts to talk before luncheon clubs, civic, fraternal and church groups, conventions, and on radio and television.

Other members make good steady earnings teaching neighborhood study classes, doing counseling and solving family and marital problems. Yes, grapho analysis offers any intelligent person an exciting new career, one in which you help people and earn good money doing it.

Send for FREE X-Ray View of Your Personality

Let me send you, without any charge, an analysis of your own handwriting. I want to send you this personal study *absolutely free* to acquaint you with this fascinating science of character analysis through handwriting.

Also, without any obligation on your part I will send you a copy of the Grapho Analyst Digest. You'll find in this big illustrated booklet many factual stories about men and women who have studied grapho analysis . . . and the unusually fine things that have happened to them since they learned how to analyze handwriting.

And that's not all. Also free, I want to send you a sample lesson in grapho analysis. You'll learn interesting handwriting rules you can use immediately. Rules that may save you from costly errors, both personal and business . . . rules that will help you *really* know people.

Absolutely No Charge for Any of This

Remember, this is all free. I want you to have it with no strings attached. Just handwrite your name and address in the coupon below. And address your envelope to me also in your own regular handwriting. This will give me enough of your handwriting to have your free analysis worked up. That's all there is to it . . . just fill in the coupon below and mail it to me today. There is absolutely *no charge* or obligation of any kind.

M. N. BUNKER, International Headquarters

Department LN-141 **Springfield 4, Missouri, U. S. A.**

M. N. Bunker, International Headquarters
Dept. LN-141 Springfield 4, Missouri, U. S. A.

Please send me the free analysis of my handwriting together with a free copy of the Grapho Analyst Digest and a free sample lesson in grapho analysis. There is no obligation on my part and no charge now or ever.

Name_____

Address_____

City & State_____

Please *handwrite* in coupon but *print* your name clearly below in margin

STARTING TO GET BALD?

take hope

for new hair with the Brandenfels Home System!

Like you...and you...and you, these people were losing their hair, or were actually bald. Look at them now! They used the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. Their heart-warming experience offers you a wonderful incentive for action.

Even where you now have no hair, the roots — or follicles — may still be alive—in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then *"rests"* before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time, it is believed, is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW — before it is too late.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small (and "resting"), the opening is plugged with sebacious gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.

2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME...1 TO 4 BENEFITS

If you have (1) excessively falling hair, (2) ugly dandruff, (3) a rapidly receding hair line, or (4) any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

YOU OWE THIS TO YOURSELF

You owe it also to your family and to your business acquaintances to give the Brandenfels HOME PLAN a thorough trial. While results may vary between individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial proportion of cases.

Brandenfels wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use.

From more than 20,000 letters (CPA audit) *attesting to the benefits from the Brandenfels System* you can take heart and confidence for your own case. If you, or anyone in your family are losing hair rapidly, or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with full directions and complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use and how to follow the special massage method.

ORDER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add $2 (total $20). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon, U.S.A.

Send the coupon RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait you may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!



1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown at the left.

2 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

3 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home Plan.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System —as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of the Brandenfels Plan.

HERE'S MORE EVIDENCE FOR HOPE

Letters, testimonials and scalp pictures (unretouched) are bonafide. All are reproduced by permission.

Competent doctors and clinicians conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth with the Brandenfels HOME PLAN in varying degrees in a reasonable proportion of cases.

In addition, licensed CPA's have certified over 23,000 letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, less excessive hair fall, relief from dandruff scale, other improved scalp conditions.

Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission given.

References: St. Helens Bank, U. S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce—all St. Helens, Oregon



Mail this coupon before you misplace it.

SIR-111

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ I enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the $18.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

☐ Excessively Falling Hair
☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
☐ Alopecia

SIR!

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES

ROBERT S. CALDWELL - *Executive Editor*
CLEM BODDINGTON - *Sports Editor*
ALPHONSE PERSICO - *Fiction Editor*
EDWARD HALLDORSON - *Art Director*
JORDAN MALEK - *Assistant Art Director*
JAY BURTIS - *Advertising Manager*



ADRIAN B. LOPEZ
Editor-in-Chief

ARDIS SANDEL
Editor

SIR! is published monthly, except for June and December, by Volitant Publishing Corporation at 21 West 26th Street, New York City. Editorial, art, and advertising offices at 21 West 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at Sparta, Illinois. Single copy price 35 cents; yearly subscription $3.50. The publishers will handle all submitted manuscripts with care, but such material must be accompanied by sufficient return postage and is submitted at the author's risk. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright 1961 by Volitant Publishing Corporation.
November, 1961 Vol. 18, No. 3

CONTENTS

NOV., 1961 Vol. 18, No. 3

EXTRA BOOK BONUS

HUMAN JERKED BEEF.....VINCENT S. STACEY 10
The fantastic story of Alfred Packer's career as a cannibal.

ARTICLES

ARE YOU TAKING CHANCES WITH VD?.....LEO ROSENHOUSE 14
Are you the one man in 5 who will get a venereal disease this year?

ENGLAND'S DANCE OF THE VIRGINS.....RICHARD MOORE 18
The greatest orgy since Roman times took place at an English country estate.

YOUR SWEETHEART AND ABORTION.....JOSEPH HILTON 20
Five thousand women will die this year, victims of illegal abortions.

THE STRANGE CASE OF UNITY MITFORD.....M. J. PETERS 24
Was she Hitler's mistress or clever counteragent of London's Scotland Yard?

A SURVEY ON CALL GIRLS.....J. H. SMITH 26
Rather than being oversexed, most call girls hate men and love-making.

THE WORLD'S STRONGEST WOMAN.....CLEM BODDINGTON 41
Louise Armaindo stood 5 ft., 2 in. and weighed 122; yet she was a hellion.

TRUE STORIES

CONFESSIONS OF A ROMAN LENS LOUSE.....VITO CANESSI 15
The paparazzos *take blackmail pix of celebrities and well-heeled tourists.*

MAJ. DEANE-DRUMMOND'S TWO WEEKS IN HELL.....PETER J. McCURTIN 22
For 14 days the British major hid in a closet in Gestapo HQ in Holland.

I FOUGHT AGAINST CASTRO.....TIM HOLQUIN 34
Once a Castro fighter, author Holquin is now determined to rid Cuba of Reds.

TO OBLIGE A FRIEND.....CARLEY MILLS 36
Best-selling author Mills writes a true story of a Marseilles murder.

SPORTS

HELL AND DEATH AT AINTREE.....GEORGE T. MILLER 38
Odds are 10 to 1 against any horse finishing in Grand National Steeplechase.

SPECIALTIES

ALL ABOUT THIS ISSUE..... 4

DEAR SIR! . . . YOU CUR!..... 6

NEW PRODUCTS FOR MEN..... 8

JUST FOR YOU, SIR!.....REAMER KELLER 28

LAURA VICKERS SAYS: "TAKE ME BACK TO MY DREAM GUY"..... 30



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-12611, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

DEAR SIR!... YOU CUR!

LOVE LIFE OF SOLDIERS

Dear SIR!:

The article by Joan M, headed "Are Servicemen Sexual Shysters?" (April) is the most fatuous thing I have ever read. It's obvious that this woman hates her own American GI's.

Her reference to the "gentle-voiced" English girls who were corrupted by the GI's during the war was really amusing. London tarts are anything but gentle-voiced, to say the least!

Well, perhaps a better use could be found for these loose women in a future war. Also, with their new-found equality and emancipation, I hope the women in this country do more in the next war than they did in the last.

George B.
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear SIR!:

Sour grapes! Who does Joan M. think she's kidding? She's probably some cross-eyed, buck-toothed dame who couldn't get a tumble from any guy, peace time or war.

Even if a man's a soldier he has some pride when it comes to the women he romances. Probably Joan M's still sore because she couldn't give away more than Red Cross coffee and doughnuts!

P. F.
Lima, O.

Dear SIR!:

I bet all your men readers are mad at Joan M. for what she wrote in her article, but as a woman who was just a young girl starting to date during the last war, I have to agree with her.

However, maybe Joan was a bit too hard on the boys. Maybe they ran around in groups and later bragged about their conquests because they were young and scared about going off to war and needed to brag to give themselves confidence.

They say no man can really understand what it feels like to have a baby, and I guess that no woman who hasn't actually fought in a war can understand how a boy really feels when he has to go off.

I married an ex-soldier right after the war, and he's been a wonderful husband in all ways. I guess men change, too, as they get older.

Mrs. M. B.
Salt Lake City, U.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT

Dear SIR!:

Just a line to keep you and your readers up to date. I'm settled down in London ("Dear SIR!" February) and having myself a ball. London is all you've ever printed about it—and more. I've been to that restaurant where you can sketch a nude model while eating, and for a couple of pounds I've joined several of those clubs where they put on afternoon strip shows. It beats hanging around a bar any time.

The gals are terrific here too. They're good looking and willing, and you don't have to spend a lot of money taking them out.

Believe me, I never had it so good! And I know it! Oh yes, I'm also getting SIR! on "this side of the pond"—as they say.

Don Patterson
London, Eng.

CHINA'S DISAPPEARING MOUNTAIN

Dear SIR!:

I have been reading your article in the May issue about the disappearing mountain.

During the war I was with the Air Force stationed in India and sometimes went to a forward base with the ship.

On one trip I had been taking a nap when one of the crew members woke me and told me to look out his window, and we were passing the highest mountain in the world. It wasn't Mount Everest as we were only about three hours out of our field.

We took about fifteen minutes to pass it, which means it was just plain big.

The conversation turned to how high it was, and someone told me a fighter pilot took his ship up to find out just how big it really was. He flew to a little over 31,500 feet by his instruments, so that just a little over would mean about 31,650 feet to be level with the top of it.

There are enough instruments in a plane to do this measuring job, if they are properly used, and I'm sure that the pilot knew what he was doing.

It was said that after the war he planned to make an official record of the mountain, but I don't know if he actually did.

Anyway, I have this to say: I have seen Amne Machin disappearing mountain, and it was so high that it looked to me like we were driving around the bottom of Mt. Shasta here in California, and we were 21,500 feet at that time.

William H. G.
Downey, Calif.

HISTORY OF CAPT. COOK

Dear SIR!:

You accused Hollywood in your April issue for not "keeping history straight," in their movie "Mutiny on the Bounty."

For your information, you too do not keep history straight; you've got the history of Capt. Cook's discovery of the Hawaiian Islands inside out.

In the first place, Capt. Cook was not greeted by King Kamehameha on the island of Oahu. It is quite impossible, for Kamehameha was a young man on the island of Hawaii; besides, he was not "an old king" and not ruler of his own island, which is Hawaii.

Second, the Hawaiians were not cannibals. Seeing a white man for the first time in centuries, they believed Capt. Cook to be their god Lono, returning to them as prophesied by the ancients.

Third, Capt. Cook left the island of Oahu without being murdered; he then visited other islands of the Hawaiian chain and was given quite a warm reception.

Fourth, after Cook reached the last island of the Hawaiian chain, he was also thought of as Lono, although he did not disclose his true identity. After having stocked his ship with provisions, he departed. Cook encountered high seas and had to return to Hawaii for repairs. Unknown to him, the Hawaiians believed it to be bad luck to return after having started a voyage. Capt. Cook was killed on the island of Hawaii, and there where he fell stands a monument in his honor.

King Kamehameha did not become king of his own island until 1790, whereas Capt. Cook was killed in 1779.

E. K. A.
Hilo, Hawaii

(Editor's Note: After doing some research of our own, we find that we were wrong about King Kamehameha, and appreciate your calling our attention to this. As for what happened in connection with Capt. Cook's actual death, in John Vandercook's book "Great Sailor, the Biography of Capt. Cook," it is stated that sailors from Capt. Cook's ship found some of his bones, which had been stripped clean of the flesh. The captain had been burned, and there were definitely traces of cannibalism. It is further stated that there was quite a bit of conflict as to what happened to Capt. Cook's body. His head was never found; it was believed to have been hidden by the natives.)

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST"



There's a Thrill in Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific

CRIME DETECTION!

We have taught thousands of men and women this exciting, profitable pleasant profession. Let us teach you, too, *in your own home*. Prepare yourself in your leisure time, to fill a responsible, steady, well-paid position in a very short time and at very small cost. What others have done, you, too, can do.

Be A FINGER PRINT Expert

Over 800 Bureaus of Identification In the U.S. Now Employ I.A.S. Trained Men as Directors or Assistants

Here's a Partial List of Them

Send for FREE Complete list of over 800 Bureaus where our Students or Graduates are now working

State Bureau of Michigan
Tallahassee, Florida
State Bureau of Connecticut
State Bureau of Arizona
State Bureau of Rhode Island
Charleston, S. C.
State Bureau of Louisiana
State Bureau of Utah
Lincoln, Nebraska
Trenton, New Jersey
Albany, New York
Dayton, Ohio
Stillwater, Oklahoma
Montgomery, Alabama
Phoenix, Arizona
Santa Ana, Calif.
Seattle, Washington
Madison, Wisconsin
Miami, Florida
Leavenworth, Kansas
Annapolis, Maryland
Dearborn, Michigan
Vicksburg, Miss.
Hartford, Connecticut
San Juan, Porto Rico
Ketchikan, Alaska
Honolulu, Hawaii

Not Expensive or Difficult to Learn at Home

Scientific Crime Detection is inexpensive to learn. It's a thrilling occupation for which you can train in your spare time. It's a science —a real science, which when mastered THROUGH HOME STUDY TRAINING gives you something no one can EVER take from you. As long as you live you should be able to make good in scientific crime detection. "We will teach you Finger Print Identification—Firearms Identification—Police Photography—and Criminal Investigation." That's what we told the men who now handle those jobs in Identification Bureaus. And now we repeat, but THIS time it's to YOU . . . Just give us a chance and we'll train you to fill a good position in the fascinating field of scientific crime detection.

NOW IS THE TIME TO START!

New Bureaus of Identification are being established right along. Naturally, the need for more well trained Finger Print Experts is evident. Fit yourself now to hold down a fine job as a recognized technician in Crime Detection. You can learn this fascinating profession in your own home and you can pay as you learn.

FREE! "BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

It's a thriller, filled from cover to cover with exciting information on scientific crime detection. It tells about some of the most interesting crimes, and how the criminals were brought to justice through the very methods which you are taught in the I. A. S. course. You can get started on this important training, at low cost, and without delay. The book will tell you how. Don't wait. Clip the coupon and send it along TODAY. No salesman will call.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
(A Correspondence School Since 1916)
Dept. 6407 ,1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Clip and Mail Coupon Now

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
Dept. 6407.1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and complete list of over 800 Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. No salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....RFD or Zone.....

City.....State.....Age.....

NEW PRODUCTS FOR MEN



TO USE SCOTCH Lint Removers just slip pad on your hand, peel off protective liner, and pat article gently. Six individual adhesive-covered pads come in 29c pack. At variety, department and drug stores.

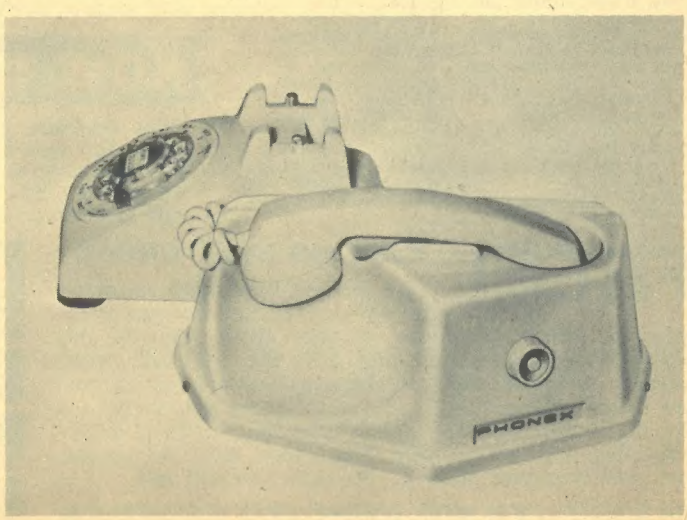


LADY-BIRD expanded polystyrene foam sailboat is 11-ft. overall, beam 36", heaviest Alcoa aluminum tubing, 7-ft. mast with 10-ft. boom and spar, 55 sq. ft. sail area. Removable centerboard. De-luxe model $109.95 plus $5 crating charge. Standard model $99.95 plus $5. Galway Inc., 2838 W. Peterson Ave. Chicago, Ill.

GOLFMASTER is sturdy weatherproof device that is actually compact library of the most important golfing tips golfer can carry with his clubs. At pro shops, driving ranges, sporting goods and department stores.



YOU CAN TALK hands-free with PHONEX. Just put your phone receiver in the cradle. The Phonex is transistorized, portable; in black or ivory. Guaranteed. Only $34.95 ppd. Check or money order to: Stanley Moore, Distr., 1271 Edisto Drive, Orangeburg, South Carolina.



JOIN THE MEN LIKE YOURSELF WHO ARE NOW ABLE TO SAY—

"Imagine Me Making $3 to $5 an Hour in My Spare Time... Fixing Electric Appliances!"



Do you realize that FOUR HUNDRED MILLION appliances are in use right now in American homes — and that these are increasing by the millions every year? No wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making $3 to $5 an hour — in spare time or full time! FREE BOOK tells how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.

STOP AND THINK for a minute about your present job and future. Are you making enough money? Are you happy in your work? Can you bank on a steady income — in good times or bad?

Now you can have the answer to these money and job worries, once and for all. Get in "on the ground floor" of a booming industry — servicing electrical appliances. The coming of the auto created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now it's happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in it!

Why the Boom in Appliances Means Money in Your Pocket

In addition to the 400 MILLION appliances *already* in use, this year alone will see sales of 76 million *new* appliances! For example, 4,750,000 coffee makers, 2,000,000 room air conditioners, 1,425,000 clothes dryers. A nice income awaits the man who can service such appliances. That man can be *you!* Even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now, you can soon be making $3 to $5 an hour in your spare time.

The NRI training in Servicing Electrical Appliances tells you everything you need to know, right from the basic fundamentals about electricity. And your training will cost less than 20¢ a day.

Your Skill Always in Demand —"Set Up Shop" Anywhere

People need their appliances fixed in good times or bad. Once word gets around that you are trained to service them properly, you'll have plenty of work.

You need only the few basic tools that you may already have — and an Appliance Tester which we provide at no extra charge. You can work in a corner of your basement or garage. If you like, you can open up your own shop. And you can save money by fixing your own appliances. Mail coupon for Free Book telling how you can "cash in" on the big opportunities open.

FREE BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON

Our 24-page Free Book tells about America's "Electrical Appliance Boom" — how we train you to "cash in" on it. Free Sample Lesson shows how simple our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future. Mail coupon to: *National Radio Institute, Dept.* G9M1 *Washington 9, D.C.* (No obligation—and no salesman will call on you.)





Earns $510 In One Month's Spare Time

"In one month I took in approximately $648 of which $510 was clear. I work only part time. I do a lot of service calls on ranges, dryers, and other major appliances... The NRI course has been priceless to me." — *Earl Reid, RFD 1, Thompson, Ohio*



His Business a Success

"Since taking your course I have opened up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to the shop." — *J. G. Stinson, 1506 Poinsettia St., Long Beach, Cal.*



More Than Doubled Cost of Course

"Had practically no knowledge of repair work. Now am busy almost all my spare time and day off, with more and more work coming in. Have my shop in basement. I have more than doubled amount training cost me." — *John D. Pettis, 172 N. Fulton, Bradley, Ill.*

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN with this

APPLIANCE TESTER

Yours—AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

Your NRI Course comes *complete* with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester *right away*. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring; measure electricity used by appliance; many other uses.

With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. G9M1, Washington 9, D.C.

Tell me how I can "cash in" on the "Electrical Appliance Boom." Send me your illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course, tells what opportunities are open to me, answers my questions, describes success of other students, and much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON, so I can see how clear and easy your instructions are. I am particularly interested in:

☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part: and no salesman will call on me.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

Accredited Member National Home Study Council



"Watch out!" Sheriff Carter yelled as Alfred Packer's Indian wife waved a pitchfork at the men who were trying to arrest her cannibal husband.



EXTRA BOOK BONUS

HUMAN JERKED BEEF

By VINCENT S. STACEY

The Fantastic Story of Alfred Packer's Career as a Cannibal

• • The weather was so cold that the tree branches snapped under the weight of the snow, and hard particles of ice formed on the cracked lips of the man who sat on a tree trunk warming his hands at a roaring fire of pine limbs and bark.

He was about 35 years old, with wary gray eyes and a frontiersman's flowing black locks. Two fingers were missing from his left hand. He was rangy and muscular, though the winter clothing he wore gave him an overstuffed appearance as he sat on his log and peered with eyes half-blind from snow glare at the expanse of the Rocky Mountains. The white-mantled peaks stood like jailers on every side.

It was the winter of 1874 in the uninhabited San Juan region of southwestern Colorado, a place so barren and forbidding in the winter months that even the Indians gave it a wide





Packer admitted eating flesh of 5 men to stay alive in mountains, but insisted he hadn't killed them.

America's Most Notorious Cannibal,

berth. This solitary man, whose name was Alfred Packer, found it hard to breathe because of the intense cold and the rarified air at this altitude.

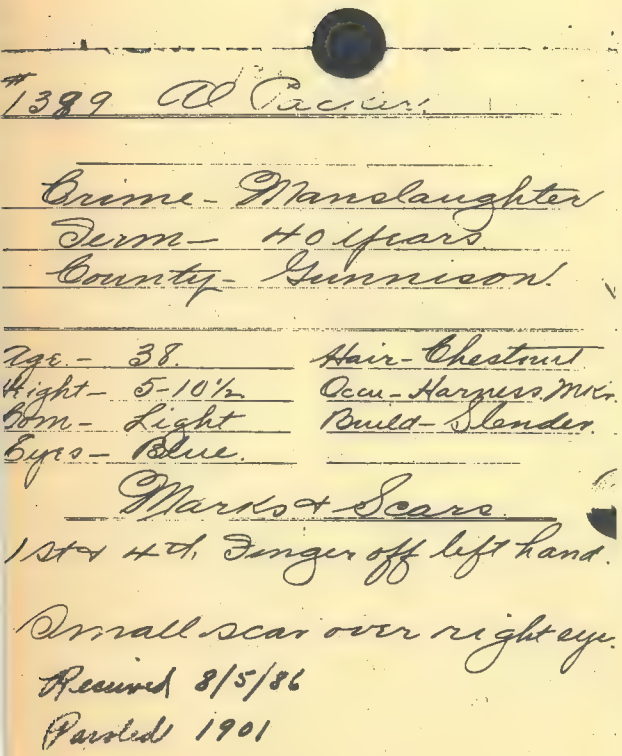
In his mind's eye Packer could see big steaming pots of savory soups and stews; in his imagination he could sniff the rich aroma of home-baked bread from the kitchen of Mrs. O'Malley's boardinghouse in Provo, Utah, where he had stayed until two months ago.

"Lord stop the hunger; the pangs are coming again," he muttered, his eyes now taking on a darting, wild look, as if he feared somebody was watching him. But there was only eerie silence on the high plateau and the crackling of the snow crust on the earth. The nearest living thing might have been on another planet.

Alfred Packer was alone, as he had been for weeks, on a remote and fearsome outcropping of the Rockies, wondering if he would survive the ordeal.

The hunger pains could no longer be ignored. As if in a trance, the heavily-bundled man got to his feet and reached with numbed fingers into his right boot. He wondered if his hands were frozen; the fingers seemed to have no sensation.

HUMAN JERKED BEEF . . .



#1389 A. Packer

Crime - Manslaughter
Term - 40 years
County - Gunnison

Age - 38. Hair - Chestnut
Hight - 5-10½ Occu - Harness Mkr.
Com - Light Build - Slender
Eyes - Blue.

Marks & Scars
1st & 4th finger off left hand.
A small scar over right eye.
Received 8/5/86
Paroled 1901

Record of Alfred Packer's imprisonment.



Scene at Packer's trial in 1886. People flocked to see the man-eater.

All Photos from Collection of Fred M. Muzzulla.

Packer Admitted Eating the Flesh of 5 Men. His Story Made Headlines for Years

In the top of the boot was a wicked-looking knife, the kind found in any well-stocked butcher shop. Staring at the blade in the fading daylight, Packer discerned red spots on the steel. The spots had the rusted look of dried blood. He had been using that blade in a way which is forbidden by all the teachings of civilized man and by the religions of the world.

Packer's dark and frostbitten face took on an ecstatic tinge; the doubts and remorse which had plagued him earlier were gone. An expression of cunning expectancy gave him the look of a forest animal. He plodded through a 4-foot drift of snow to a clump of bushes from which a human leg protruded. Under the bushes was the body from which this leg—it had belonged to a large and strapping man only a week previously—had been severed with the knife held in Alfred Packer's mittened hand.

Packer yanked at the corpse's leg but it was icy and heavy and he dropped it in the snow, cursing as he lost his balance and floundered in the white stuff. He finally regained his footing and managed to stand upright with the amputated leg, balancing this gruesome object on a fallen tree trunk while he hacked at it.

The flesh of the limb had an unpleasant blue and mottled tinge. The knife, honed to a razor edge, had to be driven with full force at the hard and stiff flesh which now had the consistency of shoe leather. Packer persisted, hunger giving him superhuman strength as he chopped at flesh and bone and sawed off a flap of skin the size of a small dinner plate.

Humming a little tune called "The Streets of New York," which had been popular that year, he fussed over the human meat pie with the care a French chef would lavish on a new salad. Still singing in a cracked baritone, he knelt down, took a sharpened stick, and inserted it in the flesh of the leg.

When it was skewered, Packer held it over the leaping flames and watched with lidded, expressionless eyes as the cold meat began to sizzle and turn black around the edges. He sniffed the air appreciatively. Once he tasted it tentatively, then returned the human steak to the fire.

Ten minutes later, as a charred smell filled the clearing, he withdrew the barbecued meat from the fire and fell on it with relish. Within minutes he had devoured the meat and was putting another (*Continued on page 74*)

Remains of men who died in Rockies and were eaten by Packer.



Packer was pardoned in 1901 and died in 1907.



Are You the One Man in 5 Who Will Get a Venereal Disease This Year? Here's How to Recognize the Symptoms—and What to Do to Protect Yourself

ARE YOU TAKING CHANCES WITH V.D.?

By LEO ROSENHOUSE

• • Today the likelihood of your getting a venereal disease is greater than at any other time since the end of World War II. The situation is so dangerous to the health of the average modern American male that medical authorities now refer cynically to VD as *very dangerous*, hoping that the emphasis will get across to those who expose themselves to the dreaded venereal diseases.

Perhaps you didn't know it, but there are three other venereal diseases in addition to the well-known troublemakers we call gonorrhea and syphilis. A percentage of men are acquiring ailments known as chancroid, lymphopathia, and another tongue-twister called granuloma. However, it is gonorrhea and syphilis which do the most damage to the human body, and these diseases are your most immediate worry.

Why should you worry about VD? For one thing, you may be the one man in five who may get a venereal disease this year. You may also be shocked to discover that a relative or friend of yours has VD.

The disease is so prevalent that it reaches out into every social station of life, and no one can claim any real freedom from this type of distress. Another factor you must consider is that VD may involve you indirectly. Such diseases are contagious. If others about you have them, it may be possible, under certain circumstances, to transmit them without the involvement of a sexual relationship.

Currently, gonorrhea is (*Continued on page* 68)



Posed by professional models.

TRUE LIFE STORY

By VITO CANESSI

The *Paparazzos* Prey on Celebrities and Well-Heeled Tourists, Taking Pix Which They Peddle to Scandal Mags or Use to Blackmail Their Victims



Anita Ekberg stars in Italian film "La Dolce Vita", which depicts the life of Rome's uppercrust and the unscrupulous *paparazzos*, right.

CONFESSIONS OF A ROMAN LENS LOUSE

● ● It was 2:45 a.m. and I was getting ready to mount my motor scooter and head for home when Iago, the bell captain at a swanky hotel on Rome's Via Veneto, emerged from the lobby and gave me a sly wink.

"I have a live one for you, Vito," he muttered, quickly pocketing the 1,000-lire bank note I slipped into his hand. "Go up the service lift to Room 405 and tell the guest, *Signor* Thompson, that you are from

ROMAN LENS LOUSE . . .

room service. He is a big manufacturer of rubber goods from a place called Ohio in America. The *signor* has had too much *vino*. He is doing a cha-cha with a sly little minx he picked up on the Piazza di Spagna. A photo of him should be worth many American dollars. The girl knows you're coming; she'll co-operate. Her name is Verna and she expects 40 per cent of what you net."

It had been a slow night and I had become moody, for living costs in Italy are sky-high these days. I had hung around the glittering Via Veneto—the night-club and cafe sector—for eight hours, hopefully clutching my camera. But I had taken no pictures which would sell for high prices to the more sensational newspapers. Tonight there had been only sedate tourists; no celebrities who were drunk, bawdy or brawling. It was enough to make a free-lance photographer like myself weep.

In the kitchen of the hotel I donned a white jacket, secreted a tiny Japanese camera in my pocket, and wheeled a cart of pastry and wine onto the lift.

When I knocked on the door of Room 405, a male voice, blurry from alcohol and revelry, called out: "Who the hell is it? Can't a red-blooded Yank have some fun without being disturbed?"

"Room service, *Signor*," I replied. "Here is the *vino* you ordered."

Grumbling, the man unlocked the door and I trundled the cart inside. Horace Thompson of Elyria, Ohio, was about 55, had a large potbelly, and looked ridiculous in his polka-dot shorts. Around his bald head he wore a bath towel to which he had pinned flowers.

He hiccoughed and said: "I'm Nero, bud, and this is my slave girl. Pour the wine and be damned quick about it. Nero has work to do with his slave."

As I poured the drinks I glanced covertly at "Nero's" pretty companion for the night. I recognized Verna as a prostitute who had plied her trade in the Via Margutta. She had been banished from that street by the police after she gave knockout drops to the son of a prominent politician.

At my nod, Verna shrugged out of her lacy nightgown and stretched her body languorously. A small but well-made girl, she curled up in Nero's ample lap and lifted a glass of wine to the American's lips.

I thrusted a rolled-up copy of *Il Messagero* into his hand and said respectfully: "If you are Nero, *Signor*, you must have a scepter. This is your symbol of power."

The rubber-goods magnate laughed heartily at my sally and swatted Verna on her inviting backside with the baton. He was so busy enjoying himself that he didn't notice me aim my finger-sized camera and get two excellent shots of his antics.

The next day *Signor* Thompson had a Nero-sized headache and hang-over. He didn't recognize me as the waiter of the previous night when I let myself into his suite with a passkey provided by Iago, the bell captain.

"What the hell do *you* want?" Mr. Thompson grumbled, holding his throbbing head. "I didn't order anything."

"I want money," I replied. "Here is merchandise for you to purchase. If your price isn't right, I can always sell it to a magazine, or perhaps I will mail it to your wife in the place called Ohio, *Signor* Thompson."

I will say this: the paunchy American was a good loser. He turned a little pale, pursed his lips after studying a print of himself and the nude Verna, then said:



Roman cabby helps actress Katy Jurado. Earlier she and hubby Ernest Borgnine had big fight on posh Via Veneto.

"I'm a businessman and know how to take a loss. How much for this?"

"One thousand American dollars."

"I'll give you $500."

We settled for $700. I gave him the two prints and the negative and took my leave. That night I sold a print of this Nero and his girl friend to Max Gombini, who publishes one of Italy's most scandalous sheets. I received $150 for this photo.

At this point you may become angry and call me names, accusing me of bad faith in selling the incriminating picture after I had taken a large sum from the American, who thought he was getting all the prints.

I'm sorry if you feel that way, but I prefer making an excellent living to enjoying your respect—and remaining poor. There is no honor, no code of ethics in my profession, which is one of Italy's new and flourishing rackets.

I am a *paparazzo*, a free-lance photographer in Rome, who stalks big names, baits celebrities, preys on innocents, and snaps pictures of foreign visitors who become indiscreet in their enjoyment of Rome's carnal pleasures. I sell my prints to the highest bidder. And sometimes to many bidders. The world is always interested in peeping at the other fellow's indiscretions.

In the case of Mr. Thompson I am rather sorry that I sold that extra print to Max Gambini. When it was reproduced in Max's nasty periodical, Thompson's wife in America received a copy from friends in Europe and sued the rubber tycoon for divorce.

My picture was introduced in evidence and I am told she received $400,000 from Nero in settlement. I wish I could have had 10 per cent of that!

Before you pass any moral judgment on me, remember this: the Rome of 1961 is a dreadful jungle, and in any wild forest there are only two kinds of living creatures—the hunters and the hunted. To live well, to keep a mistress, to own a good car and to rent a fine villa, I have to be one of the craftiest of the hunters.

We are few in number, we *paparazzi*, but we are mighty in influence these days, for our cameras are weapons. With these tiny, inconspicuous gadgets. we can inflict

(*Continued on page* 50)



Sultry Anita Ekberg kicks and pulls hair of *paparazzo* who followed her around Rome in order to take pictures of her.



On the fashionable Via Veneto the *paparazzos* hang around the cafes, with their cameras ready, looking for suckers.



Paparazzos quickly snapped picture of actor Cornel Wilde (c.) scuffling with man who wanted to dance with Mrs. Wilde (r.)





Said historian Vavin: "Excitement was at a fever pitch . . . with such a display of unleashed passion."

DOCUMENTARY

ENGLAND'S DANCE of the VIRGINS

By RICHARD MOORE

The Greatest Orgy Since Roman Days Took Place at a Country Estate—as Noblemen and Ladies Watched 100 Lovely Virgins and 100 Virile Youths

• • The biggest social problem confronting the authorities of London today is what to do about its prostitutes. For the past decade London has enjoyed the dubious distinction of playing host to more prostitutes than any other major city in the world. In a recent House of Commons debate on the question of how to handle these ready purveyors of love-for-sale, it was conservatively estimated that 7,000 bawds—to use the good old English word for whores—were prowling the streets of London every night, come rain or snow or sleet.

From the smartest big hotels to Piccadilly Circus is just about three-quarters of a mile, a distance that under normal conditions can be walked in

(*Continued on page* 54)

Involved in Arlene Thompson's murder, Joseph Torre is frisked by cop

YOUR SWEETHEART AND ABORTION

Bernice Windt and Pearl La Casso are arrested in connection with the smashing of $500,000 abortion setup

Pretty Arlene Thompson, 17, died as result of a bungled illegal abortion

SPECIAL EVENTS REPORT

By JOSEPH HILTON

Five Thousand Women Will Die This Year, While Reputable Doctors Stand Helpless Against America's Most Shameful Hypocrisy



Thirty abortions were performed in this trailer before Martinez, Calif. cops caught up with criminals in surprise raid

• • Every minute in these United States at least two women risk painful death in order to avoid having an unwanted baby. The teen-age high-school girl, the unmarried steno, the career-minded bachelor girl, the impoverished housewife, the innocent and the sophisticated—these are the women who provide the undercover abortionists throughout the country with a sum estimated at between $250,000,000 and $500,000,000 a year!

Literally as well as figuratively, it is blood money.

Moreover, of the million women a year—and some authorities place the number at double that figure—who seek the secret aid of the illegal abortionist, at least 5,000—again by conservative estimate—become tragic fatalities to the bungling butchery of medically (Continued on page 40)

A TRUE WAR EXPERIENCE

MAJOR DEANE-DRUMMOND'S TWO WEEKS IN HELL

By PETER McCURTIN

For 14 Days, Without Food and Water, the British Major Hid in a Closet in Gestapo HQ in Holland—and Witnessed the Most Horrifying Nazi Atrocities

● ● Through a crack in the closet door Maj. Anthony Deane-Drummond watched the three Gestapo officers feeding champagne to the blonde Dutch girls. The girls were scampering around the dinner table on their hands and knees, barking and begging like hungry dogs. Their legs and thighs were blonde like their hair. Drummond tried to moisten his blackened, swollen tongue as he watched the Germans sloshing the bubbling champagne into the girls' lipsticked mouths. Instead, his parched lips cracked open, and he felt the salty trickle of his own blood.

Shutting his eyes hard, he tried to think about other things, about getting back to England when the Germans left, but it didn't work. He remembered reading somewhere that a man's hunger for woman is stronger than his hunger for food. He shut his eyes again and tried to make mental movies with the girls.

It was no use. All he could feel was the agonizing pain in his legs and the muscle spasms that racked his starving body. But he couldn't move, couldn't make a sound, because the Germans didn't know he was there.

It was October 5, 1944, and Drummond had been hiding in the narrow, darkened closet for thirteen days. For seven days out of the thirteen there had been no water. For much longer there had been no food. But it was the agony in his legs that made him want to scream.

"God damn every general that ever lived," he whispered, turning his mind toward the only subject that ever helped to dull the pain—hate for the brass-hat planners who had fouled up the Arnhem invasion two weeks before.

As he watched the three Nazis going into the second stage of their usual nightly orgy, Drummond wondered silently, how the hell did I get here?

It was hard to believe, he thought, that it all started in England only eighteen days before. The sun was shining that day, Sunday, September 17, 1944, and he was part of the 1st Airborne Division which took off from eleven airfields in southern England. They were headed for Arnhem, in Holland.

With 1200 U.S. fighters flying cover, it was the biggest airborne operation of World (*Continued on page* 46)

In terrible pain himself, Maj. Drummond watched through a slit in the door as the sadistic Nazis beat a Dutch girl.



the STRANGE CASE of UNITY MITFORD

By M. J. PETERS



Recovering from a self-inflicted bullet wound after a lovers' quarrel with Adolf Hitler, Unity returns to wartorn England.

Adolf Hitler Called Her His "Perfect Aryan" Type. Was She the *Fuehrer's* Mistress or a Clever Counteragent of London's Scotland Yard?



Throughout career Hitler posed as Iron Man too busy restoring Third Reich fortunes to bother with women.



Unity enjoyed posing with Nazi bigwigs. Here (r.) she's with Julius Streicher, infamous anti-Semite.



Mitford brother-in-law Oswald Mosley (l.) led British Black Shirt Fascist movement. He spent war in custody.

● ● "A beautiful woman with a bullet in her head is news in any language," is the way James B. Reston began a dispatch to the New York *Times* on January 1, 1940.

World War II had started. Poland had been crushed by the blitzkrieg, and the British and French—freezing and badly equipped—were huddled behind the Maginot Line, waiting for the Germans to attack.

Yet the biggest news in the British newspapers was: "WHERE IS UNITY?"

Unity was a 25-year-old girl with blonde hair, blue eyes and the melodious name of Unity Valkyrie Freeman-Mitford, the fourth daughter of David Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, also known as Lord Redesdale, millionaire insurance tycoon.

Times correspondent Reston described Unity as a girl with "a magazine cover smile, a complexion that won't rub off and a shock of golden hair."

Possibly the most hated person in England, Unity Mitford—the seven-year "friend" of Adolf Hitler—was still in Germany five months after war had been declared.

Now there were rumors that she was coming home seriously wounded, perhaps dying.

(*Continued on page* 42)



Unity's sister Deborah (with father) wed Duke of Devonshire in 1941. He's former brother-in-law of JFK's sister.

SPECIAL EVENTS REPORT

● ● Whatever else it is that makes the call girl tick, it isn't unbridled lust. Nor is it a to-hell-with-stupid-morals-let's-enjoy-ourselves attitude that motivates these glamour gals of the sin circuit. Nor, despite the high prices they command for their sensuous services, is it love of money or the luxury goods money can buy.

These facts—that run contrary to most popular beliefs about the de-luxe ladies of the evening—came to light when the editors of this magazine embarked on a survey-in-depth on the subject.

Prostitution has been with us since the dawn of time, but the call girl and her streamlined method of operation are strictly a product of present-day civilization. The call girl differs from the traditional prostitute—on whom she looks down in almost moral disapproval—in a number of important ways.

True, she's in the business of selling sex. But according to her rationalization, she is doing it on her own



In Malibu, Calif. vice raid, Lydia "Candy" Clark throws glass at arresting officer. Call girls are usually hostile to the world.

A SURVEY ON CALL GIRLS

By J. H. SMITH

terms. She is a free agent. She is, to a certain extent, her own boss and can work or not as she pleases.

Why does she do it?

Before we examine the case histories of some of these girls, it's important to establish the exact definition of a call girl. In one respect, she is just what the phrase implies—a girl who is called for an appointment. Unlike the streetwalker, she doesn't go after business by the direct solicitation of complete strangers. Unlike the house girl —a worker in a brothel—she doesn't have to take any and all customers who come along.

The manner in which the call girl acquires her clientele is indicative of the curious sociological pattern of this highly specialized and highly formalized branch of prostitution. The men who make use of call girls are, obviously, men of far better than average incomes; men, moreover, who would normally ignore the overtures of an ordinary streetwalker. For such men, the call girl and the comparatively high price—$50 and up—she commands for her services represent a status symbol, an emblem of success in a materialistic society. Men who would be ashamed of admitting (*Continued on page* 69)



Mink coats are sign of call girls' high place in racket. They spend money on clothes, swank apartment; rest on pimps.

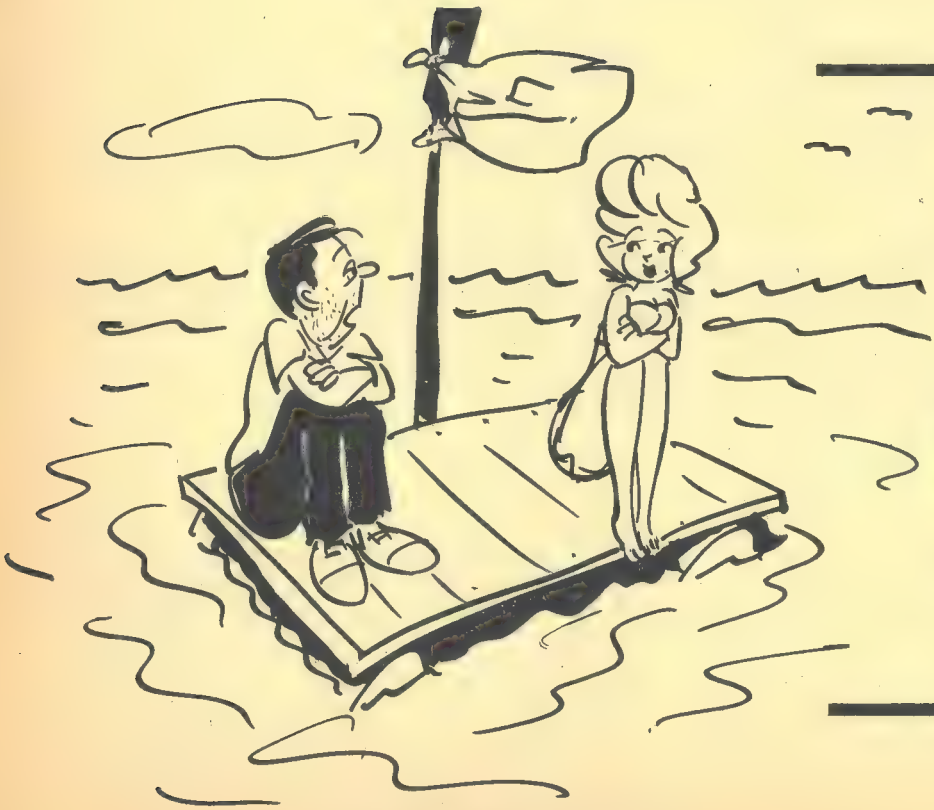
Rather Than Being Oversexed, the Majority of Call Girls Interviewed Actually Hate Men and Love-making. More Than 50 Per Cent Get Their Kicks in Lesbian Relationships

London model Maria Novotny, 19, returned to England after New York arrest on charges of being a call girl.





"Every time he wakes up it means another mouth to feed!"



JUST FOR YOU, SIR!

"Relax! My weakness is liquor!"



"Acme Employment Agency? Please send over a couple of maids!"

Gags for Guys only . . .

THE BEST of REAMER KELLER



"Thanks, Rita, you've been a big help!"



Men Go for Laura in a Big Way (Who Can Blame Them?), but She Still Dreams





LAURA VICKERS SAYS:

"TAKE ME BACK TO MY DREAM GUY"



of the Stranger She Loved at 16

LAURA VICKERS . . .





Laura's Concentrating on a Movie Career, but She'd Also Like to Find a Man Who's Generous and Kind. She Digs Frank Sinatra's Voice and Cary Grant's Looks





The honeymoon's over between Castro and many who believed in his ideals during fight in Oriente Province (see below).

WAR EXPERIENCE

I FOUGHT AGAINST CASTRO



Castro attack on Matanza army base, 60 miles east of Havana; 11 civilians killed. Recent invasion failed, but patriots say Castro's on his way out.

Cuban-American Tim Holquin Fought With Castro in 1957-58. Now He's Pledged His Life to the Patriots Determined to End Castro's Red Regime

By TIM HOLQUIN
as told to FRANK J. CANNEY

● ● The 17th of April, 1961 will go down in history as the day when a thousand brave men landed on Cuba's beaches in an ill-fated attempt to overthrow the only Communist government in the Western hemisphere.

I know all about this invasion. In fact, I was there before the rebels hit the beach.

My role as a member of Los Rebeldes Cubanos actually started 28 years ago, when I was born in Havana of a Cuban mother and an American father. We lived part of each year on our Las Villas ranch and part in Miami, Florida. If such a thing is possible, I have dual citizenship, being *norteamericano* in appearance and most of my education, but Latin American in my feelings and loyalty.

After finishing high school in Florida, I attended the University of Havana. Here I became involved in Fidel Castro's 26th of July movement against the dictatorial government of Fulgencio Batista. Like thousands of others, however, I grew disillusioned with the Fidelistas shortly after they got in power. We couldn't stand the move toward Communism and the sight of Russian and Chinese Red technicians in the schools and factories.

After my parents' estate was confiscated, and they indefinitely extended their Florida "vacation," I secretly joined the *Movindento de Liberacion Cubano*, a group of anti-Castro students and teachers.

Here I became acquainted with the leaders of the patriot forces and met Jorge Munoz, a thin 24-year-old Orienteno, who lived for the day when he could safely shave off his black beard which stamped him as a member of *Los Barbudos*, Castro's original group of insurgents. Meanwhile, though, Jorge went unshaved so that he could more effectively plot against the regime.

Almost every Sunday and holiday I traveled with Munoz and other secret patriots by electric coach to the city of Matanzas to check on revolutionary opinions in the high schools. I learned much on these trips. With the exception of some landless *guajiros*, I found that the farmers of northern Cuba were becoming disgusted with the new government. People were sick of summary arrests, of Communist indoctrination of children, and of the rapidly growing police state. Laborers and students even raided military barracks to get enough arms for the revolt that soon must come.

This desperate need for guns and ammunition brought Jorge Munoz to my Havana rooming house late in the night of April 16, a Sunday, when all was quiet in the capital city.

A *Liberacion Cubano* leader had just received a message from Radio SWAN, a nerve center of the anti-Castro forces on an island off the Central American coast, Munoz told me. The message said that six patriot invading units would

(*Continued on page* 64)

TO OBLIGE A FRIEND



Carley Mills is author of current best seller "A Nearness of Evil"

Best-Selling Author Mills Writes a True Story of a Murder That Could Have Happened Only in the Back Alleys of Marseilles

By CARLEY MILLS

(Editors' Note: The following story was experienced by a personal friend of author Carley Mills, and Mr. Mills has written the story for SIR! exactly as it was told to him. Mr. Mills is the author of the best-selling novel "A Nearness of Evil," which closely resembles the famous Lonergan murder case of 1943.)

● ● "I've never seen anyone *(Continued on page* **56** *)*



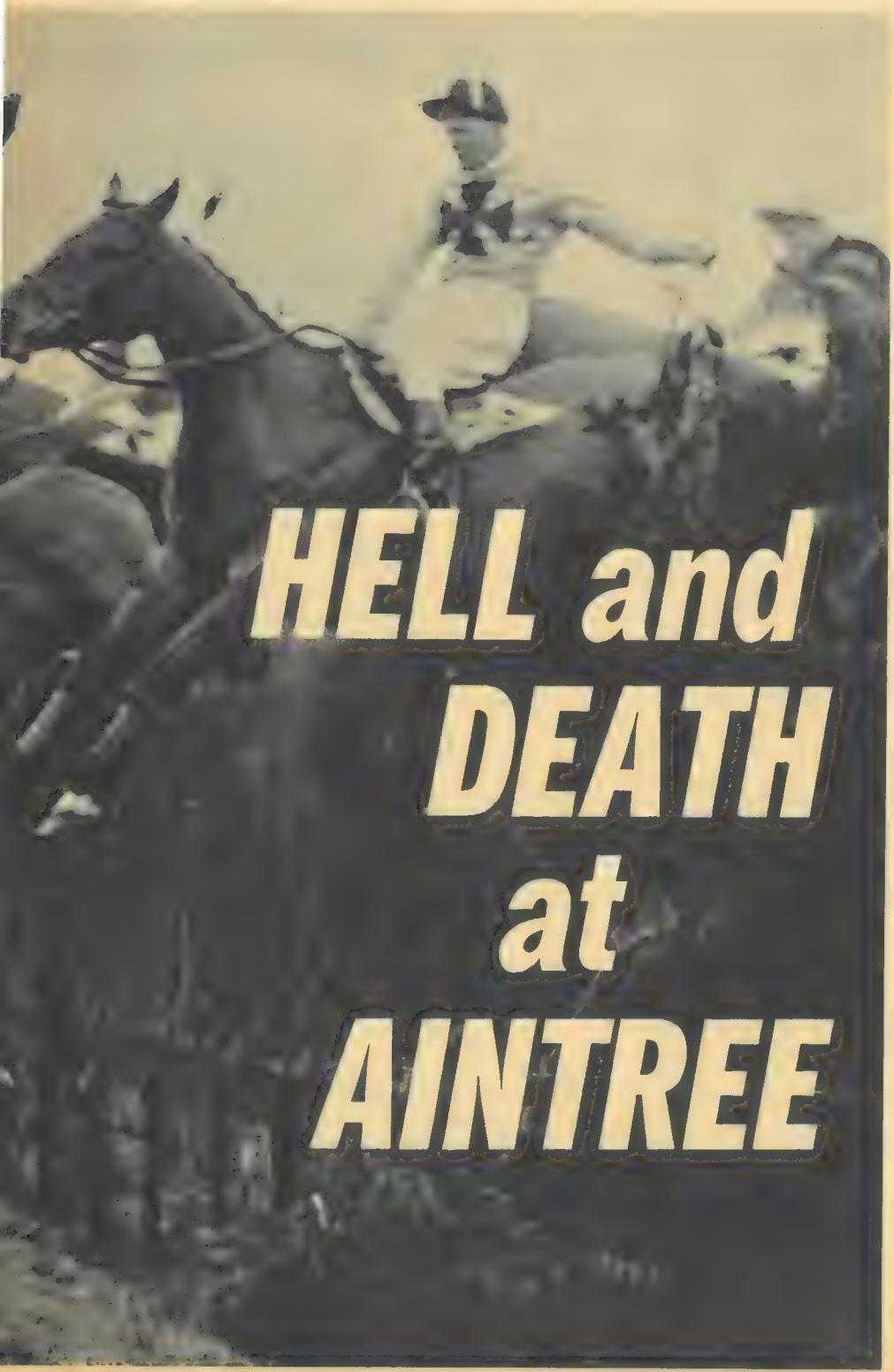

"You've never even a murder?" Fira had said. "Ah, we must remedy that."
So now Fira was going to kill [illegible]

Britain's Famed Grand National Steeplechase Is World's Toughest Track.



A striking picture as the field takes dreaded Becher's Brook obstacle; Kingstel with jockey G. Slack, still in midair,

Odds Against Any Horse Finishing Are Ten to One



HELL and DEATH at AINTREE

crashing to a fall. Jumping are Taxidermist (#7) and French horse Imposant (#11).



Jockey Roberts makes trip alone as his mount passes up the fun.

By GEORGE T. MILLER

● ● A few short miles to the north of England's bustling port city of Liverpool, lies the town of Aintree, one of the most famous communities in the world. It is a quiet, tranquil spot with neatly barbered hedgerows, tree-lined, well-kept roads, peopled by solid, orderly subjects of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.

Nothing much happens in Aintree most of the time.

Once a year, however, it becomes the focal point for millions of persons around the globe. If you follow the bangtails, be ye in Calcutta, Hong Kong, San Francisco or Dublin, you know all about this usually sleepy English town of Aintree. It's the home of the world's most spectacular racing event. The famed Grand National Steeplechase has been held here annually for the past 122 years.

The Aintree "course," as the Grand National track is called, is exactly four miles, 856 yards long. It is equipped with fifteen of the toughest obstacle fences ever thrown across a track. Fifteen fences which must be jumped twice. Both horse and rider must be at super strength to make this gruel-run and, even then, they will more than likely need plenty of luck.

England's veteran gamblers agree (*Continued on page* 60)

YOUR SWEETHEART AND ABORTION

(Continued from page 21)

unskilled charlatans.

Heartache and misery, untold suffering and an inner feeling of guilt-shame, are but a small part of the bitter harvest reaped by the unfortunate victims of circumstance.

How is it that such a widespread, dangerous and vicious racket—said by government officials concerned to be surpassed only by gambling and narcotics in its illicit profits—is allowed to operate without a nationwide crackdown?

How is it that many people wink their eyes at an evil which sucks in over a million victims a year?

There are several reasons—none of which we, as a nation, can point with pride. To begin with, abortion is a hush-hush subject. In many newspapers, periodicals and official reports it's still referred to obliquely as an "illegal operation." For many it's a subject to be treated with the same nice-Nellyism as syphilis, which until very recently was referred to in print as a "social disease." The general idea behind this philosophy seems to be, if you can't ignore an evil, call it by another name and it will go away.

The end result of this attitude in human cost has already been indicated. It's also apparent in the laws governing abortion. Strictly speaking, legal abortion can be performed in this country only to save the mother's life.

What happens as a result of this hard-and-fast legalism has been well-expressed by Dr. Alan Guttmacher of Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York.

"The law makes hypocrites of us all," he said in a recent interview on the subject. "We abandon women in their greatest need to the criminal abortionist."

The practice of abortion is not, as many mistakenly suppose, the product of an overly-sophisticated civilization. Records of it extend back through the ages. Anthropologists have discovered that most primitive societies practiced abortion at one time or another to limit population growth. Little more than a century ago, before the current strict laws were passed, abortionists were advertising openly in American newspapers.

Instinctively, most people object, in theory, to abortion. The Catholic position on the subject is well-known—abortion is murder, plain and simple, and as such should be prohibited absolutely. Only in rare instances can it be resorted to to save a woman's life.

Many other groups and individuals—non-Catholics—object equally strongly to the practice, feeling that every unborn child has a right to live.

Generally, the public becomes aware of the vast scope of the abortion problem only when there is a tragic fatality or near-fatality. This happened a few years ago in New York when police broke up a $500,000-a-year abortion ring allegedly headed by Daniel Paolucci, who claimed to have studied medicine at the University of Rome. He had no license to practice in the United States. Seven persons were arrested along with Paolucci, who was apprehended while performing an abortion. These included three licensed physicians accused of sending Paolucci patients.

OUT in Martinez, California, one Delmar James Frazier was found running a sort of floating abortion mill in a trailer equipped with the rudiments of an operating room. According to his own admission at the time of his arrest, he had performed over thirty abortions in a few short months, netting an average of $350 per abortion. A 17-year-old "nurse" was his untrained assistant.

Again, a girl's body was found in a shallow grave in a wooded section of Queens County, New York. Shortly police were able to establish her identity as Arlene Thompson, 17 years old. Her death was caused by a bungled abortion. In due time an anonymous tip led police to her married boy friend, Aram Hovanian. The trail led on to an automobile salesman, who had arranged for the abortion, and a 37-year-old hat-check girl, Julie Villano, who had actually performed the fatal operation.

For every case of this type, for every abortionist who is arrested, there are a thousand who escape detection. Only a very small percentage are licensed doctors or have even a superficial knowledge of medicine and hygiene. The great majority are run-of-the-mill workers in routine jobs—bartenders, salesmen, barbers, beauty-parlor operators and the like—who have stumbled on a highly lucrative racket. The supply of patients seeking the commercial abortionist's untrained services is seemingly endless—sent or recommended by druggists, bartenders, taxi drivers, nurses, former patients and others who get a sizable kickback or commission.

In many cases it's a legitimate, ethical doctor who recommends a commercial abortionist.

What's behind this apparent contradiction of an ethical physician recommending a course of action that is potentially dangerous as well as illegal?

A representative cross section of doctors, in particular those specializing in obstetrics and gynecology, were interviewed in an effort to get at the basic reason for this contradiction. The majority of doctors seen insisted, with varying degrees of professional frustration, that the abortion laws as now written place the humane doctor primarily interested in the welfare of his patient in an untenable position. In the majority of states therapeutic—in this case meaning legal—abortion may be performed only to save the mother's life.

"What happens in the case of rape?" one doctor asked. "Must the victim be forced to give birth to a constant reminder of her shockingly brutal experience?"

"What about incest?" another asked. "Should the evil of that unnatural act be compounded by further shame?"

What about the mentally and emotionall unfit? What about the underprivileged, living in squalor and want, who have already produced too many children suffering from the effects of malnutrition?

Is the conscientious doctor supposed to turn his back on such a patient?

Many doctors meet the problem by advising the patient that should she undergo an illegal abortion and suffer any complications, she can return for treatment.

This is one of the paradoxes of the law as it now stands—a physician can legally treat and remedy the afteraffects of an illegal abortion.

The list of medical excuses for therapeutic abortion has shortened considerably in recent years as a result of the discovery of new drugs and antibiotics. Thus fewer women are now being legally aborted on account of cardiac disease; while tuberculosis, vomiting in pregnancy, and diabetes—all once fairly common reasons for performing a legal abortion—are now only rarely used as acceptable medical reasons.

On the other hand, reports show that for a period during the 1940's, when the medical reasons for therapeutic abortions were starting to decrease, the number of such abortions for psychiatric reasons was on the increase. But according to an authoritative report recently issued by the Institute for Sex Research, this trend appears to have slowed down in recent years.

One possible reason may be the curious never-never land legally occupied by psychiatrists when it comes to recommending therapeutic abortions. Since abortion is legal in most states only to save the mother's life, in theory a psychiatrist can advocate an abortion only when there is a real chance of the pregnant woman committing suicide.

JUST how is this tricky point to be determined? Psychiatrists, along with just about all the rest of mankind, know that when faced with some unpleasant possibility, many women automatically cry out: "I'll kill myself first!" The phrase is part of the cliche language of female hysteria. Yet very few who talk about suicide go through with it.

Nevertheless, the suicide threat serves as a sort of legal umbrella under which psychiatrists can pull in other reasons for recommending an abortion.

Recently a Santa Monica psychiatrist, Dr. Jerome M. Kummer, was quoted as saying in an interview: "We try to lean over backward to avoid criticism. Yet the psychiatric indications (for recommending abortion) are broad. I feel that if the mother is suffering from a severe psychosis or a disabling obsessive-compulsive neurosis, or if she is dangerously suicidal, or if she is mentally ill enough to be institutionalized, then it is often likely that continued pregnancy will cause a severe setback which may seriously threaten her health or life. She should then be considered for an abortion."

This is one opinion widely held by many doctors and psychiatrists.

On the other hand, Dr. Joseph P. Don-

nelly, medical director of Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital in Jersey City, New Jersey, recently told a conference on abortion, sponsored by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America: "We should be doctors of medicine, not socio-economic prophets. It may seem very easy to sit around here and say that certain cases will be aborted. It looks very easy to eliminate the unfit and the poor socio-economic risks from our civilization with the curette and thereby build a better society. But I think it is simply a distinction without a difference between this type of reasoning and the reasoning of a man of unhappy memory who thought he could raise the standards of society by eliminating the so-called unfit in the gas chambers of Buchenwald."

This wide divergence of views is further emphasized when one takes a look at the records of various hospitals. The Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, mentioned above, performs almost no abortions; according to one report only eight therapeutic abortions in 150,000 deliveries. The ratio at Bellevue Hospital, however, is one to seventy-six; while the average for some twenty-six hospitals in California is one to 418.

Clearly, the medical attitude, and the medical interpretation of sound and sufficient reasons for therapeutic abortion, not only varies from state to state, but from hospital to hospital.

This situation, to which conscientious doctors so strongly object, has led the American Law Institute to draft a proposed abortion statute which would make abortion legal if the doctor believed there was substantial risk that "continuance of the pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother, or that the child would be born with grave physical or mental defect, or the pregnancy resulted from rape by force."

One objection generally voiced against the idea of easier abortion laws is that they will stimulate what is politely called "greater sexual license." One of the more widespread beliefs is that it's the young, innocent, unmarried girl who gets unexpectedly pregnant and seeks out an abortionist. This is only partly true.

According to reports and surveys, about one-half of those seeking abortions are married women. A survey conducted by the Kinsey Institute reported that between one-fifth and one-fourth of the married women interviewed had had at least one abortion.

Further, it should be noted that while the law in most states makes it a crime for a woman to procure an abortion, it is almost unheard-of for a woman to be actually punished.

It's as a direct result of this conflict between moral law and criminal statutes, together with the shameful hypocrisy surrounding the whole subject, that the commercial abortionist is able to operate his dangerous but highly lucrative racket. Meanwhile, the humane doctor's hands are legally tied.

Abortion is an ugly word, but uglier still is the dilemma which forces thousands of women every day to seek out the aid of crude butchers masquerading as abortionists.

THE END

THE WORLD'S STRONGEST WOMAN

Louise Armaindo Stood 5 Feet 2 Inches and Weighed 122; yet She Was a Hellion Few Men Could Tangle with



By CLEM BODDINGTON

● ● A photo of Kate Sandwina, billed in the early 1930's as "the strongest woman in the world," illustrated an article about her and her press agent, Ike Dorgan, in a national magazine.

Many people still remember big Kate and her son Ted, a heavyweight boxer of no particular distinction. Her billing as the strongest woman in the world was not quite correct.

The strongest woman in the world, pound for pound, was brunette Louise Armaindo of St. Ann's, Quebec, Canada.

Her real name was Louise Brisbois. She stood only 5 feet 2 inches and weighed 122 pounds. Yet, with the exception of three or four men of the same weight, no others could equal her in strength.

She was a niece of strong man Joe Muffaro of Montreal, and the world's strongest man.

"My uncle Joe was wan Franchman," she said. "He was so strong it took seven policemen to hold his hat when he was angry."

All of Louise's male relations were strong men.

She was the first woman in the world to do a giant swing (swinging at arm's length) around a horizontal bar. She put up a 105-pound dumbbell at arm's length with a straight push, no jerk, five times with the right arm and three times with the left.

She held two men suspended by her teeth over a minute at a public exhibition in the old Athenaeum Gymnasium on Dearborn Street, Chicago. She lifted 760 pounds dead weight of iron plates with one hand and without shoulder straps!

Louise walked nonstop for twenty-four hours at Madison Square Garden in New York shortly before the turn of the century, and ran 20 miles, doing every mile in 6 minutes 20 seconds. She was the only woman to run 20 miles without a stop.

She rode the old high-wheel bicycle 760 miles in six days at the Armory in Washington, D.C. Louise also lowered the world's record for a high-wheel bicycle established by a man, Charles Jenkins, at Reservoir Park, Maryland.

They still recall one of her feats at the old Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco. She teamed up with John S. Prince in a six-day race. They each rode an hour, alternately, while Charles Anderson rode twenty-one horses, changing horses after each mile. Louise and her partner rode 1076 miles on their high bikes, while Anderson, on the horses, rode 1071½ miles.

In 1911 Louise retired from all forms of athletics and was asked which of her strong-woman feats she regarded as her best.

After a few moments of meditation she answered: "Having the strength to know when to appear weak when the right man asked for my hand."

You can never figure out a woman.

THE END

THE STRANGE CASE OF UNITY MITFORD

(Continued from page 25)

There were other rumors: the *Daily Herald* reported that Unity had been executed by the Gestapo to stop her from telling what she'd learned during pillow talks with Hitler.

In Paris *L'Oeuvre* published a story describing how Unity had been shot by a gunman named August Scharonbach, hired by one of Hitler's other women.

Another French newspaper, *Le Soir,* stated that Unity was in a Paris hospital after shooting herself in the head. It quoted Unity as saying: "Adolf is through with me because I objected to taking German nationality."

And last: that Hitler himself had gunned her down during a lovers' quarrel over Goering, of all people, and was now sending her home in a fit of remorse.

Only Lord Redesdale knew what had happened, and he wasn't talking, not even for the $25,000 offered by a London tabloid. "I wouldn't make a statement for $100,000," he said.

The late editions featured a new teaser: UNITY IS COMING HOME. They didn't say where or how, but on the afternoon of January 2 Lord Redesdale drove down to Kent, to a small south coast resort named Folkestone, directly across the Channel from Boulogne.

He was followed by ten carloads of reporters and photographers.

It was dark and wet when the motorcade arrived in the little harbor town, and there were no lights showing because of the blackout.

Irritably clapping his gloved hands, Lord Redesdale again refused to make a statement and was rushed into the Royal Pavilion Hotel by a squad of beefy detectives.

By the next morning no statement was necessary.

Folkestone was like a city preparing for a siege. Soldiers and police were everywhere, demanding to see the identity cards of everybody who entered, or left, the town.

Sentries with fixed bayonets and the armbands of the Field Security Police guarded all the approaches to the harbor and patroled the beach.

Detectives and Secret Service agents, reinforced by railway police, mingled with the crowd which was starting to gather outside the harbor gates.

Press passes were disregarded and the permits usually granted to persons wishing to meet Channel ferry passengers were canceled.

It was like a scene from "The Lady Vanishes"—a Hitchcock thriller then making the rounds of British movie theaters.

About 3:30 that afternoon a helicopter was heard buzzing overhead in the thickening darkness. Shortly afterward three Spitfires from a near-by base started buzzing back and forth across the harbor.

At 3:45 p.m. a private ambulance, with curtained windows, edged its way through the harbor gates, which were locked immediately afterward.

Lord Redesdale arrived a few minutes later, and came in by a side gate, leaving his car to be guarded by two policemen.

At 4:05 p.m. someone in the crowd yelled: "I think I hear it!" The mutter of conversation stopped. Then in the silence broken only by the wind, they could hear the slow chug-chug-chug of diesel engines.

A local wit called out: "It's the ferry or the Jerries."

Nobody laughed. A hard-faced man with one arm shouted: "Here comes that Nazi-loving bitch."

The harbor gates started to rattle and strain as the crowd surged forward. The officer in charge shouted: "Keep them back there."

It was the ferry all right. It came in without running lights, bumping ponderously against the dock until it was secured. Then the first passengers came ashore, wondering why they were rushed through without the usual Customs formalities.

Unity Mitford was the last to leave.

Nearly an hour later she was carried down the gangplank on a stretcher by two sailors, followed by her mother, her sister Deborah, and a nurse.

Behind them were Sir Arthur Jett, Chief of the Field Security Police, and two unidentified officials from the Home Office who'd gone aboard to question Unity in her locked cabin.

Lord Redesdale stepped from the shadow of a loading shed and kissed his daughter, who was almost completely covered with blankets.

"Take care, Lord Redesdale," a woman in the crowd shouted. "You might catch something." A roar of laughter echoed across the harbor.

Flushing angrily, Lord Redesdale turned to the officer in charge.

"Clear these people away from here," he ordered.

"Like hell you will," someone shouted. But already the soldiers were moving forward in a V formation, behind a hedge of bayonets.

The ambulance purred along behind them and out through the gate. Changing gears with a screech, the driver roared off through the town, on the road to London.

That night Unity pushed the war off the front pages as her career was reviewed in intimate detail.

It had been seven years since Unity Mitford first saw the man who was destined to change her life—and modern history.

Unity, then 19, had gone to Munich to study art.

Hitler, 44, had arrived there to work up enthusiasm for the new Nazi regime.

Unity was in the crowd that gathered to hear him speak.

Later that night, back in her student apartment, she raved to a friend about the *Fuehrer.*

"He was like something invincible," she gushed. "There is no one in the world I would rather meet."

"Why not get Oswald to introduce you," the friend suggested.

Oswald was Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the black-shirted British Union of Fascists, a powerful pro-Nazi group.

Mosley, a good-looking ex-cavalry officer of 35, later married one of the five beautiful, spoiled and talented Mitford girls—Diana.

Mosley was Unity's first hero. As a schoolgirl she followed him around, to the amusement of her family and the annoyance of Mosley's associates, among them a New York-born Oxford student named William Joyce, later known as "Lord Haw Haw," and hanged after the war as a traitor.

After Mosley came Hitler, but her first efforts to meet him were frustrated by the Gestapo and jealous inner party members.

Even a letter from Mosley didn't help.

During the summer of 1934, Diana—now engaged to Mosley—came to Berlin to visit her sister. "You're wasting your time in Berlin," Diana advised, adding that Hitler would soon be going to Munich to dedicate a new museum, "The House of German Art." "His favorite restaurant in Munich is the Osteria," Diana explained.

The Osteria was an Italian coffeeshop near St. Michael's Church, where the Munich arty set gathered to talk painting and politics.

Hitler, who liked to consider himself "an old Bohemian," always ate there during his frequent visits to Bavaria.

"I sometimes long for the old days," he would sigh to his personal adjutants, Brueckner and Schaub, who accompanied him everywhere.

Young and ambitious, they would reply: "But Germany needs you more than art, my *Fuehrer.*"

And Hitler would smile and say in a self-pitying voice: "It's lonely being a leader."

Perhaps Hitler was lonely in 1934. Grete Raubal, his teen-age niece and lover, had killed herself with poison.

Another girl friend, Renate Mueller, actress and part-time mistress, had tried the same way out after a violent quarrel with Hitler over his attentions to other women.

Goebbels insisted that Hitler should be more discreet.

Hitler agreed that Goebbels was right, but he changed his mind that afternoon, on May 14, 1934, when he walked into the Osteria with his old and only friend, Heinrich Hoffmann, the photographer whose monopoly of pictures on Hitler had made him rich.

They were followed by the two adjutant-bodyguards.

Conforming to his we're-all-artists-here personality, Hitler made no attempt to be impressive and went to a side alcove from which he could watch the two beautiful girls sipping coffee at a table in the center of the room.

Obviously ladies, they were just as obviously English, and the *Fuehrer* was amused by the way they pretended not to notice who he was.

Hitler smiled and Adjutant Brueckner bent forward. "Friedrich, go over and ask

(Continued on page 44)

Cast your ballot for a successful future!

249 I.C.S. COURSES



I.C.S. is the oldest and largest correspondence school. 249 courses. Business, industrial, engineering, academic, high school. One for you. Direct, job-related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical application. Complete lesson and answer service. No skimping. Diploma to graduates.

Send for the 3 free booklets offered below and find out how I.C.S. can be your road to success.

ACCOUNTING
Accounting
Auditing
Cost Accounting
General Accounting
Junior Accounting
Practical Accounting
Public Accounting

ADVERTISING
Advertising
Magazine & Newspaper Advertising

ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
Architectural Drawing & Designing
Architectural Interiors
Architecture
Building Contractor
Building Contractor with Drawing
Building Estimator
Building Maintenance
Carpenter-Builder
Carpentry & Millwork
House Planning
Lumber Dealer
Mason
Painting Contractor
Reading Arch. Blueprints
Reading Struct. Blueprints

ART
Advertising Layout & Illustration
Amateur Artist
Commercial Art
Commercial Cartooning
Fashion Illustrating
Figure Drawing & Painting
Magazine Illustrating
Show Card & Sign Prod'tn
Show Card Writing
Sign Painting & Designing
Sketching & Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
Auto Engine Tune-up
Automobile
Automobile Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
Automobile Electrical Technician
Automobile Technician
Diesel Engines
Diesel-Gas Motor Vehicle Engines
Gas Engines
Internal Combustion Engines

AVIATION
Aero-Engineering Technology
Aircraft & Engine Mechanic
Aircraft Mechanic
Aviation Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
Business Administration
Business Correspondence
Business Law
Business Management
Business Management & Marketing
Business Management & Production
Business Psychology
Canadian Business Management
Clerk-Typist
Commercial
Condensed Business Practice
Federal Tax Course
Managing a Small Business
Marketing
Office Administrative Engineering
Office Management
Professional Secretary
Programming for Digital Computers
Purchasing Agent
Retail Business Management
Shorthand
Stenographic
Typewriting

CHEMICAL
Analytical Chemistry
Chemical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Unit Operation
Chemical Laboratory Technician
Elements of Nuclear Energy
General Chemistry
Industrial Analytical Chemistry
Industrial Chemistry
Professional Engineer—Chemical

PULP AND PAPER
Paper Making
Pulp & Paper Engineering
Pulp & Paper Making
Pulp Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
Bridge & Building Foreman
Civil Engineering
Construction Engineering
Highway Engineering
Mine Surveying & Mapping
Principles of Mapping
Principles of Surveying
Professional Engineer—Civil
Railroad Engineering
Roadmaster
Sanitary Engineering
Section Foreman
Sewage Plant Operator
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
Water Works Operator

DRAFTING
Aircraft Drafting
Architectural Drafting
Drafting & Machine Design
Electrical Drafting
Electrical Engineer Drafting
Electronic Drafting
Industrial Piping Drafting
Junior Mechanical Drafting
Mechanical Drafting
Sheet Metal Drafting
Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
Elec. Appliance Servicing
Electrical Contractor
Electrical Eng'r'g (Power Plant option—Electronic option)
Electrical Engineering Tech.
Electrical Instrument Tech.
Electric Motor Repairman
Illumination Eng'r'g Tech.
Industrial Electrical Techn.
Power-House Engineering
Power Line Design and Construction
Practical Electrician
Practical Lineman
Professional Engineer—Electrical
Reading Electrical Blueprints

HIGH SCHOOL
Good English
High School Business
High School College Prep (Arts)
High School College Prep (Engineering & Science)
High School General
High School Mathematics
High School Secretarial
Modern Letter Writing
Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
Industrial Foremanship
Industrial Supervision
Personnel-Labor Relations
Supervision

MATHEMATICS
Mathematics and Mechanics for Engineers
Mathematics and Physics for Engineers
Mathematics and Physics for Technicians

MECHANICAL
Industrial Engineering
Industrial Instrumentation
Junior Mechanical Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Professional Engineer—Mechanical
Quality Control
Introductory Technical Writing

PETROLEUM
Natural Gas Production & Transmission
Oil Field Technology
Petroleum Production
Petroleum Prod'tn Eng'r'g
Petroleum Refinery Operator
Petroleum Refining
Petroleum Technology

PLASTICS
Plastics Technician

PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING
Air Conditioning
Air Conditioning with Draw'g
Air Conditioning Maintenance
Domestic Heating with Oil & Gas
Domestic Refrigeration
Heating
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
Heating, Drawing & Estimat'g
Plumbing
Plumbing, Drawing & Estimating
Plumbing & Heating
Plumbing & Steamfitting
Practical Plumbing
Refrigeration
Refrigeration & Air Conditioning
Steamfitting

RAILROAD
Air Brake Equipment
Car Inspector & Air Brake
Diesel Electrician
Diesel Engineer & Fireman
Diesel Locomotive
Diesel Machinist
Railroad Administration
Railroad Car Repairer

SALESMANSHIP
Creative Salesmanship
Real Estate Salesmanship
Retail Merchandising
Retail Selling
Sales Management
Salesmanship
Salesmanship & Sales Management

SHOP PRACTICE
Boilermaking
Electric Welding
Foundry Practice
Gas and Electric Welding
Gas Welding
Heat Treatment of Metals
Industrial Metallurgy
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
Metallurgical Engineering Technology
Physical Quality Control of Metals
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Blueprints
Resistance Welding Technology
Rigging
Safety Engin'r'g Technology
Sheet Metal Worker
Tool Design
Tool Engineering Technology
Toolmaking
Welding Engineering Technology

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
Combustion Engineering
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Building Eng'r'g
Stationary Diesel Eng'r'g
Stationary Diesel-Electric Engineering
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Eng'r'g
Steam Engine Operation

TEXTILES
Carding and Spinning
Carding
Cotton Manufacturing
Cotton Warping & Weaving
Dyeing & Finishing
Hosiery and Circular Knitting
Loom Fixing
Spinning
Synthetic Fabric Manufacturing
Synthetic Throwing, Warping & Weaving
Textile Designing
Textile Engineering
Textile Mill Supervisor
Woolen Manufacturing
Worsted Manufacturing

TRAFFIC
Motor Traffic Management
Railroad Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
Gen'l Electronics Technician
Industrial Electronics
Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
Radio Operating
Radio Servicing
Radio Servicing with Practical Training
Radio & TV Servicing
Radio & TV Servicing with Practical Training
Servicing Electr'n'c Devices
Servicing Sound Equi'p't
Practical Telephony
Telephony and Radio Communications
TV Receiver Servicing
TV Technician

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

I.C.S.

BOX 84022H, SCRANTON 15, PENNA. **In Hawaii reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu**

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED," the opportunity booklet about the field I have indicated below, and a sample lesson (Math.)

Name of the course in which you are interested _____

Your Name _____ Age ____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____ Working Hours ____ A.M. to ____ P.M. ____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special low monthly tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

For 7 Years Unity Was Hitler's Big Love. Why She Returned to England with a Bullet Hole in Her Head Is a Secret That Died with Unity in 1948

(Continued from page 42)

those ladies if they speak German," the *Fuehrer* whispered. "And if they do, ask if they would like to join me for coffee."

"The younger one is a perfect Nordic beauty," Hitler commented to Hoffmann while the adjutant was gone.

Brueckner came back with the two Mitford girls and introduced them with heavy German gallantry.

"They are the daughters of Lord Redesdale, a true friend of Germany," he finished.

This was how the Mitford-Hitler affair started, as a pickup in a coffeeshop, and Unity was quickly drawn into the weird inner circle of the Nazi Party.

None of the women liked her, but most of the men found her charming politically and physically.

Even Goering, the suspected homosexual, danced around her like a playful elephant.

The bull-necked "race expert" Julius Streicher composed wordy compliments to her brains and beauty.

But it was understood that she was "Hitler's new woman" and nobody dared go beyond flattery. For the sake of Hitler's reputation, and her own, the newspapers used the polite term "friend" when writing about her. Nobody was fooled, of course, but what reporter would dare say that Lord Redesdale's daughter was Hitler's mistress.

There is reason to believe that Lord Redesdale, described by the New York *Times* as one of England's "staunchest friends of Fascism," hoped that Unity would eventually marry the *Fuehrer*—a sort of royal Fascist alliance.

No one dared criticize Unity even when it was learned that she often stayed at Hitler's Munich apartment and attended state dinners leaning on his arm.

During the summer of 1935 Unity attended a Nazi two-day celebration held in the Hesselberg Hills, and shared the speakers' platform with Hitler, Goering and Streicher.

Unity was the guest of honor, and newsmen who attended said it was almost incredible to see a slim, 21-year-old girl addressing 20,000 wildly cheering Nazis.

Unity had arrived, but it was only the beginning.

At Cologne, in 1936, she accompanied Hitler when his armies reoccupied the Rhineland, which had been separated from Germany after World War I.

The lovers dallied at Cologne's Dom Hotel until a minor crisis in Berlin forced Hitler back into the world of intrigue.

In October 1936, while Hitler was busy with top-level conferences, Unity flew home to take part in Oswald Mosley's anti-Semitic parade through London's East End.

After 7000 Fascists had been defeated by a handful of East Enders, and the parade was banned by London's Police Commissioner, Unity left England in disgust.

"I have no use for England," she told reporters at Croydon airport. "Germany is the country of the future."

Hitler was waiting in Munich when she arrived, and they spent several days in cozy isolation at the *Fuehrer's* Berchtesgaden retreat in the Bavarian Alps, 60 miles from the city.

Hand in hand, Hitler and his "perfect Nordic beauty" strolled along the hiking trails of the Obersalzberg while the world held its breath.

The romance of the decade continued.

"Unity was crazy in love with Hitler," British writer Stanley Richardson remembered years later in a New York *Daily News* interview. "And the *Fuehrer*—well, he was just like any other moon-struck lover."

Richardson was telling what he'd seen at the Bayreuth Music Festival in 1936.

Another British journalist, G. Ward Price of the London *Daily Mail* wrote in 1940:

"There is no doubt about her personal influence with the *Fuehrer*. In the morbid isolation which surrounds him, this beautiful and high-spirited English girl is a unique figure."

Unity's position was secure. Men like Hess might whisper that she was really a British Secret Service agent—but not to Hitler.

In 1937 Unity told a British reporter that she was thinking of becoming a German citizen.

This led to her expulsion from the British Council of Emergency Service, a woman's army group to which she belonged.

But she was still Lord Redesdale's daughter, and above reproach, even when she became a regular contributor to Streicher's Jew-baiting newspaper *Der Sturmer*.

Hitler came to Munich nearly every week, and they were always together; at the Berchtesgaden estate in summer, and the Munich apartment when the weather was bad.

The *Fuehrer* was in love, and for the girl who had everything, he devised a really special gift.

He made her a member of the Nazi Party and gave her a signed swastika armband to be worn in public, something that was strictly forbidden to all but cabinet members' wives.

It was almost as official as a wedding ring.

Unity wore her armband to an anti-Nazi meeting in London's Hyde Park in April 1938—and caused a riot.

Hitler was busy again and Unity had come home for a few days.

The moment she appeared in the park a woman spat in her face. It took a squad of police to save her from being lynched.

"Those people are scum. I don't feel a bit frightened," Unity told reporters while she nursed her bruised shins.

By now she was the darling of the London press.

When she came to town murderers and movie stars were forgotten.

But there were bigger headlines to come.

Arriving back in Germany in time to accompany Hitler on his triumphal march into Vienna, Unity told an American correspondent: "This is how everyone should visit Austria."

During the Czech crisis of 1938, Unity was arrested as a spy when she drove her car into a prohibited military zone near Carlsbad.

Her car had two Nazi flags on the front fenders. Along with her were Anton Wollner, a pro-Nazi member of the Czech parliament, and William F. Rueff, of Chicago.

The Czechs were polite but they held Unity for several hours. Among her belongings they found a small pistol (with a signed permit from Hitler), a notebook filled with strange symbols, three cameras and 14 films.

The police kept the cameras and films and let Unity go.

Rushing to the British Consul in Prague, she complained that the Czechs had stripped and pinched her.

They also tore her autographed picture of Hitler, she said.

In August 1938 Unity developed pleurisy while visiting Breslau with Hitler.

Desperately worried, the *Fuehrer* cabled her parents, who flew over and stayed with her until she recovered, but Unity's illness left her irritable and nervous.

There were quarrels with Hitler—possibly over Eva Braun.

The quarrels continued, and for several months Hitler stayed away from Munich.

Unity visited England for a while, then flew back to Germany.

There was a reconciliation—and another quarrel.

This continued through the spring, summer and fall of 1939, until Hitler was reported to be thoroughly disgusted with Unity's hysterics.

The *Fuehrer* had other things on his mind that year. . .

On Sept. 1, 1939, the Germans invaded Poland. The Allies declared war, and all British subjects in Germany were ordered to report to the nearest American consulate.

Unity failed to report, and nothing definite was known about her whereabouts until they carried her off the boat at Folkestone, and the British newspapers went wild.

Whisked away to the seclusion of the Redesdale mansion at High Wycombe, near London, Unity became the center of a controversy that was to last for years.

Loud protests exploded in the House of Commons as certain M.P.'s demanded that she be prosecuted as a traitor, despite the Prime Minister's insistence that there was no evidence to substantiate such a charge.

Nobody could agree as to her guilt or innocence, and while the controversy raged Unity was transferred to the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford.

On Jan. 27, 1940, the New York *Times* reported that Unity had two bullets in her head and was suffering from loss of memory. Dr. Hugh B. Cairns, professor of surgery at Oxford, was quoted as say-

(Continued on page 46)

READ WHAT SUCCESSFUL BEGINNERS FOLLOWING THIS PLAN REPORT...

Before I sent for your plan, I was stumbling along on a time card job without much future. Now I can enjoy the freedom and security of a business of my own which has no limit. To every person, my advice is to try Mellinger. You will never regret it.

WILLIAM J. JONES, *Georgia*



NETS $4,000 SPARE TIME

In 12 months I grossed $25,000 and a net profit of $4,000—just working this importing business from home in spare time. I work days at my regular job. Our house is practically furnished with samples from around the world.

WILLIAM LOHMUS, *California*

HOME BUSINESS DOES $78,200.00

As a spare time venture, working from home in evenings and through correspondence, my net earnings as an export manager's representative amounted to greater than my occupational income for the year. My wife and I are now entering on a full time basis.

P. R. CROWE-SWORDS, *Canada*

EXPECTS TO TOP $100,000 FIRST YEAR



About a year ago I started a little business which has grown until I have a wholesale showroom, two men on the road, a delivery truck and a sales car, with a full time secretary, and have just incorporated for $50,000. We have bought thousands of dollars in merchandise from the far corners. We are doing over $1,000 per week and it's wintertime—expect to top $100,00 for the year.

CHARLIE E. BODEN *Florida*

WORKS WITH WIFE IN IMPORT



On my very first transaction I made $904 for just four days' work. I sold 356 TV ship lamps to stores in my town. Your program is easy to follow. My wife and I started this business together.

DON M. CLYMER, *Alaska*

READ WHAT THIS LADY SAYS



I now have my own shop where I have mostly home accessories imported from twelve different countries. I can still hardly believe that answering one small advertisement could bring so much interest and excitement (and extra money) into my life as importing is doing.

ELLEN S. ADDICOTT, *Indiana*

OVER $12,000 PROFIT IN 90 DAYS

We solicited by airmail and after definite interest was shown we contacted clients by cable and international telephone. Our net profit was $12,251.00. The Mellinger Co. is to be commended on the personal interest shown in my progress. You were the prime source of getting me well started in the fascinating business of international trade.

H. J. OLINGER, *Oklahoma*

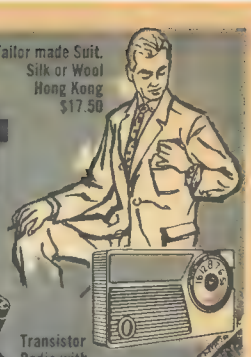
BEGINNER STARTS QUICK

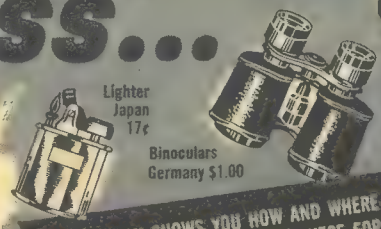


Last week, I received my first order for 100,000 automobile roller bearings. I made $8,422.31 on this order. I did not invest one cent of my money in the merchandise. My first order took only 30 minutes to close.

CHARLES N. TURNER, *Texas*

new home-import business...



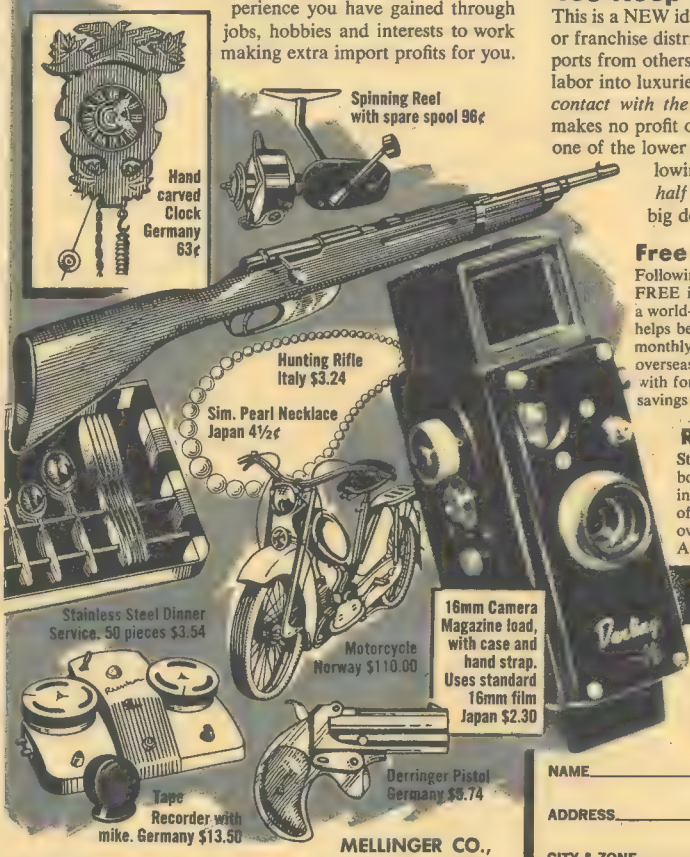




Now you can get exciting Imports at trifling cost abroad and sell them by mail order, or to friends and stores. New Plan starts you in full or spare time without capital or previous experience. Just imagine the *huge profit* you could make on this 17-jewel watch you can get for only $2.87 in Europe—the 16-mm camera at just $2.30, the transistor radio or the hunting rifle. Mellinger globe-trotting couriers discover and show you how to get fast-selling imports just like these—Show you how you can deduct your profit in advance, even *before* ordering merchandise.

Famous World Trader Guides You

You'll receive personal step-by-step guidance from B. L. Mellinger, one of the most famous international traders the world has ever known. Mr. Mellinger even shows you how to put experience you have gained through jobs, hobbies and interests to work making extra import profits for you.



You Keep ALL the Profits

This is a NEW idea for making money. Not a catalog "scheme" or franchise distributor "deal" where you buy catalogs and imports from others and watch them turn the *real* wealth of your labor into luxuries for themselves. *Mellinger puts you in direct contact with the ORIGINAL OVERSEAS SOURCE!* He makes no profit on your imports. The profits are all yours. On one of the lower priced products shown here, an importer following the Mellinger Plan has already taken in *a half million dollars!* You, too, can cash in on the big demand for imports, if you know this method.

Free Samples—CONTACTS ABROAD

Following the Mellinger Home-Import Plan you receive FREE imports—and membership in International Traders, a world-wide organization of Importers and Exporters which helps beginners to a fast start. You will receive confidential monthly bulletins revealing names and addresses of actual overseas suppliers. You are shown how you can easily deal with foreign suppliers, how to get samples, how to make big savings on your *own* purchases.

Rush Coupon for FREE Details

Start now to exciting cash profits in the new Import boom. Mail coupon for FREE BOOK, "Success Stories in World Trade," which will change your whole idea of the money you can make, full or spare time, in your own Home Import Business. No salesman will call. Airmail reaches us overnight.

Send for FREE Book!

MELLINGER CO., Dept. T103B
1717 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Show me how these amazing buys abroad can give me my own big profit Home Import Business. Rush book and details without obligation. ALL FREE!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & ZONE_____ STATE_____

MELLINGER CO., Dept. T103B • 1717 Westwood Blvd. • Los Angeles 24, Calif.

(Continued from page 44)

ing that she had been skillfully treated in Germany and that the wounds were healing in a satisfactory manner.

Two bullets rather deflated the suicide theory, but nobody ever knew what happened.

Unity left the hospital on Feb. 3, and reporters were told that she would be taken to the Redesdale-owned Isle of Inchkenneth in the Scottish Hebrides.

This was promptly denied by Mr. Oliver Stanley, Secretary of War, who stated that western Scotland was a prohibited military zone.

As a suspected Fifth Columnist, Unity was to remain in southern England, where she could be watched.

After that nothing definite was known about Unity until Oct. 5, 1940, when a large bomb severely damaged the cottage where she was living in Oxfordshire.

Since the Nazis seldom bombed useless targets, new rumors started that Hitler wanted to shut her up for good.

There was another flurry of excitement when she attended a wedding in 1941.

After the Allies started to win the war, Unity was allowed to live at Inchkenneth but was watched by the security police until the end of hostilities.

The last time Unity made the headlines she once loved so much was when she died suddenly at Oban, Scotland, on May 29, 1948.

The doctors who attended her said it was meningitis. Local authorities, not quite satisfied with this explanation, talked about holding an official inquiry—but it came to nothing.

According to the newspapers, Unity spent her last years as a lonely figure walking on the moors with her spaniels, sometimes working a little on the island farm owned by her father.

A fashionable dresser before the war, she cared little about her appearance and wore her long blonde hair loosely around her shoulders.

On May 24 she complained of a severe headache and was taken to the West Highland Cottage Hospital at Oban in a launch.

She died there five days later, at 33, taking her secrets to the grave. THE END

TWO WEEKS IN HELL

(Continued from page 22)

War II, and so overrehearsed that the guys who took part in it called it the "Arnhem Follies."

It was assembled and reassembled so many times that even the dumbest German agent in England must have known there was something big in the works.

Crossing the Channel, the invaders came in over the Dutch island of Schonwen, where the flak and fighter attacks were heavy, but they bored through to Arnhem in less than twenty minutes. They need not have hurried; the Germans were waiting to give the British the worst clobbering of the war second to Dunkirk.

Drummond remembered how the carefully placed antiaircraft and heavy machine guns blasted his plane all over the sky. Drifting down through the bursting flak, he heard a furious explosion overhead and looked up in time to avoid the mangled, falling bodies from another plane.

Hundreds of guys who weren't dead when they hit the ground, died screaming on the spiked fences the Germans had laid across the neat Dutch countryside. Drummond was one of the lucky ones. The Germans merely shot his parachute full of holes and took him prisoner when he hit the ground.

The young German troopers who caught him thought it was very funny. They liked standing out in the open fields shooting at parachutes.

"Was ist los?" one of them yelled, prodding Drummond with his submachine gun. *"Du siehst krank aus."* ("What's the matter? You look sick.")

Drummond understood German but he didn't answer.

Three miles on the other side of the city of Arnhem, Drummond was locked up in an old mansion with 500 British prisoners.

"So ist das Leben," ("That's life.") the Germans roared before they handed him over to the guards.

At that point Drummond knew he'd have to do something fast if he didn't want to spend the rest of the war inside Germany. Earlier in the war he'd escaped twice from the Italians in North Africa, but ducking out on the Nazis was something else. This was their war—they started it—and they fought it hard all the way.

Outside, the house looked Dutch and comfortable, but inside it stank the way 500 dirty men and three antique toilets ought to smell. When the stench hit his nose, Drummond wished he'd never left the Italian POW camp in sunny Tripoli.

"Stop dreaming, old boy," Drummond told himself as he took his last breath of fresh air and pushed his way through the mob of dejected prisoners.

Where's all that famous British spirit, Drummond thought cynically as he let out one breath and cautiously took in another. Later he said it was like trying to breathe through an infantryman's sock.

LOOKING through the mob of prisoners for somebody from his outfit, Drummond finally spotted his orderly, Lance Cpl. Turner, sitting mournfully on a wrecked grand piano without most of his legs. As Drummond approached, Turner suddenly turned sideways and vomited into the open piano, causing the wires to chime softly.

"Excuse me, sir, I know you love music," Turner groaned. "It was that bread and lard did the mischief."

A hunk of rotting black bread smeared with lard lay on the floor at his feet.

"They've been feeding you *that?*" Drummond said, and kicked the piece of greasy garbage across the room.

Just then the German CO came in, followed by two lieutenants. The gob of bread landed with a soft plop on the toe of his glittering jackboot. The Nazi looked down, then looked at Drummond.

"His face began to swell like a German major in a 1944 war film," Drummond recalled later. "He called me things you couldn't publish—even in German. He told me to wipe it off, and I did. What would you do if somebody parted your hair with the barrel of a Luger?"

After the Germans stomped away, Drummond asked Turner about the chances of breaking out.

"Not a hope in hell, sir," Turner replied calmly. "They'll probably move us all to Germany during the next few days. The war's nearly over. Begging your pardon, sir, why don't you sit out the rest of it in peace? You've done more than your share."

"No, thank you," Drummond growled, and went to talk to some of the other officers. They gave him the same advice.

"Look, Major," one stonyfaced lieutenant snapped, "I could get my essentials shot off breaking out of here—and for what? I'll tell you for what. So that some bloody general can get me into a worse fix."

"You've got a point, old boy," Drummond said, and passed to another likely-looking character, a Welsh captain with a bald head.

"No, bloody thanks," he sneered, holding up a mangled hand with most of the fingers missing. "I used to be a demolitions man in the mines before the war. I'm not a gentleman, but they made me an officer because I know about explosives. If I go back now they'll say 'thanks awfully' and check me out. This way I can draw full officer's pay until the end of the war. Here's hoping it lasts a long time!"

In the end Drummond decided he'd have to make the break by himself. He knew that direct escape was impossible, so he started to look for another way. He found it by accident on the afternoon of September 22nd, when he leaned against some dark-wood paneling in what had formerly been the library of the mansion.

Swapping some old North Africa chatter with Turner, he felt the paneling creak slightly under the pressure of his shoulder. He figured correctly that he'd discovered a concealed closet built into the wall. It was made of the same dark wood, and it blended perfectly with the rest of the paneling. There wasn't even a keyhole to mar the effect.

That night when the other POW's bedded down for the night, Drummond and Turner pried open the closet with a piece of metal torn from the wrecked piano. It wasn't easy at first. The hinges were rusty and they creaked loudly in the silent room. But when nobody came, Drummond opened the door the rest of the way and peered inside. He could tell from the musty smell that it hadn't been opened for a long time.

"I'll bet your life the Jerries don't even know it's there," he whispered to Turner.

"Not my bloody life, sir," Turner whispered back.

There were no shelves inside the closet, just a few old water pipes passing down through the floor to the basement. Both men had seen similar closets in old Eng-

lish houses. They were built so that plumbers and electricians could get at the pipes without ripping out the wall.

"Let me try it on for size," Drummond said, but Turner was still worried enough to make a protest.

"Look, sir," he said. "During my time I've read a lot of escape stories, and I never heard of getting out this way."

"Please, old man," Drummond said, fitting himself into the closet, "no defeatist talk, as the *Fuehrer* himself has said on many occasions."

When the door was closed, Drummond knew what it was like to stand upright in a fairly large upended coffin about 7 feet long, 3 feet across and 12 inches deep. A little air filtered through a crack in the door, but almost no light.

"Well, a few hours in there can't kill me," Drummond said when Turner let him out. "The Jerries took over this house to hold prisoners from Arnhem. They're sure to evacuate it when the POW's are moved to Germany. I'll just hide in here until they do, then get back to England."

Later, when Drummond discovered how wrong he was, it was too late to change his mind. Reliving his unique escape after the war, he said: "By then I had seen too much to get out alive. The Gestapo would see to that."

But Drummond said he wasn't thinking of the Gestapo when Turner shut him up in the closet just before daybreak on September 23, 1944.

"Pity there isn't room for two," he told Turner before the door closed for the last time.

"Thanks for the thought, sir," Turner said, "but I wouldn't be in your boots for a date with Rita Hayworth. I'm the sort of chap can get claustrophobia in the middle of Hyde Park."

TURNER sneaked away and Drummond looked at the luminous dial of his watch. It was 5:28 a.m. A few minutes later the corporal in charge of roll call stomped in with a clip board in his hand. He started to rouse the sleeping POW's with long blasts of his whistle.

This was the first hurdle to cross, Drummond thought, as the corporal called out the names. Turner called out "Drummond" when the corporal came to the D's and the roll call dragged on through the alphabet.

Before the corporal got as far as the XYZ's, Drummond heard heavy trucks pulling up outside the house. An hour later the 500 prisoners had been moved out and the house was quiet, except for a few guards moving around.

A fresh breeze blew through the house as the Krauts opened all the windows and doors to let out the stink. Inside the closet the air felt slightly better, but it didn't help the numb weariness Drummond felt in his legs. It was still too early for muscle cramps, but Drummond knew it wouldn't be long before his body began to squirm for lack of exercise.

"It won't be long now," he told himself, but he began to have doubts when the day passed and nothing happened.

It was dark now, and the stiffness in his legs had increased, despite his attempts at silent exercise.

"First I stood on one leg, then on the other," he recalled later. "I leaned on one shoulder, then on the other. It helped very little."

Drummond was starting to doze when a loud noise jolted him awake. He looked out through the crack and saw that the lights were on. A squad of soldiers was dragging in desks, chairs and army cots.

"Oh, God!" Drummond swore when he spotted the men in black and silver uniforms who came with the desks.

The Gestapo had arrived to set up an interrogation center. Right then he had to make a fast choice—to give up now and spare himself further suffering, or stay where he was and hope for the best. He decided to stay where he was.

It turned out to be a ringside seat in hell.

The Gestapo men were Maj. Heffner, Capt. Gutthem and Lieut. Swoboda, according to the names stenciled on their lockers. The major had a large jowly face with skin like an old actor who uses too much grease paint. He talked like an actor, too, in a loud, careful voice. He kept riding the young blue-eyed lieutenant, but when the lieutenant smiled, the major smiled, too, like a middle-aged husband with a new bride who can't cook.

"There's a pair of fruits if I ever saw one," Drummond told himself.

He turned his attention to the captain, who was about 35, with thinning blond hair and heavy lidded eyes.

"A man who believes in his work,"

(Continued on page 48)

"EARNED OVER $2,000.00 IN TEN WEEKS"



You can investigate full time for one company — or earn $3 to $10 an hour in *your own business.* No prior experience or higher education needed. And age is no barrier. Here is a field wide open to men 18 to 60.

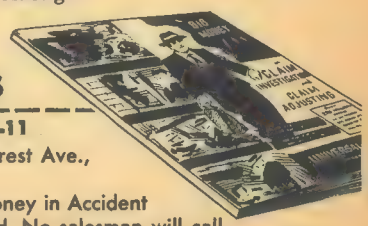
INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS. We train you. Then we assist you to step into an excellent position — or to develop *your own lifetime business.*

A. J. Allen earned over $2,000 in ten weeks. Gary Williams doubled his former salary. Jessie Hill says "Had I not learned of Universal Schools' Accident Investigator Course I would still be just another time card puncher; but today I have a wonderful position, and I receive $3.00 an hour plus an expense allowance."

RIGHT NOW the Accident Investigation and Adjusting Field offers you a tremendous future. Here's why: *This vital business distributes more money than any other service industry.* Last year alone over 200 MILLION ACCIDENTS had to be investigated for Insurance Companies, Airlines, Railroads, Steamship Lines, and Government Offices — and the need for trained men is booming!

NOW! *FREE* Book Gives You All the Facts

Send TODAY for new, illustrated Book mailed FREE. Learn how you can prepare at home in just a few weeks for excellent full time or **spare time** income. See for yourself how others have doubled and even tripled their earnings. Let us show you how Universal Schools has trained hundreds of men in their own homes spare time — and then helped them add thousands of dollars to their incomes. Absolutely no obligation on your part. No salesman will call. Write at once to me, M. O. Wilson, Universal Schools, 6801 Hillcrest Ave., Dallas 5, Texas.



Mr. M. O. Wilson, Dept. MS-11
Universal Schools, 6801 Hillcrest Ave., Dallas 5, Texas
Send me free book on Big Money in Accident Investigating & Adjusting Field. No salesman will call.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Continued from page 47)

Drummond figured when he heard the captain ask the major if they should unpack the files now or wait until morning.

"By all means in the morning," the major yawned. "Tonight we need to rest our noble Teutonic bodies."

Not liking the major's tone, the captain flushed and turned away.

Before the three Nazis went to bed, they ate a big dinner of cold chicken and chilled white wine from a battery-operated refrigerator. Drummond, who still hadn't tasted the greasy bread and canteen of tepid water Turner had given him, licked his lips as the Germans plowed through the delicious food. The major and the lieutenant sat together on one of the cots. The captain perched uneasily on the edge of a desk. The lieutenant wasn't wearing a shirt underneath his unbuttoned tunic, and the major watched admiringly as he dribbled wine onto the hairs of his chest.

"Swoboda, you're such an animal," the major said affectionately. "A big hungry animal."

"If you say so," Swoboda grunted through a mouthful of chicken.

Drummond's fingers began to itch when the Germans took off their heavy pistol belts and hung them over the back of a chair. But with their lockers piled up in front of the closet door there was nothing he could do, not even when they went to sleep.

"Stripped down to their underwear," Drummond said later, "they lost all their brutal Gestapo glamour. I had fought the Nazis for five years, and I thought I knew them. Now I was getting a completely new education as I watched two fairies and a career-torturer getting ready for bed. That night I heard sounds I never want to hear from other men. But in the end I fell asleep."

THE next morning Drummond was shivering and bleary-eyed from fatigue. A few sips of the tepid water didn't help, and he watched hungrily as the Germans wolfed down enormous breakfasts of sausages, eggs and real coffee. Then they went to work.

The first prisoners to be questioned were Dutch civilians accused of harboring some of the British invaders. One girl, a little blonde with milkmaid braids, had her jaw broken by Lieut. Swoboda's heavy boots when she said she was innocent of the charge.

As the girl writhed like an epileptic at his feet, the major laughed. "Well done, Swoboda, you've scored a goal," he said.

"Well, sir, I was a *Fussballspieler* before the war," the lieutenant roared back.

Some of the other girls screamed and went to pieces before they were touched. Only those who talked escaped a beating. Later men, mostly boys and old men, were beaten with rubber hoses or kicked half to death. Then they were taken out to be shot.

It was, Drummond imagined, just a routine morning at any of the 1,000 Gestapo offices all across Occupied Europe.

The day dragged on until Drummond's body was a quivering mass of pain. He couldn't even attempt silent exercise because one of the Gestapo men was in the room at all times. He was trying desperately to sleep when the guards brought in another prisoner, a tough-looking Dutchman with a carefully trimmed military mustache.

"Do you think he'll talk, sir," Lieut. Swoboda asked the major. "The guards beat the hell out of him, but he didn't say a word. These Dutchman are really hard people."

The major smiled as he leafed through the Dutchman's file. "Ah, yes," he said. "Here it is. It says here that the prisoner is a ladies' man. In fact, he was trapped while lurking between the sheets. Perhaps an appeal to his pride will work where no end of beating would."

"I understand perfectly," the lieutenant smiled.

"So will the prisoner, after we've explained," the major said. "And when he does, he will sing like a well-fed canary."

Drummond watched with horrified fascination while Swoboda opened a small leather-covered box and took out a shiny, nickel-plated instrument with twin screws on one side. The lieutenant attached it to the prisoner's groin with a few turns of his wrist.

"Ready, sir," he said.

The major smiled with the confidence of a minister who has delivered the same sermon many times.

"My dear fellow," he said to the Dutchman, "in this life we love many things—our families, our friends, new books, old wines, and so on. But there is always one thing we love more than anything else. We hate to lose it because without it life would be hell. With you, unless I am mistaken, it is the power to please willing and beautiful women. In short, I can take that power away from you. Demonstrate!" the major ordered the lieutenant.

With two light turns of the screws, Swoboda had the Dutchman screaming with agony. His body was covered with sweat, although the room was chilly, and his head bumped spasmodically against the table to which he was strapped.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" the major asked sympathetically. "It can get worse, so bad in fact that you would die if you were an older man. You won't die, of course, and the physical pain will pass. However, life for you will be over. Think of all the nights, all the years ahead, when you will lie awake longing for a woman. But all you will do, all you will be able to do, is grit your teeth and sleep alone."

Even before the Dutchman spoke, Drummond knew he was going to talk.

"What difference does it make?" the prisoner groaned, making one last effort to keep his self-respect. "You'll kill me, anyway."

"No, no, my dear fellow," the major said happily. "We don't kill prisoners who co-operate. It would be bad for our business. You will go to prison, of course, but when the war is over you will be free to rejoin the ladies."

"All right, I'll talk," the Dutchman said despairingly, "because I am a miserable coward."

"Not at all," the major said, "just a practical man, like us all."

As the days dragged on Drummond saw and heard things he couldn't even have imagined. He saw a 12-year-old girl blinded with a cigar. He watched the three Nazis while they rode nightly steeplechases on the backs of frail teen-age girls.

"With me women are a perversion," he heard the major say. "It makes me feel deliciously depraved to have a woman."

And Drummond watched while British officers sold out their country for a full meal and a cigarette. He swore to remember their names and faces when he got back to England, if he ever did.

By now it was October 5, 1944, and Drummond had been standing there for thirteen days and nights. Death wasn't far away, he realized without much feeling.

"It was all for nothing," he whispered deliriously as darkness came again and he fell asleep.

When he woke up the lights were still burning, but the three Nazis were gone. So was the furniture. All that remained was a litter of food scraps, torn clothing and empty bottles.

"I must have slept for a long time," Drummond said, the first words he'd spoken aloud for almost fourteen days. Just then he heard voices approaching the house—men's voices and girls' laughter. They came clattering through the hall and up the stairs. Soon a hand-cranked phonograph started blaring a jazzed-up version of a popular song called "Now Is the Hour."

"Now is the hour all right," Drummond thought, pushing hard against the closet door. It squeaked loudly but that didn't matter with the noise upstairs.

Inching out of the closet on his paralyzed legs, Drummond suddenly collapsed and hit the floor like a stone. The party continued upstairs.

A rapid crawl, and Drummond reached the French windows across the room. He pushed them open and froze; a sentry stood at the garden hedge about 15 feet away.

"Lord, the shock nearly killed me," Drummond wrote later. "He hadn't even seen me, but already I could feel his bayonet slicing through my belly."

The closest cover from the window was a thick patch of shrubbery. While Drummond was wondering what to do, he heard a truck rumbling up the road toward the house. By the time it passed, he was through the shrubbery, crawling fast across the open field to freedom. (*Editors' Note: With the help of the Dutch Underground Drummond reached the advancing British Army lines on October 23, 1944. The next day he was flown back to England to a military hospital, where he was treated a year for a near-fatal attack of boils and scurvy. He died in Kenya in* 1954.) END

We Are Living Longer

We are living 22 years longer than our grandparents did. We are living longer because medical science has conquered one disease after another since the turn of the century. The people of America made this great march of medicine possible—by supporting research. With the support of the American people, science can conquer mental illness, too. Give to the 1961 Mental Health Campaign.

ROYAL JELLY, the Queen Bee's Special Food...ITS SECRET OF PROLONGED LIFE!

50 complete 30 day supply MILLIGRAMS OF PURE NATURAL

ROYAL JELLY

JENASOL FORMULA

$3.00 REG. $7.50 VALUE

These are the 35 ingredients in every Jenasol Capsule:
COMPARE... FOR POTENCY, PURITY & PRICE!

ROYAL JELLY	50 Mgm.	Calcium	65 Mgm.
Choline Bitartrate	35 Mgm.	Phosphorus	50 Mgm.
Inositol	15 Mgm.	Rutin	5 Mgm.
dl-Methionine	10 Mgm.	Vitamin B_{12}	2 Mcg.
Glutamic Acid	5 Mgm.	Iron	3 Mgm.
Lemon Bioflavinoid Complex	5 Mgm.	Liver, Desic.	5 Mgm.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP units	Potassium	5 Mgm.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Fluorine	50 Mcg.
Vitamin C	75 Mgm.	Copper	100 Mcg.
Vitamin B_1	10 Mgm.	Molybdenum	100 Mcg.
Vitamin B_2	5 Mgm.	Zinc	100 Mcg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 Mgm.	Cobalt	250 Mcg.
Vitamin E	1 I.U.	Yeast Hydrolysate	10 Mgm.
Niacinamide	40 Mgm.	Biotin	5 Mcg.
Calcium Pantothenate	4 Mgm.	Iodine	0.5 Mgm.
Folic Acid	0.5 Mgm.	Soya Bean Lecithin	25 Mgm.
		Wheat Germ Oil	5 Mgm.
		Magnesium	3 Mgm.
		Manganese	0.1 Mgm.



Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life?" Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

See How JENASOL Capsules May Help You!

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL RJ FORMULA 50 capsule daily. They combine 35 vitamins and minerals as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reenforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

TRANQUILITY AND BLESSED RELIEF MAY AWAIT THE ROYAL JELLY USER

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 35 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:
PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY and EMOTIONALLY • "Human Dynamos" slow down • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of mental efficiency and ability • Unable to make simple decisions • Can't concentrate • Nervousness • Tense feeling • Moodiness • Lack of emotional control • Loss of interest in work • Loss of self-confidence • Feeling of futility • Worries needlessly • Fear of future • Insecurity • Failing memory • No zest for life • Difficult to get along with • Embarrassed

Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY... the "ELIXIR of YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee.

The Bosl Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mamary glands of women were activated.

ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 50, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutrional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50" to increase their pep and energy.

Dr. De Pomiade, 80-year-old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression . . . Loss of Appetite . . . Sexual Weakness . . . Digestive Disturbances Headaches . . . Decreased Vigor . . . Nervousness . . . Aches and Pains . . . Irritability.

Take "JENASOL Formula 50 Capsules" Entirely on Approval!



We feel sure that JENASOL may be the blessing you have been seeking, that we offer it to you on a complete NO RISK, Money Back Guarantee. Take one JENASOL CAPSULE each day. Then if you are not completely satisfied they have helped you to feel younger, to enjoy sounder sleep, to have a calmer disposition, and to lead a fuller, more enjoyable life, your money will be refunded, promptly and without question. Simply return the empty bottle and your JENASOL CAPSULES have cost you nothing. What could be fairer? You try JENASOL at our expense, and you are the only judge of their effectiveness. You must be thrilled with the wonderful results. BUT THIS OFFER IS NECESSARILY LIMITED as the supply of Royal Jelly is, each day, in GREATER DEMAND (ROYAL JELLY is a completely NATURAL PRODUCT, hence only limited quantities can be allocated to JENASOL.)

Don't delay... Get started immediately using this "MIRACLE" NATURAL FOOD that may help you feel good again...that may lead you to enjoy a new "lease on life."

JENASOL

Offices in: Canada, Germany, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, Japan.

SEAL OF APPROVAL CONTENTS CERTIFIED FOR POTENCY and QUALITY

DOCTORS: *Write on your letterhead for Clinical Samples*

Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed Its Use Directly



- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.
- Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.
- Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.
- Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

DISCOVERER OF INSULIN
Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting.

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."
"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordas, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

No Doctor's Prescription Necessary
Order ROYAL JELLY with complete confidence. If for any reason JENASOL fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense!...JENASOL CO., World's Largest Producers of Royal Jelly Products...serving over a QUARTER A MILLION PEOPLE — in the U.S.A. and 45 foreign countries; 125 E. 46 St., Dept. 554, New York 17, N.Y.

Men and Women Agents Wanted. Write for Free Literature.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
YOU OWE TO IT YOURSELF TO TRY ROYAL JELLY!

JENASOL CO., Dept. 554, 125 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

☐ I enclose **$3.00** cash, check or M.O. for full 30-day supply. Please send me the JENASOL RJ FORMULA "50" PLAN. Each JENASOL 50 MGM. ROYAL JELLY CAPSULE is fortified with 35 EXTRA VITAMINS, MINERALS, LIPOTROPIC and HEALTH GIVING NUTRITIONAL FACTORS making JENASOL *AMERICA'S BEST FOOD SUPPLEMENT VALUE.* I understand the very first capsules must help me to feel good, and I must be completely satisfied in every way with the results I get from JENASOL, or my full purchase price will be refunded promptly and without question. (I save up to 85¢ by sending payment with order; JENASOL ships postage paid.)



☐ Please send 30-Day Supply **DOUBLE STRENGTH 100 MGM. ROYAL JELLY JENASOL CAPSULES** (Twice the Royal Jelly), **FORTIFIED** with same, identical vitamin-mineral formula as **JENASOL 50 MGM. CAPSULES.** I enclose **$5.00** cash, check or M.O.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Send C.O.D.; I will pay on delivery plus postage and C.O.D. Charges.

ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER

Learn BAKING at home

Baking is one of America's high industries in wages. Not seasonable, but year 'round good field for trained and experienced men. Thorough basic spare time home study course lays solid foundation. If you have the aptitude for this type of work, send for FREE Booklet, "Opportunities in Commercial Baking."

NATIONAL BAKING SCHOOL
835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 9898 Chicago 14, Ill.

WANT TO STOP SMOKING?

NO-TO-BAC

Try NO-TO-BAC lozenges and see how their aromatic flavor helps stop the craving for tobacco. Rush $1 for 7 days' supply. (For heavy smokers — 16 days' supply $2). Money refunded if not satisfied. NO-TO-BAC, Dpt. SR Hewlett, N.Y.

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.
Phonograph Records Made
CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 802 New York 1

EVERYBODY LIKES JOE

...until he starts to talk

MANY PEOPLE—without knowing it—cancel out most of their good points as soon as they speak . . . especially when they are trying hard to make a good impression.

You can avoid this kind of near-tragedy by using the tested, proved techniques of practically all interesting talkers. A brand new text, just out, called "Conversation Today," teaches you the easy, interesting and sure steps to success in everyday conversation.

Big 466-page volume contains more instruction material than correspondence courses costing ten times as much. Full price is only $5.95 postpaid—or COD plus postage. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed.

Simply send this one-volume course back for full, immediate refund unless you find it the most helpful educational value you have ever seen! Order "Conversation Today" right now. Nelson-Hall Co., 210 S. Clinton St., Dept. 4GN-141, Chicago 6, Ill.

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY
SIMPLE PILL TAKEN BY MOUTH
FOR HORRID CRUSTS, SCALES OF
PSORIASIS
TROPISAN

No messy oils — Simple, easy, SAFE TABLET!

Say goodbye to smelly, greasy oils and salves. Tropisan, newly discovered medical tablet, gives blessed relief for itchy scales and other unsightly external symptoms of psoriasis. Absolutely safe, fast, easy to take. No mess, no fuss, no bandages to mar work or play. Reports acclaim Tropisan relieved unsightly external symptoms to some degree with continuous use. To date neither medical science nor Tropisan can offer a cure for psoriasis so always keep an extra box of Tropisan on hand whenever old or new patches appear or recur. Send $1.00 today for trial offer.

TROPISAN DRUG CO., Dept. GM-89
11 EAST 47TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CONFESSIONS OF A ROMAN LENS LOUSE

(Continued from page 16)

more damage than any professional hunter ever inflicted with the costliest elephant gun!

It was movie director Federico Fellini who coined the name *paparazzo* for a character in his film *"La Dolce Vita,"* a racy study of Rome's pleasure-hungry cafe society.

"The name suggests a buzzing insect, one which hovers, darts and stings," said the director.

THAT'S us, the *paparazzos,* fewer than two dozen hardened photographers who prowl the Via Veneto from the Aurelian Wall to the U.S. Embassy. We are ever alert for the embarrassing, daring or shocking photograph which will put British pounds or good Yankee dollars in our wallets.

On this throbbing boulevard, from the glittering Hotel Excelsior to the most intimate and expensive cabaret, exactly twenty-one of us sip espresso, scan the crowds, and keep our miniature cameras always ready to bag a picture which will pay off.

I broke into this game after serving a stint as a press photographer for a daily paper in Siena, a medieval city in the provinces. My salary in Siena was equivalent to $30 a week. It permitted me a second-hand bike and an occasional date with a girl at the local cinema, little more.

One May night in 1959 a British noblewoman from Sussex, somewhat the worse for liquor, plunged unclad into the pool of a Siena hotel. I happened to be present and snapped her picture as she floundered in the gaudily-illuminated pool.

Sober and crestfallen, she visited the newsroom of my paper the next morning and said earnestly: "Young man, I am told you have taken a photograph of me which would cause embarrassment and distress to my husband and children. No shilly-shallying now! I'll give you 40,000 lire for the negative. Just forget you were at the pool and took that terrible picture."

Forty thousand lire! That was almost $70, more than two weeks' pay, just for giving this silly woman a negative which embarrassed her. I presented her with the envelope; she blushed and endorsed travelers' checks over to me.

Mario Scozzo, the police reporter, who had eavesdropped, whistled enviously and said: "What an operator you are! Two weeks' pay for just one photo. You are too hot a dealer for Siena, Vito. You should be in Rome on the Via Veneto, where the smart boys are making big money with their cameras."

His words stirred ambition in me. Three days later I was on a bus headed for Rome. My camera, enlarger, developing trays and chemicals were in a suitcase which also contained a clean shirt and a second pair of shoes. These were my total assets.

I was 24 years old, naive and hopeful. After I found lodgings in a modest pension in Rome, I sallied forth into the Via Veneto with my camera. It is a glamorous thoroughfare; I relished the bright lights, music, lovely women and the fine cars.

A burly German—I later learned his name was Johan Borger—approached me and said curtly in a coarse Italian: "Beat it, you little bastard. Take your camera and go back where you came from. The Via Veneto is sewed up tight and we don't welcome outsiders. Get out while you can still breathe and walk."

I hit him. His camera spun like a yoyo.

I forgot to mention that I had won the middleweight boxing championship at the Siena Athletic Club. The German, Borger, fell heavily against a metal trash container outside a perfume shop at the intersection of Via Veneto and Via Lazio. A horde of patrons rushed out of the Carpano Tavern, the sidewalk cafes, the American Bar, the Hotel Flora. They stared at the unconscious photographer from Bremen, who was bleeding profusely from facial cuts.

"If anybody else wants to take a swing at me—" I said invitingly.

Nobody did. The dozen or so free-lance photographers melted away like butter on a sizzling steak. I was a *paparazzo* now.

That night I went to work unmolested. My first stroke of luck came three hours after I began my vigil on this thoroughfare of cafes, night clubs, prostitutes' apartments, lavish shops and swanky hotels.

I noticed a black Fiat taxi swerve to the curb. From the cab tumbled three girls, drunk and with their clothing disarrayed, mumbling and laughing as their escort thrust some currency at the cabby and walked toward me.

Pietro, who sells newspapers in a kiosk near by, bowed fawningly as the cab's passengers staggered past his stand.

I gave Pietro my last bank note and said: "Quick, tell me who that man is. He's somebody important, I know. He looks like real money."

"He's Oscar Dullhorst from Essen, the steel king. People say he was a Nazi during the war. No matter. He is a multi-millionaire and has four steel mills. *Signor* Dullhorst is a generous man for a German. He pays 1,000 lire for a copy of the Essen newspaper, think of it! Tonight he is drunk. He will be putting on his own private circus in his hotel suite. Lucky man!"

In return for my pocket watch Pietro gave me the name of *Herr* Dullhorst's hotel. I inspected my camera, inserted a cartridge of superfast film, and strolled inconspicuously into the alley behind the plush hotel. I swung up the fire escape and climbed to the third floor, for the news vendor, who had delivered papers to Dullhorst, had told me which suite the German occupied.

Luck was against me at first. I discerned a man's hunched figure at the third-floor landing of the fire escape. It was Silvio Boggi, who was getting ready to snap his

own pictures of *Herr* Dullhorst and the nymphs who would participate in his circus.

Boggi, an ex-newspaperman from Genoa, was fat, had a heart condition, and was past 50. I was young and in the pink.

Like the jungle beast a *paparazzo* has to be, I snarled: "Beat it, Silvio. He's mine. This shot is what I've been waiting for."

The other photographer's red, flabby face paled. "I won't leave. You're a dirty little intruder from the provinces. Why should I give up a shot of the German which will be worth plenty?"

My fist connected with Silvio's fleshy nose, which spouted blood like one of Rome's famous fountains. He dropped his $200 camera to the ground. The three-story fall shattered the instrument. Weeping with rage, Silvio went down the fire escape and left me a clear field.

THE steel magnate from Essen was imprudent enough to leave a small lamp burning while he cavorted with the three harlots. That single 25-watt glow was enough for me; I use a superspeed 35 mm film which can bag lovers in a room so murky they can't see each other.

The next day I showed *Herr* Dullhorst a print of his party, and the stocky, self-important steel king seemed to shrivel before my eyes.

He quavered: "How much? This is terrible!"

I set the price, he didn't argue, and I left his hotel with a bank draft for 5,000 German marks.

I am not inhuman. With a portion of this money I bought Silvio Boggi a new camera to replace the one he had dropped and broken when I hit him. Nobody cheered me for my generosity, but none of the other lensmen bothered me after this.

To celebrate this success, I picked up a wealthy Australian matron in a bar and later, when she was asleep in her hotel room, after spending most of the night with me, I snapped a picture of her sprawled on the bed like an overblown courtesan.

She proved to be a weeper after I showed her the print and intimated I would send it to the newspapers in Perth, her home town. Women's tears unnerve me. Hastily I accepted 50 pounds for the negative and prints, though I could have pressed her for 100, so great was her mortification.

But then, even the jungle cats show an occasional flash of mercy toward weaker creatures.

The free-lance photographers like myself who forage in the Via Veneto are looked on with contempt by legitimate newsmen. They turn a cold shoulder to us, call us "the streetwalkers of Italian journalism," and have vainly tried to get the police to run us off the street.

However, money works wonders with the cops on the beat. I pay $125 a month for protection. The Rome newspapers fume about us, but even they, on occasion, will surreptitiously buy pictures from us which their own timid photographers were unable to shoot.

We have plenty of nerve. For example, a famous film star once called my fellow *paparazzo*, Freddy Redetto, a nasty name, after Freddy begged her for a relaxed pose which he could peddle to a magazine. Freddy is a vengeful so-and-so. He hid for seven hours in a cardboard box on a movie lot where she was making a picture.

He had his revenge when the American star walked by clad only in an old bath towel, her hair wet and unattractive as a soaking mop. Redetto got his shots, fled from her wrath, and netted $450 for the unflattering pictures. The moral of this story: never make a *paparazzo* mad!

Quarrels among headline names of cafe society and the theatrical world make us as happy as larks. When U.S. actor Ernest Borgnine and his estranged wife Katy Jurado had a noisy wrangle on the Via Veneto, a *paparazzo's* camera caught the tiff from every angle.

Cornel Wilde had a brief struggle with a heckler outside a cabaret. One of the *paparazzos* snapped it and made $300 with his shot.

By now the whole world knows that the well-upholstered Anita Ekberg's bosom heaved almost unfettered in a dance at a private Roman orgy. It was a *paparazzo* lurking near by who snared this shot. He made $700 and claims to this day he should have earned $7,000 with it.

When business is slack along the Via Veneto, we have a way of stirring things up. Just snapping a shot of a famous person means little; Italian newspapers and magazines pay as little as $5 for just a conventional picture. But if we can bag a shot of a popular idol in an embarrassing, amorous or cruel scene, the price shoots up to as much as $500 per picture.

To accomplish this, we sometimes work in pairs. One of us makes a subject angry, the other unobtrusively snaps the camera shot. The late Aga Khan, a peaceable man, was world-famous. No editor would pay for more pictures of this placid, beaming leader of the Ismaili sect who doted on fine horses, beautiful women and other worldly pleasures.

One evening he emerged from the Hotel Excelsior in Rome, smiling and calm, and not worth 10 lire to picture editors, who were weary of his face.

"Go over and step on his foot," I said to Little Angie, who is a *paparazzo* with whom I am more or less friendly. "Then say something insulting about his newest race horse. That should provoke him. I'll split the sale with you."

It worked like a charm. Angie made the Aga Khan howl with pain as he stomped on the billionaire's foot. And whatever he said about this celebrity's racing stable must have been vile, for the usually serene Aga Khan grew furious and heaved a heavy gold cigarette case at Little Angie's head.

I got a beautiful shot; it paid $500, and Angie got one-half. He wanted more because the cigarette case connected and his head had a lump, but I threatened to kick him in the pants. From this episode I learned a vital lesson: make celebrities mad and their value as a picture subject goes up 1,000 per cent.

RECENTLY the American star Katherine Hepburn, who detests us street photographers, passed through Rome. All

(Continued on page 52)

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home.

To men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such Inflammation causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possible incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken in time, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL New Type treatments used at the Excelsior Medical Clinic are the result of discoveries in recent years of new techniques and drugs plus over 20 years research by scientific technologists and Doctors.

Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 communities have been successfully treated here at Excelsior Springs. They found soothing and comforting relief and new health in life.

EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

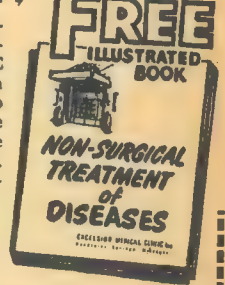
When you arrive here our Doctors who are experienced specialists make a complete examination. Your condition is frankly explained and then you decide if you will take the treatments needed. Treatments are so mild hospitalization is not needed—a considerable saving in expense.

RECTAL-COLON
Are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders, we can successfully treat for you, at the same time we treat Glandular Inflammation.

REDUCIBLE HERNIA
Is also amenable to a painless Non-Surgical treatment that we have developed. Full details of this treatment given in our Free Book.

Write Today For Our

The Excelsior Medical Clinic has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write today. No obligation.



EXCELSIOR MEDICAL CLINIC
Dept. B675I
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once, your New FREE Book. I am interested in full information (Please Check Box)

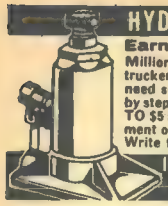
☐ Hernia ☐ Rectal-Colon ☐ Glandular Inflammation

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

TOWN_____

STATE_____



HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS

Earn While You Learn at Home

Millions of jacks in gas & auto-service stations, truckers, body-shops, riggers, factories, farms need servicing. We show you HOW—easy step by step directions—what tools to use. EARN UP TO $5 an hour, in spare time, in your own basement or garage. Start your own business NOW. Write for folder No. S-11 & free bonus offer.

Institute of Hydraulic Jack Repair
P.O. Box 50, Bloomfield, N. J.

MAKE $25 TO $50 A WEEK CLIPPING NEWSPAPER ITEMS!

Clip newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth $5 each. Write for FREE particulars today!

NATIONAL, Dept. 81-D
Knickerbocker Station, New York 2, N. Y.



DETECTIVE PROFESSION

Opportunities everywhere for trained investigators, both men & women, private & police. Work home or travel. Send now for free information on easy home study plan, badge, certificate & profitable future. No salesman will call.

PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS
4563 York.Dept. BD .Los Angeles 41,Calif.

FIGHTIN' GALS

WRESTLERS, BOXERS, STRONG WOMEN, FROM ALL THE WORLD. ACTION PHOTOS, MOVIES, CARTOONS, PHOTO-STORIES (BY STAN). WRITE FOR FREE LIST.

PEERLESS SALES, BOX 171-E
CANAL ST. STATION • NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



DEVELOP A LOVELY
FULLER BOSOM

Become DESIROUS — enjoy new Romantic Triumphs! Be enticingly feminine!

Highly SUCCESSFUL method. Home course for Bust Development —takes only few minutes a day!

If LOVE is missing from your life, you may be helped through this simple photo-instruction method, which shows you how to apply the prescribed techniques, in the privacy of your own home. Easy to follow, 64 pages, all fully illustrated — for WOMEN ONLY.

Don't let skepticism delay or deny you this opportunity for NEW happiness! GUARANTEED — If after 30 days you are not satisfied, for any reason, return this course for a complete refund. Fill in coupon below, and mail with $2. Course will be mailed to you in plain wrapper.

INTIMATE BOOKS CO., Dept. 918
125 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me BONOMO RITUAL in plain wrapper. I am enclosing check, M. O. for $2. If I am not satisfied, my money to be refunded in full, under your 30-day guarantee.

NAME .....
Print Clearly
ADDRESS .....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

(Continued from page 51)

of us mounted our scooters and pursued her to Fiumicino Airport, where she gave us the slip.

Disgruntled, I remounted my scooter, putt-putted back to the Via Veneto, and came upon a dilly of an auto crash near the Colosseum. The driver of one of the cars, a prominent merchant, is chairman of a reform committee which is seeking to drive prostitutes and call girls out of the Italian capital.

He was tipsy and his companion was a girl I recognized as Marie Pinco, an elegant harlot who smoked expensive Turkish cigarettes, owned her own Bentley, and charged as much as $200 a night for her services.

Marie Pinco's lacy flimsies were flying like a pennant from the antenna of her companion's sedan. With one breast almost fully exposed, she leaned against him, dazed by the collision, and I snapped three pictures before a policeman ordered me to move along.

Later the opposing insurance company paid me $800 for the embarrassing shots, which showed the great reformer as a drunken driver and a lecher. Confronted with my pictures, he signed a statement admitting responsibility for the accident, and the insurance company got off the hook, thanks to my camera.

Some of the *paparazzos* branch out and establish little monopolies of their own. These days I work in cahoots with "Lord Jim," a phony English nobleman whose specialty is the hand-kissing bit.

Jim, who resembles a corpulent Rex Harrison, frequents the famous Fountain of Trevi, where tourists throw coins in the water to ensure good luck. He's a great one for striking up friendships with middle-aged women, especially widows, divorcees and spinsters with money. Lord Jim, who was a London bus driver before he came to Italy, can kiss a woman's hand with an ardor which puts our own Italian gigolos to shame.

"Ah, *Signora*," he will rhapsodize, gesturing extravagantly at Bernini's noisy fountain with its imposing Neptune, "these singing waters speak eloquently of Rome's past glories, which it will be my pleasure to narrate to you. Will you join me tonight for dinner?"

After an eight-course meal which the woman usually pays for, Jim, who has an X-ray eye, usually manages to go through her purse while the delighted female is tossing coins in the fountain or nestling her head against his shoulder.

If he finds a woman has real assets, such as large-denomination travelers' checks or other money, the Englishman will excuse himself and telephone me.

"I have a live one tonight, though she's ugly as sin. Comes from a place called Kokomo, or maybe it's Kansas City. I'll have her in my flat in three hours. Be there."

I will say this for Lord Jim: he gives the ladies a good show. A stallion of a man, he's irresistible to sex-starved spinsters, lonely widows and moody divorcees. They all lose their inhibitions when he begins to purr about the glories of ancient Rome.

After Jim has flattered a female tourist, given her wine, and has her in a compromising position, it's my job to enter unobtrusively, snap several pictures, then offer the negatives and all existing prints to the shamed woman at a high price.

Occasionally our arrangement backfires and there are unpleasant consequences. Last winter a maiden lady of 40 from Seattle paid me $400 for a negative and two prints which showed her clasped almost completely nude in Lord Jim's arms.

Unfortunately, she had been treated in a sanitarium for mental depression—we didn't know it—and after buying the sensual photos from me, she chose the Borghese Gardens as the setting for her suicide. The woman gulped an entire bottle of sleeping pills. Her death note named Lord Jim and myself as the men responsible for her demise.

The Rome newspapers had a field day with *that* story. Self-righteous editorial writers called on the police to drive us *paparazzos* off the streets. It cost Lord Jim and me plenty to get some of the cops off our backs, and the charges against us were finally dismissed.

We lensmen work with tour guides, unscrupulous travel agents, hotel concierges and cab drivers to learn where there are lucrative photo possibilities. In return for tipping us off to a juicy or scandalous picture setup, an informant gets a minimum of $20 and sometimes as much as $75 if the photo sells well.

WE *paparazzos* have formed ourselves into a loosely-knit association called the Rome Photographic Alliance. We have a clubroom above a bar on the Via Monte Brianzo, where we play poker, wait for phone calls from tipsters, and develop our films in the dark room maintained on the club premises.

Sure we hate one another's guts, and sometimes beat one another up. But when the heat is on and the reformers, the clergy, the press and city officials bay indignantly that "the *paparazzos* must go!" then we find it useful to have an organization which will fight our enemies.

Two months ago *Signora* Julia Tursino, a grim-faced lady who heads some committee for the suppression of vice, began a crusade to get us banned from Rome's streets.

"These itinerant photographers are scum!" she stormed in radio and TV appearances. "They harass honest people; they are blackmailers and worse; they exploit human weaknesses and take photographs which are a blot on our nation."

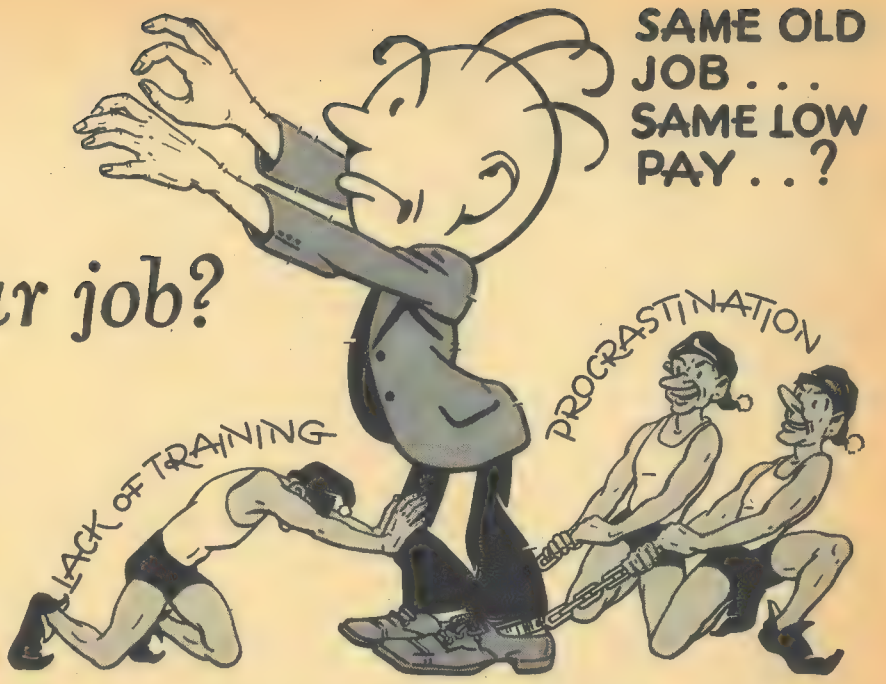
The *paparazzos* met to consider her threats and appointed me a committee of one to deal with the testy *signora*. She was a fanatical harridan of 50 who had buried three husbands.

After observing her on the TV screen, I summoned Lord Jim and said: "She's a tough one but you can handle her, Jim. Kiss her hand, make with the nice words, and then phone me. There are more ways than one to skin a cat—or a reformer."

The Englishman telephoned me at 11:45 p.m. three nights later, speaking from his apartment in a low jubilant whisper. "The tiger is here and kicking up its heels. Better hurry. Vito, if you want the picture of

(Continued on page 54)

Are You "STANDING STILL" *on your job?*



You can justify a real pay raise and a better position—by making one simple move—the move that opens the way to more earnings and promotions—*practical training.*

If YOU are "standing still" on your job–no promotions–only token increases in pay—then you had better do something about it. You know that if you are untrained, your chances of getting ahead are slim. NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE.

WILL RECOGNITION COME?

The only answer, as you know, is that success *does* come to the man or woman who is really *trained.* LaSalle has provided the "key to success" for many thousands of ambitious people who have sought our training for more than fifty years.

Get all the facts. Investigate the opportunities in your chosen field. It costs you nothing to learn about LaSalle's proven and tested accredited correspondence courses in the major fields of business as well as high school and technical courses. You can train right in the privacy of your own home, progressing at your own rate.

You lose no time from work, and your instructors guide you every step along the way through our famous Practical Problem Method. Low cost—easy terms.

Don't let promotions pass you by—do something TODAY about your future.

The coupon below is for your convenience. Simply mark the program in which you are most interested, and mail at once. We'll send you, without obligation, free booklets describing that field together with the opportunities and what you must know to be a success.

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

LaSalle Extension University, *A Correspondence Institution,* 417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 11384X , Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE catalog and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping
- ☐ Basic Accounting
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Principles of Acctg.
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Federal Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Systems
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Auditing Procedure
- ☐ Controllership
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Complete Accounting

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Organization & Mgt.
- ☐ Classifications, Rates & Tariffs
- ☐ Transportation Agency & Services
- ☐ Transportation Law & Regulation
- ☐ Rate Making & Rate Cases
- ☐ Complete Traffic & Transportation

LAW
- ☐ Law of Contracts
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers
- ☐ Business Law I
- ☐ Business Law II
- ☐ General Law
- ☐ First Year Law
- ☐ American Law and Procedure (LL.B. Degree)

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Principles of Management
- ☐ Psychology in Business
- ☐ Selling & Sales Management
- ☐ Advertising & Marketing
- ☐ Production Problems
- ☐ Business Financing
- ☐ Credits & Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Managing Men
- ☐ Accounting & Statistical Control
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Organization & Reorganization
- ☐ Legal Problems
- ☐ Complete Business Management

MANAGEMENT COURSES
- ☐ Basic Management
- ☐ Production Management
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Advertising & Sales Promotion
- ☐ Financial Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Sales & Executive Training
- ☐ LaSalle Sales Training
- ☐ Foremanship Training

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Preparatory
- ☐ General Business Course
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Commercial Course
- ☐ Secretarial Course
- ☐ Stenotype (machine shorthand)
- ☐ Home Management Course
- ☐ General Culture Course
- ☐ Science Course
- ☐ Mechanical Course

DENTAL ASSISTANT
- ☐ Dental Assistant

TECHNICAL COURSES
- ☐ Auto Body Fender
- ☐ Refrigeration-Air Conditioning
- ☐ Diesel
- ☐ Drafting
- ☐ Welding
- ☐ Motor Tuneup

Name.....*Age*.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

CHECK THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY...SURE!

MAKE UP TO $90 WEEKLY WITH
FREE SHIRT
SAMPLE OUTFIT!



Get Your Own Custom-Made Shirts As A Bonus!

Wear famous Packard MADE-TO-MEASURE Shirts you get FREE as a bonus. Make big money full or spare time showing them to men you know! Perfect fit guaranteed for ANY man, regardless of size or build! Fine quality dress and sport shirts, beautifully tailored to individual measure, sell fast at $4.50 and up. Your cash-in-advance profit averages over $3.00 per order; $90.00 a week on just five orders a day! You get full commissions automatically on re-orders, even if customers order direct to factory.

NEW! Over 100 Shirtings & Styles
Prices $4.50 Low As
Personal Monograms
Man-Tailored Ladies' Shirts

ACT NOW AND YOU'RE IN BUSINESS!
No experience needed. Just mail the coupon. We'll send our compact outfit of over 100 actual shirting samples, style cards, and all supplies—absolutely FREE. Bonus Shirt offer included. Send the coupon or a short letter about yourself TODAY!



MAIL NOW FOR FREE OUTFIT!

(Estab. 1923)
Packard Shirt Mfg. Corp.
Dept. 424, Terre Haute, Indiana
I'm interested! Please send me your new Sample Outfit and offer of Bonus Shirts.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____Zone___State_____

GIANT BRAND NEW 70 Page CATALOG

DICE CARDS GAMES



Machines, Devices, Gimmicks, and Gaffs. Diamond-cut perfect dice, educated magic dice, magic cards (read the backs) inks, daubs. Poker chips, gaming layouts. Counter games, punch boards, jar games. Expose books on every type of game.

If you play or know someone who does—
DO NOT DELAY—SEND NAME, ADDRESS & 25c for complete 70 page illustrated catalog, plus other valuable, confidential information.

HUNT and COMPANY Established 1898
1736 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. A Chicago 16, Ill.



(Continued from page 52)

your life. It may save the *paparazzos* and keep us all in business."

When I arrived, plenty breathless, my camera at the ready, I beheld an amazing sight. The Englishman must have plied this grim clubwoman with plenty of liquor as well as sweet words.

She was almost nude, a bony nymph of advanced years, with a hairy chin and bleary, amorous eyes. She stood on a table and sang a ribald song to the amused Lord Jim. *Signora* Julia, the scourge of vice, was so far gone in her cups that she didn't even notice me taking five pictures of her in rapid succession.

The next afternoon I waited in the lobby of a newspaper, where she had gone to be interviewed by reporters on "these terrible conditions in Rome, especially on the Via Veneto, where criminals calling themselves photographers make life unbearable for decent people."

Without a word I approached the jut-jawed clubwoman and showed her the pictures of herself. She turned white, muttered something incoherent, and walked groggily to the huge Termini Railway Station, where she took the next train back to her home town of Padua.

The following day Italian press services carried a brief story to the effect that "*Signora* Julia Tursino, for thirty years a crusader against vice and crime, has announced her retirement from public life because of ill health."

Lord Jim winked at me when he read the item. The other *paparazzos* grinned, bought me drinks, and examined their cameras before embarking on the nightly prowl of the Via Veneto. Reformers will come and go, but we photo boys expect to be around Rome a long time—night life and human frailty being what they are.

THE END

DANCE OF THE VIRGINS

(Continued from page 19)

some fifteen minutes. But not at night. Particularly not at night if the pedestrian is a male walking alone. Then there are repeated interruptions from ladies of the evening peddling their very personal wares. Not one or two, not a dozen or a score, but literally hundreds to the block, waiting to accost every passing male.

This is not in the city's sprawling slums —where vice is always rampant—but in the smart, sophisticated and comparatively exclusive West End. The prostitutes are young and old, breath-takingly beautiful and awesomely ugly; the stylish ones are dressed in the latest Paris fashions, others are in rags.

Sociologists have come up with a variety of reasons for this mass display of loose morals. According to figures presented in the House of Commons, some 500 girls a week forsake their homes elsewhere and come flocking to London to swell the ranks of the prostitutes. This sordid state of affairs is variously blamed on the moral laxity following World War II, the tensions of the Cold War, the American GI's and Air Force men stationed in England, and the type of sexy movies made these days.

Actually, as every student of English history knows, these excuses are far from valid. Mass prostitution in London is nothing new. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of staid, stodgy old London that stimulates the sexual instincts of both male and female. And in short order, when there is a surfeit of sex, additional fillips are needed to create excitement. Today in London, and in much of the rest of England, cults of flagellation are springing up to cater to the tastes of the sexually decadent.

All this is only erotic history repeating itself.

Back in the latter half of the 18th Century, during the days of the Georgean rakes, London was even more of a hotbed of vice than now. Brothels were operated openly, advertising their attractions with public notices and handbills. Streetwalkers crowded the streets day and night. Procurers did a flourishing business.

The only difference was that in those days it was voyeurism—watching others in the act of love-making—that served as an emotional aphrodisiac to excite the blase.

For a decade or more, under the reign of George III, the cult of voyeurism reached fantastic heights seldom seen since the days of the infamous Roman orgies.

What helped spark this wave of sordid sex were the accounts of strange customs brought back by Capt. Cook and other explorers from the South Seas.

In 1768 the Royal Society had petitioned King George III to send a ship out to the southern waters of the Pacific to "observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk"—an event that was scheduled by astronomers to take place in 1769.

As it turned out, the observations made by Capt. Cook and his men were somewhat more earthy than celestial. The workings of Venus—the goddess of love—that most interested the explorers were those which took place on earth and not in the heavens.

What impressed the men most was a somewhat startling—to English eyes—ceremony viewed in Tahiti. Here young boys and girls, on reaching the required period of adolescence, were introduced into what are sometimes called "the mysteries of life" in a public and highly formalized spectacle.

This occurred on a feast day and took place after considerable quantities of *ava,* a potent native drink made of fermented coconut milk, were consumed. The girls and boys were grouped together in a cleared semicircle, surrounded by the critical elders of the village.

To quote from Capt. Cook's account: "They appeared as naked as newborn babes and as innocent of modesty and shame. They did then possess each other, being prevailed upon to the most lustful efforts and activities by the comments and encouragements of the spectators, who were most attentive."

Doubtlessly because the avowed purpose of the voyage was to watch the workings of Venus in a slightly more conventional

manner, Cook called the primitive ceremoney a Feast of Venus when he recounted his adventures on his return to England.

IN England, with much run-of-the-mill sex on the market place, with bawds and strumpets to be found everywhere, the rakes and men-about-town had long since become satiated to the point of boredom. New thrills, sufficiently exciting to stir up lagging desires, were eagerly sought-after.

When word of the Feast of Venus, as described by Cook and his men, began to circulate in high society, it was inevitable that various jaded gentlemen of wealth and title should desire to be similarly entertained. It became the sophisticated thing to do. And brothel-keepers jumped at the opportunity of turning a fast buck by arranging shows.

What happened next was described by various historians of the period, whose privately published memoirs have recently come to light; notably Louis Vavin's *"La Sexualite de la Vie aux XVII et XVIII Siecles."*

According to Vavin, accounts of these exhibitions eventually reached the ears of bumbling George III, who (Vavin says) was increasingly moody about his declining virility.

That much, of course, is speculation. What is definitely a matter of historic record, however, is that word was suddenly whispered around London that the most fabulous Feast of Venus of all times was scheduled to take place shortly at a country estate in Richmond.

For this stupendous affair no less than 100 beautiful young virgins were required, none younger than 12 or older than 15. All must have reached the age of puberty.

Some of London's leading procurers—well aware of the various artful subterfuges by which "virginity" could be falsified—were called on to aid in the talent hunt.

As the bidding for these delectable and hard-to-find maidens went up, many hitherto honest and upright peasants and yeomen offered their virgin daughters for sale. After all, they argued, it would only be for once, and it was an act that would have to take place eventually, anyway.

Nor was this delivering-over of daughters confined to the poorer classes. According to Vavin, many well-to-do men, some of them with titles, eager to ingratiate themselves with a "nameless person of highest estate who will honor the exhibition with his presence," actually ordered their young virgin daughters to become participants in the revel.

Even so, it took close to three months before the needed number of girls could be assembled. It was only slightly less time-consuming to gather together the hundred stalwart and handsome young men who would act as their all-too-willing partners.

Next, a dancing master was imported from Paris to teach the boys and girls the subtle and sensuous movements of the dance of invitation that was a prelude to the actual carryings-on.

There were other variations. This time the guests were to attend in masks, to hide the identity of the "person of highest estate." And instead of young handmaidens attending each guest on his separate divan, this service was to be performed by ladies of quality, likewise masked to avoid the embarrassment of being recognized by husband or lover.

The guest of honor was to be attended by three of these aristocratic ladies, all of whom were dressed in flowing Grecian robes of transparent material that could be quickly discarded with a shrug of the shoulders.

Excitement was at a fever pitch. Possibly it was due to the presence of the exalted person; possibly it was because of the whispered descriptions of what was to come; possibly it was the added fillip that on this night the handmaidens were mysterious ladies of quality; and, just possibly, it was because wine reputedly laced with an aphrodisiac was served in large quantities.

To quote the historian Vavin: "Never before, in the memories of those present, had there been such a mass display of unleashed passion and lust. The sight of a hundred lovely virgins, teasing and tantalizing in their maidenly hesitancy to surrender, whetted the lascivious appetites of the gentlemen present until they were cheering and goading the young males on."

The titled guests, including the person of high position, turned to the waiting ladies of quality, no less anxious and ready for passionate release. But excitement had reached such a height that no single episode could satisfy.

The older men, made greedy by the sexual feast they had just witnessed, stumbled down from their divans and grabbed the first maidens that came to hand.

Even more avid for amorous play were the ladies of quality.

To quote Vavin again: "Their little exercise with their titled but elderly male companions, whom they had come to serve, had provided only a mockery of satisfaction. Their desires had been set to burning by the sight of a hundred stalwart and virile young males. So now they, too, threw aside all ladylike restraint, rushing out to the youths with no fear or thought of the morrow."

From then on it was a scene of sheer primitive passion which lasted throughout the night. Finally even the most virile of the youths, fell into exhausted slumber.

It was inevitable that an orgy of this nature and magnitude could not remain a secret long. Shortly detailed and lurid whispers of the scandalous carryings-on at the Richmond estate were in circulation throughout London.

There was a wave of moral criticism and Puritan indignation. Laws were passed to curb brothels and prostitutes. In the end this only meant that sex moved behind closed doors for a while.

There seems to be something in the foggy air of London that stimulates sex and lust, as witness the city on the Thames today. Once again the streets of London town swarm with prostitutes and procurers, all laws to the contrary.

And once again the decadent and impotent need something different—presently it is flagellation—to whip up their jaded appetites.

In London, the more it changes, the more it's the same thing. THE END

AMAZING!

FIGURE SLIMMER

NOW offered for the first time



ONLY 3.49 complete with crotch piece

The New Combination Adjustable Waist and Abdominal Leveler

Slenderizes Both Abdomen and Waist
Figure Slimmer corrects the faults of other garments. Some hold in the stomach but push out the waist. Figure Slimmer slenderizes both the waist and abdominal appearance at the same time. You will look inches slimmer and feel wonderful.

Holds Back Together
Figure Slimmer is wonderful for that falling-apart back feeling. Its firm, gentle compressing action makes you feel good and secure.



Appear Inches Slimmer
Figure Slimmer flattens your front and takes in inches off your appearance. Clothes will look well on you now!

Adjustable
Figure Slimmer's adjustable feature makes it easy for you to have a small waistline look. Trousers now look good and fit swell. You can take yourself in more inches if you wish, with this novel adjustable feature. **Try 10 days!**

TRY 10 DAYS FREE

Ward Green Co., 43 W. 61 St., N.Y. 23 Dept.P-2611

Rush for ten days approval the new Figure Slimmer. After wearing for ten days, I can return it for full refund of purchase price if not satisfied.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postage.
☐ I enclose $3.49. Send it prepaid. ($3.98 for waist 46 and up.) EXTRA crotch pieces, 50¢ each.

My waist measure is ..... inches.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

STOP TOBACCO



Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with **Tobacco Redeemer.** Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY
Dept. 423 Chesterfield, Mo.

'GIANT ARMS'

DR. YOUNG'S, D.C. REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY.
$2. (No C.O.D.). Satisfaction or Refund.
GAUCHO, Box 9309-C, Chicago 90, Ill.

'PSYCHIC DOMINANCE

How to RULE OTHERS with your THOUGHTS." Full course, with stirring exercises. Illus. Adults. Only $3. Sat. or refund. **CLARION,** Box 9309-C, Chicago 90.

100 Little Dolls

all for $1.00



100 Dolls made of genuine Styrene plastic and hard synthetic rubber only $1 for entire set. You get BABY DOLLS, NURSE DOLLS, DANCING DOLLS, FOREIGN DOLLS, CLOWN DOLLS, COWBOY DOLLS, BRIDE DOLLS, and many more in Lilliputian cuteness. And made not of paper or rags but of STYRENE plastic and hard synthetic rubber. If you don't go wild over them your money will be promptly refunded. Send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling for each set of 100 Dolls you order to: **100 Doll Co., Dept AB35 11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.**

REMOVE UGLY HAIR FOR GOOD

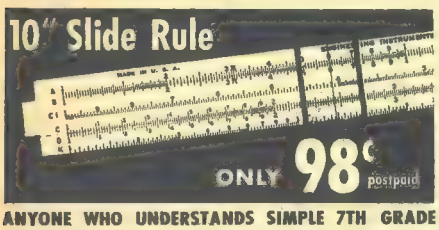
from LIPS, from CHIN from ANY PART OF YOUR BODY!



Unwanted hair removed for good! Hair roots are destroyed almost instantly and without pain, leaving the skin smooth and unmarred by the ugly hair which has been removed. The miraculous LEMOS PERMAGON costing only $9.95 complete, will ease the hair from any place on your body gently and safely. Complete refund if PERMAGON'S SAFE, GENTLE SELF-ELECTROLYSIS METHOD doesn't do for $9.95 what professional beauticians charge hundreds of dollars to do. No electric connections to plug in. By following our accompanying safe, simple instructions and avoiding warts, moles and other blemishes, you will be free of unwanted hair! Order today. Send $9.95 and we ship pre-paid. For COD send $1.00 deposit and pay postman balance plus COD postal charges on delivery. **Brian-Lloyd Co., 11 E. 47 St., Dept.BP-57 New York 17, N. Y.**

ONLY $9.95

10" Slide Rule



ONLY 98¢ postpaid

ANYONE WHO UNDERSTANDS SIMPLE 7TH GRADE ARITHMETIC CAN USE THIS STANDARD SLIDE RULE!

Be modern—NOW you can use this quick easy way of figuring. Saves you time and labor with multiplication, division, proportions, discounts, commissions, percentages, etc. Easy to use. Especially valuable to business men, students, carpenters, machinists, salesmen, printers and engravers, office workers, farmers, merchants, time keepers, plumbers, electricians, home workshop hobbyists. Amazing value . . . many good slide rules sell for $5 and up!

FREE *Interesting illustrated instruction book sent free. Shows you how to get correct answers instantly without pencil and paper.*

You get BOTH the slide rule and the instruction book for only 98c postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Order "Slide Rule and free book" today. Send che money order or cash. **Nelsen-Hall Co.,**

210 S. Clinton, Dept. 2GN-141 Chicago 6

TO OBLIGE A FRIEND

(Continued from page 36)

murdered," I said, and inhaled deeply the pipe of opium I had so carefully cooked over the tiny yellow flame burning next to me on the flat mattress.

I have no idea why I made this gratuitous statement; we hadn't been talking about anything that was even close to this creepy subject. But that's what the insidious drug does for you; your mind wanders and invents. As I lay back to enjoy the soothing effects of the drug, Fira spoke.

"Would you like to?" she asked, with no more emotion than if she were asking me if I'd like a glass of water. Her voice came to me through the haze of smoke and lassitude.

Fira had become, in 1936, one of the most famous and richest singing stars in France. Her jewels were fabulous and her apartment in Paris was furnished with costly antiques. She had started her career right here in Marseilles; singing in a cheap vaudeville house.

Fira was a handsome big-breasted woman, earthy and passionate, with enormous eyes that could hypnotize an audience. She came back to Marseilles every year and loyally sang in the same cheap little theater that had started her on her way to fame and wealth. She had become a national figure, and in the town of her birth, an adored legend.

"I merely mentioned, and God knows why I did, that I never had," I answered.

Fira had been drinking a lot of brandy that night. Brandy and opium are a dangerous combination. I was already sorry I had made that senseless remark.

"You heard the audience tonight," she reminisced. "They love me. My dear friends, the people of Marseilles love me. I am their Fira. They would do anything for me. Anything!"

"I know they would, Fira," I answered, and I was convinced that it was indeed true.

"I could get away with murder in my beloved Marseilles if I wanted to. Actually murder, do you hear?"

"I'm sure you could," I agreed. Fira was not to be crossed in this mood. We continued smoking in silence for a while.

"Let's go to the *Quartier*," Fira finally suggested. "I'm tired of this dingy hotel room."

What luxury or brightness she expected to find in the *Quartier* escaped me. The *Quartier* is an infamous neighborhood about four blocks square on the right side of the Vieux Port as you approach it from Marseilles' main street, La Cannabiere. If you approach it by boat, it will be on your left—just as evil and just as dangerous!

Getting there by foot, you follow the right quai until you arrive at a small square. One side is bordered by the water, the other three sides by houses. There is an arch in the bank of houses furthest away from the city. This arch is the entrance to a very narrow street that twists sharply to the right as it leaves the square, so that no one can see what evil things go on beyond the bend.

The French *gendarmes,* if they must enter this foul warren, do so with caution and never less than six together. The *Quartier* has a dangerous reputation that it does its best to live up to.

Any number of people have been known to go in and never be heard of again. All the houses are connected by secret passages, and there are subterranean outlets to the water itself. What better safe deposit for a dead body—properly weighted, of course—than the bay!

"I'll phone Yvonne." Fira went into her room. I could hear the sound of her voice but could not make out what she was saying. I smoked a few more pipes before she returned.

"Allons, mon vieux," she said, looking like the cat that had eaten the canary. "We're off to Yvonne's."

Yvonne ran a combination bar-whorehouse that could cater to any strange sexual taste and was in a position to supply any drug a customer desired.

Her bar was usually full of sailors of all races and colors. Also some of the most dangerous criminals hid out there for years at a time when necessary. I'd been there before with Fira. I wasn't the least bit afraid, as I knew that wherever Fira went in Marseilles, she was safe. So was her escort. But if I ever went there alone, I might have my throat cut for a 5-franc note.

FIRA and I left our hotel and walked through the warm, fragrant Marseilles night. The stars were twinkling in the calm water of the port. The smell of jasmine was mixed with that of garlic.

"It is beautiful, my beloved city, no?" Fira said.

I agreed with her, and we walked on through the arch. We were in the *Quartier.*

"It is even beautiful in here," she continued. "The walls are so very close." She shivered although the night was warm. "In places you could stand in the middle of the street and touch the walls on opposite sides with your hands. But if you look straight up"—she did just that and pointed to follow her eyes—"there are the stars."

We had almost reached Yvonne's.

"It's a shame a man your age"—I was 32 at the time—"has never seen anyone murdered."

"I've never lost any sleep over it, Fira darling. Let me assure you of that."

"Well, it's a shame." When Fira got on a subject that amused her, she ran it into the ground. "Tonight I've arranged a murder for you."

Fira announced this gory fact as though she were saying: "How do you do?"

I began to wonder if she had really arranged a murder. She might do it, not only to enlighten me, but also to prove to herself that she could actually get away with murder. Still, she always enjoyed pulling my leg, and I felt that that was what she was doing—on the grand scale.

Somehow I started to get scared. The

more I rationalized, the more afraid I became. I decided not to wait and find out whether this were a big joke or the real thing. I'd better turn back.

Then I realized where I was. I didn't dare turn back. Alone in the *Quartier,* I could very easily become the victim of a murder. Of the two possibilities, I'd much prefer being a witness to being the victim. So on we went.

From the street Yvonne's looked like any other bistro. Inside, on the ground floor, there was a bar on one side of the room, with a banquette and tables on the opposite side. These were occupied by sailors and assorted riffraff, and each man was sitting with a girl. The girls were of as many assorted colors and races as were their escorts. And every girl was as nude as Eve.

The first time I had encountered all this nudity, I was shocked. But now I took it in my stride. As a matter of fact, I believe that one nude woman is more exciting than a whole room full of them.

Yvonne greeted us warmly and led us upstairs to a room completely lined with mirrors. We had to remove our shoes before entering.

There were mattresses on the floor with complete opium setups for four. Four pipes, four beautiful enamel lamps, four sets of cleaners, four pots filled with opium (the French call it *la confiture noire*—black jam), and each set was on an emerald-green jade tray.

Yvonne occupied one setup, I the second, and Fira the third. Who would occupy the fourth? Would he or she be the murderer or the victim in Fira's practical joke? I was still telling myself it was a joke. Otherwise I could not have stood the suspense.

My curiosity was satisfied when Yvonne casually remarked: "Louis Quinze will arrive any minute now. He was delighted that you invited him, Fira. He said he seldom saw you anymore, now that you're famous."

The fourth guest was to be Louis Quinze. This was shocking news. He was one of the worst pimps in Marseilles; the same man who had seduced Fira when she was 15. I'd always thought she despised the man. Why invite him to join us in some pipes?

Of course she could despise him and not hate him. She could feel sorry for him, perhaps. She had gone so far up, and he so far down.

Fira had always been rather philosophical about it. She used to say: "If it hadn't been Louis Quinze, it would have been someone else."

This was a logical rationalization for a girl born in the slums of the wickedest port in the world. I have traveled the seven seas and visited Hong Kong, Singapore, Colombo, Shanghai. These cities could learn much about vice and violent death from Marseilles!

There was a knock on the door. Yvonne rose, released two locks, and opened a mirrored panel.

"*Bon soir,* Louis Quinze," greeted Fira.

"*Bon soir,* Fira," he answered as he entered the room. "How are you, Yvonne? Ah," he added, looking at me.

(Continued on page 58)

SAVE 75% on WORK CLOTHES!

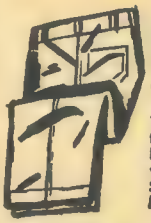
Terrific Values You've Got To See To Believe!



SHIRTS 79c

4 for $2.99

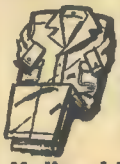
What a buy! Made to sell for 2.99. Now, get 4 for the price of one! The used, they're washed, sterilized, pressed, and ready for long, tough wear! In blue, tan or green.
Send neck size, 1st and 2nd color choice.



PANTS 99c

to match 4 for $3.75

Think of it! Heavy-duty cotton twill pants that sold for 3.85! Now, fully reconditioned and yours at this rock-bottom price!
Send waist measure and inside leg length.

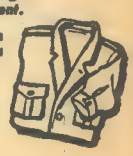


MEN'S COVERALLS

Wear'em used and save plenty! You can't beat this bargain anywhere! The best made. Sold for 6.95. Now... wow!... what savings!
Send chest measurement.

$2.29

3 for $6.75



Unlined WORK JACKETS 99c

3 for $2.75

Popular Eisenhower type. Four pockets. Heavy-weight twill. In good, solid condition for plenty of rugged wear! Blue only.
Send chest measurement.

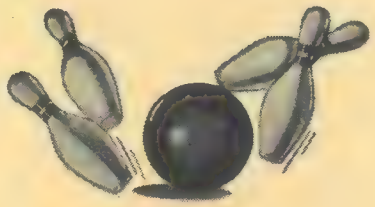
SHOP COATS—Like brand new! *Send chest measurement.* **$1.79** 3 for $5.00

LADIES' COVERALLS—Though used, in perfect condition! *Send dress size.* **$1.49** 3 for $4.00

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE... If not satisfied! That's our way of doing business! You can't lose! So order TODAY. Send $1.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Add 50c for postage on prepaid orders.

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. 6711

7120 HARVARD AVENUE • CLEVELAND 5, OHIO



You spent $450,000,000 on bowling last year

13½ times as much as you gave to fight cancer

Shocking? Yes. And here's another shocking fact: in 1961, cancer will strike in approximately two out of three homes.

Go bowling. It's fun. Enjoy yourself. But when you spend fifty cents to knock down pins—give as much to the American Cancer Society—*to knock out cancer.*

If you do that, you will be giving $450,000,000 to fight cancer this year. *Thirteen and a half times as much as last year!* Fight cancer with a checkup—and a check to the **American Cancer Society.**

39 Miles from Albuquerque, New Mexico ON U.S. ROUTE 66

An Acre of Your Own in

THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES



The sunniest, healthiest state in all of America is New Mexico with its 360 days of sunshine per year and with its balmy, dry climate. And nowhere in our land do people lead longer, more pleasure-filled lives than in the Albuquerque region, described by Encyclopaedia Britannica as a "health resort."

Thirty-nine miles from booming Albuquerque (the city has grown by 800% since 1930) is the lovely **VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES.** Lying directly on famous Route 66, this Valley is destined to become a suburb of Albuquerque. Right now an acre in the VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES may be purchased for $395, $10 down and $10 monthly. To learn the fantastic story of the land boom taking place in this beautiful "Big Sky Country" write for our handsome portfolio containing facts, maps and four color photographs. Our portfolio is FREE and places you under no obligation. No salesman will call. Simply fill out the coupon.

Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes, Dept. NH-28A
2316 Central S.E.
Albuquerque, N. M.

Please send me your FREE portfolio in full color including maps and story.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

ACCORDION PRICES SMASHED!



SAVE UP TO 1/2

Buy DIRECT at BIGGEST IMPORTER-TO-YOU DISCOUNTS!

Save more than you have ever dreamed possible . . . up to 50% off retail prices for comparable accordions. Pay no teacher or salesman commissions.

EASY TERMS! For just a small amount down (or any old instrument in trade) . . . and pennies a day . . . you can own a new 1962 model famous accordion! World's Largest Accordion Dealer offers biggest selection! Choose from over 35 models for students and professionals, standard or electronic . . . newest features. Amazingly high trade-in allowance on ANY used musical instrument. FREE HOME TRIAL. No Risk Offer — Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back! Free Bonus Gifts. Mail coupon for FREE Color Catalogs, Importer-to-You Discounts.

FREE 5-DAY TRIAL FREE COLOR CATALOG

ACCORDION CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. SR-111, 2003 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.

Accordion Corporation of America, Dept. SR-111
2003 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.

Rush FREE Color Catalog, Accordion Selection Guide, and the Importer-to-You Discounts.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

( ) I have an accordion to trade.

MAN & WIFE TEAM

If you have a camera, you can earn the kind of money you have always dreamed of. Complete Literature $1.00. Artek Box 223, Dept. W-1 Astoria 2, New York.



Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch – Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

(Continued from page 57)

Fira introduced us, and Louis made himself comfortable on the fourth mattress. He immediately started cooking himself a pipe.

He was a small, wiry old man, somewhere around 60, I'd guess. What was left of his hair was turning gray. His right eye was pulled toward his ear by a scar; it lacked the usual eyebrow, too, and the lashes were so sparse that it stared menacingly and looked naked. He was anything but prepossessing, and at the time of the seduction must have been three times Fira's 15 years.

I remember Fira's words when she spoke of the horrible event. "If I had to be raped, I wish it could have been by someone more attractive than Louis Quinze, and someone nearer to my own age."

WE continued smoking in silence. Opium is conducive to dreams, to contemplation, not to conversation.

After Louis Quinze had made himself comfortable with a sufficient number of pipes, he said: "I feel honored, Fira, that you should wish to see me. It has been so many years that we just bow as we pass on the streets or greet each other in a bistro over a glass, or I admire you, with thousands of others, from the other side of the footlights. But to lie next to you and inhale the caressing smoke—ah! It has been a long time."

"It has, indeed, Louis," Fira sighed. "As a matter of fact, it was you who taught me to smoke opium in the first place. Do you remember?"

"I do indeed," said the old man, "and I taught you some other little things, too," he added, and laughed uproariously.

"You did, indeed," answered Fira. "You dirty old man! Do you realize that I could kill you for it right now? No one would ever know a thing about it. Your body would be carried out through Yvonne's secret passage and dumped into the bay."

From the expression on Louis Quinze's face, it was evident that he knew there was such a passage and that such things could easily be done.

"And," continued Fira, "if your stinking carcass ever broke loose from the weights that held it down in the slime of the bottom and came bobbing to the surface, it would be too bloated and disfigured for anyone to recognize you."

She paused to allow the horror of what she had said sink in, and then continued: "And should the body ever be identified, they'd only say good riddance!"

"If you hate me so, I wonder why you invited me tonight?"

Louis Quinze spoke with fear. His hands trembled in spite of the calming inhalations of opium. It was as if he knew the answer before Fira uttered it.

"To kill you," Fira said calmly, coldly, but with a sinister conviction. "Yes, Louis, I invited you here tonight to kill you."

If this was all a joke, I wasn't enjoying it too much. Fira was carrying realism to the point of terror. Her sense of humor smacked too strongly of the macabre.

"It may be anticlimactic after all these years," her voice continued, not angry, merely as one would talk to a naughty child. "As a matter of fact, I don't think I've ever hated you enough to kill you. Not even then. What happened, happened. It was all meant to be. It was part of the process that transformed me into the star that I am from the poor little ragamuffin that I was. Part of the fire that had to burn me. You were never any more than distasteful. Hate you? No!" Fira looked at him with disgust and almost pity. "It's too long ago to even bother me."

She looked at me and smiled innocently, then turned her eyes back to the man who had ruined her when she was only a child.

"But I have a friend I'm very fond of."

Fira nodded toward me. She opened her purse and took out an extraordinary revolver; the handle, instead of being of wood or mother-of-pearl, was encrusted with diamonds. "He told me earlier tonight that he'd never seen anyone murdered."

"Fira," I whispered, "put that gun away. This joke is getting out of hand."

"Now this is one of my dearest friends that I'm talking about, and he's never seen a murder," Fira continued as though she hadn't heard me. "So I said to myself, this is all wrong. I must change this for my dear friend. I thought, who can I murder? Not out of anger. I couldn't do that. Not out of envy. No, I'm not an envious person. No one is in my way to be gotten rid of. Any of these reasons would make me ashamed of myself, remorseful. But how can I oblige my dear friend by letting him witness what he's never seen, and at the same time make the world a little bit better?"

She paused a moment and smiled at Louis Quinze, whose face was now streaming sweat. His right cheek, under the scarred eye, twitched violently.

"So I thought of you!"

Almost at the very same instant I heard a shot, then two more. I still couldn't believe what was happening. I smelled the sordid fumes of exploded gunpowder, but I was sure they had been blanks. But, no! I'd heard another noise—the breaking of glass.

The mirror in back of Louis Quinze was shattered, and jagged fragments of glass were strewn over the floor. Blood was pouring from an ugly hole in Louis's forehead. His scarred eye stared more grotesquely than before, when he'd still been alive.

It happened so quickly I didn't have time to panic. Fira had grasped my hand and was pulling me to my feet. She was putting her diamond revolver back in her big handbag. At the same time she withdrew a large roll of bills and handed it to Yvonne.

"Take care of all the details for me, dear, and thank you very much."

She looked at me then and said: "Let's go, the show's over." With a disarming twinkle in her eye she added: "You can feel only one regret. Never again will you be able to say you've never seen anyone murdered!" THE END

MAKE UP TO $5–$8 IN AN HOUR Doing APPLIANCE REPAIRS and ELECTRICAL WORK!

Learn at Home in Spare Time... Start Earning Extra Dollars Quickly!



Make a lot more money this time next year. Get into Appliance Repairs and Electrical Work, the field of Big Opportunity. Demand for trained men at all time high. Easy to learn. You can start earning up to $8 in an hour within surprisingly short time. Go as far as YOU like—a highly respected, highly paid career can be yours upon completion of your I.T.I. training.

New streamlined, practical course shows you how to make more money in spare time—or full time if you like. Quickly qualifies you as an expert in appliance repairs so you can start earning early in the course. Repair toasters, mixers, vacuum cleaners, fans, motors—electrical appliances of all types. There are literally millions of electrical appliances that need fixing . . . every home is your market and you can easily make as much as $5 to $8 an hour "cashing in" on this wide-open field.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED!

Age, experience, education are not important. I.T.I.'s modern course leads you step by step and you learn by DOING—not just reading books. You learn by actually building and testing electrical devices in kits which we provide. You also construct valuable testing equipment that you will use constantly in your appliance repairing and all future electrical work.

Enjoy a Business of your Own or a Top-Pay Job

Although you can earn big money in the appliance repair field in a very short time, you don't have to stop there. You will be so thoroughly trained when you get your I.T.I. diploma that you will be able to handle almost every kind of electrical job there is—you can open your own repair and service shop and make two or three times what you're earning now. Or, if you wish, you can take your place among top-pay Electrical men in industry—as Plant Electrician, Maintenance Man or Electrical Foreman.

More than 600,000 men have trained with I.T.I. since 1916. Find out without cost or obligation about the money that waits for you in appliance repairs or electrical work. Send coupon below for FREE Sample Lesson and full details . . . do it TODAY!

LEARN BY DOING
Build 5 Experimental Kits Plus Valuable Multimeter



FREE ACTUAL LESSON

Rush coupon for Your FREE SAMPLE LESSON and complete details now!

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, Dept. 1-065
2150 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 25, Illinois

Industrial Training Institute
2150 Lawrence Ave., Dept. 1-065
Chicago 25, Illinois

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

Please rush FREE SAMPLE LESSON, details of the exciting opportunities in part and full time appliance repair and electrical work.

Name_____ Age____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

HELL AND DEATH AT AINTREE

(Continued from page 39)

that the odds against any particular horse even finishing are at least ten to one.

The jockeys call it "thirty jumps to hell." The powerful Anti-Cruel Sports League of Britain labels it "a national disgrace." The gamblers frankly state it is the most lucrative money race run anywhere, and each year more than 250,000 persons, including Queen and commoner, turn quiet Aintree into a howling, savage, magnificent turmoil as the great race is run. Additional millions throughout the Western world, and several thousand others in countries behind the Iron Curtain, sneak a look at a thin slip of paper which costs them three bucks, cross their fingers, hope and wait. This is the "Big One" for the fabulous Irish Sweepstakes, originally based on the outcome of the Grand National. (The Sweeps has now grown to include three top races). There's money here, and plenty of power to back it up.

There's also another very grim spectator-participant to the Grand National. His name is death. In the 115 times the race has been run, a total of 589 of the finest horses in the world have started down the Aintree course. Only 151 have made it across the finish line. Deaths and injuries to jockeys have also been high. But there is a great difference between the danger to man and horse. The jockey enters the race of his own volition, counting on his nerve, skill and knowledge to carry him through. If he wins, the prize is next to national deification. If he loses, he's still considered one of the very brave. Not so the gallant bangtail. He has no choice. He's the gladiator with no choice other than to run—and jump for his life.

And jump he must on an always crowded field. In 1951, a total of 52 horses were entered in the big race. Three hundred thousand persons jammed the track to watch what turned into wholesale slaughter. Among the spectators was the Royal family, including the Queen. Tensions were at their usual high point at starting time. Trainers told their jockeys the standard order: "Be in the first six over the first jump."

Newsreel and newspaper photographers stationed at that first barrier and at the halfway point got some of the most spectacular shots ever taken of that or any other race. At the first jump, eleven horses went down. At the halfway mark, the traffic jam was such that as the jockeys, fighting for position at the barrier, closed in, twenty more mounts either crashed into the fence or hit the ground on the other side with their bellies to the sky. The result was three horses destroyed, five jockeys seriously injured, one so badly that he was never to race again.

These photographers knew where to be from past experience. With a field of 52 champions in a confined, hazardous track, with speed and skill the object, how could they miss? In 1947, 57 thoroughbreds started the race, ten crossed the finish line. In 1950, a field of 49 roared down the track toward the barriers. It seems impossible, but the record shows that only seven made it to the end.

In 1954, with more than 300,000 "horse lovers" or "thrill-seekers" looking on, the famous jumper Regal Joy, running beautifully, smashed into the deadly second fence, and died. His neck was broken.

At the same barrier, Dominick's Bar, close behind Regal Joy, cleared the fence well. He was running hard, his jockey pouring on the coal. Suddenly the big gray faltered, slid sideways, and smashed to the ground. His heart had burst. Two other horses were destroyed after breaking legs. Twelve jockeys were hospitalized, and only nine of the original field of 29 finished the race.

The slaughter was too much for a small, but dedicated minority of animal lovers in Britain. They were the Anti-Cruel Sports League. A small group, but with members in high places, they had, for many years, been voicing protests through the public press about the useless slaughter of horses at Aintree. Their protests had, until 1954, been brushed aside. The press went along with the overwhelming majority opinion that the famed steeplechase was the finest example of heroism in the Empire. And, said the friends of the Grand National, "wasn't the race fully sanctioned by the Crown?"

That was just the point, thought the League. For the first time they decided to carry their protests beyond the usual public prints. They took it to the floor of Parliament, and caused nothing less than a bombshell in doing so. Here, in the person of Lord Ammon, who, among other things, was a member of the Society for the Modification of Steeplechasing (a separate group from the League), they found a friend ready and willing to champion the cause. Lord Ammon promptly called for a debate on the matter in the House of Lords, and didn't limit the argument merely to the Aintree situation, but demanded a revue of "all horse-racing practices in Britain."

When the news of Lord Ammon's stand hit the nation, the League capitalized on the situation by calling for an open meeting in London. It was a turbulent, rowdy affair. More than 5,000 members of the League were joined by just about as many of their opponents. Amid an air of jeers, shouts and threats, the League got down to business. In such a crowd, with full attention being given them for the first time by the London press, Mrs. Georgiana Horsfall of the group's Leeds branch, stunned the audience with the following statement:

"The real enemies of the animals at Aintree are members of the Royal family. They support these races. I think it is scandalous that they should have horses entered in these affairs." The big hall became suddenly very quiet. The soft-spoken member from Leeds had achieved her desired result. She was making news now which could not be ignored. She finished her short, punch-filled speech with the observation that the League felt "that it is right, not only to attack the weak, but to attack the strong as well. They are the chief enemies of animals in every branch."

"We must," she said, "realize that the Royal family is not neutral in this matter. I saw that young Prince Charles was having his first lessons in shooting deer. However busy the Queen was at Balmoral (the Queen's Scottish country home), she found time to teach the young prince the art of stalking deer."

The gauntlet had indeed been thrown down. The slaughter at Aintree had triggered a full-scale revolt against many cherished English traditions. And the movement was not one of crackpots, but made up of Britishers from the ranks of the nobility as well as commoners. It was on the verge of becoming a huge political snowball. Newsmen covering the meeting were already on the telephone when a distinguished nobleman rose to echo in even stronger terms his personal position. The reporters raced back to the hall to hear a second blast. It came from Lord Grey, who called the 1954 race at Aintree scandalous. He continued: "It is a great blot on civilization. I wonder if this is a much better society than it was two or three hundred years ago. Instead of cockfighting and bear-baiting, we now have the slaughter at Aintree."

He noted that Queen Elizabeth owned the ace jumper, Monaveen, who broke his leg at Aintree in 1950 and was destroyed. He also stated that the Queen Mother presently owns a jumper who was entered in "this year's race but was scratched at the last moment for poor form."

The nobleman then demanded that the Royal family make an official statement of "position" in the matter "as soon as they return from their current world tour."

Response to the League meeting and the strong statements issued was immediate. The House of Commons, on the following day, heard demands from four prominent members that Parliament consider legislation which would either "drastically modify" the steeplechase or "ban it outright."

Closely following the action in Parliament, the official Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals issued a cautious statement. The society said that it would "consider its position" after studying reports of six inspectors who were at Aintree during the race. With feeling running strong, the first official word came from the key executive of the Aintree track, Mrs. Mirabell Topham. Mrs. Topham, a former London showgirl, who married into the old and highly respected Topham family, inherited the controlling interest in the Aintree race at the death of her husband. She went into a huddle with her board of directors, and issued a firm, carefully-worded statement, which said in part: "If there is anything responsible to answer, or anything that is at all wrong, we will refer the matter to the National Hunt Committee, which is the proper authority."

Mrs. Topham concluded by saying: "The deaths in Saturday's race were purely ac-

(Continued on page 63)

Men! Send for This Money-Making Outfit FREE!



See How Easy It Is to Make UP TO $40.00 IN A DAY!

Do you want to make more money in full or spare time . . . as much as $40.00 in a day? Then mail the coupon below for your BIG FREE OUTFIT, containing scores of fine quality fabrics, sensational values in made-to-measure suits, topcoats, and sport coats. Take orders from friends, neighbors, fellow-workers. Every man prefers better-fitting, better-looking made-to-measure clothes, and when you show the many beautiful, high quality fabrics—mention the low prices for made-to-measure fit and style—and show our guarantee of satisfaction, you take orders right and left. You collect a big cash profit in advance on every order, and build up a fine permanent income for yourself in spare time or full time.

Add to Your Profits with Tailored Suits for Ladies!

You can add many dollars to your earnings by taking orders for our beautifully-styled, fine quality made-to-measure suits and skirts for women. Many times husbands sell suits to men, their wives sell suits and skirts to women . . . and the profits roll in! You can too! Outfit contains styles, prices, and simple instructions.

No Experience Needed

It's amazingly easy to take measures, and you don't need any experience to take orders. Everything is simply explained for you to cash in on this wonderful opportunity. Just mail this coupon now for big, valuable outfit filled with fine fabrics and everything else you need to start, including plans to get your own suit without 1¢ cost. You'll say this is the greatest way to make money you ever saw. Rush the coupon below TODAY!

W. Z. GIBSON, INC.,
500 S. Throop St., Dept. F-678, Chicago 7, Ill.

100% GUARANTEED
We unconditionally Guarantee your customer's satisfaction

YOUR OWN SUITS WITHOUT 1¢ COST!

Our plan makes it easy for you to get your own personal suits, topcoats and overcoats without paying 1¢—in addition to your big cash earnings. Think of it! Not only do we start you on the road to making big money but we also make it easy for you to get your own clothes without paying one penny. No wonder thousands of men write enthusiastic letters of thanks.

JUST MAIL COUPON You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. You don't pay money for samples, for outfits, or for your own suit under our remarkable plan. So do as other men have done—mail the coupon now. Don't send a penny. Just send us the coupon.

W. Z. GIBSON, INC., Dept. F-678
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Dear Sir: I WANT MONEY AND I WANT A SUIT TO WEAR AND SHOW, without paying 1c for it. Rush Details, Valuable Suit Coupon, and Sample Kit with actual fabrics ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Directory Of Active Clubs

For your protection, to keep out undesirables, these clubs have agreed to co-operate with the Post Office Department. Their extensive advertising enables them to offer better service. Our clients include biggest advertisers in this field. If you are lonely—if life is passing you by—why not meet the sun half way?

RALPH KELLY—Advertising
Aberdeen Washington



MEN — 1200 PHOTOS $2

This is the world's largest matrimonial catalogue. The latest and liveliest mass-assembly of lonely women ever published. 1200 single women eager to marry. All ages, shapes and sizes. Hundreds of fresh listings every month. Clubs: do not copy. MEN: for top results, get 1200 big, clear photos & details $2.

I.C.B., Box 1021, Stn. C, Toronto, Can.

ROMANCE MISSING?

We have made thousands **EVERYWHERE** happy. Select just the romance you seek—from NEW lists monthly. We get QUICK results—and we'll prove it. Do you want to make life exciting? Then send NOW for wonderful FREE proof and particulars in plain, sealed envelope.

RAINBOW SERVICE
15 Clarendon Rd. Burlingame, Calif

WHY BE LONELY

If its Friends, Romance or Companionship you want, let America's foremost Club arrange an introduction for you. Nation-wide membership. Confidential, Reliable. Write for sealed information, sent free.

PEARL J. SMITH
P.O. Box 2732-N Kansas City 42, Mo.

LONESOME?

PERSONAL ATTENTION given EVERY application. Experienced in this business since 1929. No club in the world offers more efficient, honest and friendly service. Membership lasts until suited. Confidential, of course.

MISS CHASE
P.O. Box 681 Seattle 11, Washington



MEN! MEET THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS

No matter what age you are! No matter where you live! We can introduce you to the girl you've been waiting for. Write for FREE pictures and descriptions of attractive maidens, teachers, wealthy widows—all eager to meet you — all seeking romance. Our personalized introduction service assures you of fast, dependable results. All information is confidential — sent in plain, sealed envelopes. Don't be lonely another day! Send coupon TODAY to our office nearest you!

Please rush FREE pictures and description in plain, sealed envelope. 2

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____

State_____ Sex____ Age____

CROWN REGISTRY
4924 Greenville Ave. • Dallas 6, Texas
216 W. Jackson Blvd. • Chicago 6, Ill.
51 West 35th St. • New York 1, N.Y.

GIVE ROMANCE A CHANCE!

If you want-Not just a mate, but the RIGHT mate-Then let us help you. Introductions based on years of mate selection, supervised by qualified personnel. We can change your whole life by putting you in contact with suitable mates. We have members everywhere. All ages. Several state wealth. Write for Free literature & several hundred actual pictures of our members who are ready to give Romance a Chance! You can't miss finding your ideal through our splendid Service. This is not a magazine. State age & desires. Your photo helpful. Guaranteed results. Confidential.



To → Private Mailway Clubs Dept. CC
966 HOE AVE., NEW YORK 59, NEW YORK OR
5606 LONGVIEW ST., DALLAS 6, TEXAS OR
216 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 6, ILL. OR
601 S. VERMONT, LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF. OR
33 EDDY ST., BOSTON 65, MASS. OR
5078 GARLAND AVE., DETROIT 13, MICH. OR
P.O. BOX 52, SPOKANE 10, WASHINGTON OR
1417 46TH AVE., OAKLAND 1, CALIF. OR
2527 W. CURTIS ST., TAMPA 3, FLORIDA OR
2907 W. 45TH ST., KANSAS CITY 3, KANSAS OR
1311 W. COMMERCE ST., SAN ANTONIO 7, TEX. OR
14213 ORINOCO AVE., E. CLEVELAND 12, OHIO

Get Acquainted Club

WHERE PARTICULAR PEOPLE MEET

If lonely, we can help you find new friends in your age group and type you desire. 32 years continuous operation. Members almost everywhere in U.S.A. Confidential.

SIMPSON Box 1251 Denver 1, Colo.



STATISTICS (Bust, Waist, Hips, Height, Weight) of every lady on list desiring Matrimony — names, addresses, descriptions, etc. 100 different (List 4) $1. 100 Mexican girls 16 to 22 (List 1) or 23 to 45 (List 2) $1; 100 ladies from 30 countries & islands (List 3) $1. All 4 lists $3. All sent sealed.

SATELLITE Box 1601, Dept. E El Paso, Texas

LONESOME?

Someone is waiting just for you.

For fast action send description and $2.00 for large envelope packed with names, addresses and pictures of the opposite sex—plus certificate entitling you to new introductions. Confidential.

IDEAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB
Box 777-S Allentown, Pa.

Lovely Canadian Girls

—all ages, many religions and nationalities. Names, Addresses & Descriptions—$2.00. Prompt service. Sealed. State Age.

GET ACQUAINTED CLUB
Box 231-S Regina, Sask., Canada



HOW TO WIN

and Keep The One You Love. 2 unique booklets: "Men Who Are Loved by Women," and "Women Who Are Loved by Men." Solving the question, "What are the essential characteristics most pleasing to the opposite sex?" Revealing intimate information: "How to act — what to do — to gain a sweetheart." Attractively printed on good quality paper. Not to be confused with lurid sex literature. Try the success plan of loving and be happy. The two booklets, postpaid, 50c.

DESTINY LEAGUE, Aberdeen 7, Washington

LONESOME?

$2.00 Brings a large list of Names & Addresses, either sex—Real Pictures, Descriptions, sealed; Beautiful Girls, Widows, nice-looking Men; all ages; White race. Reliable Quick Service. Let me help you find real happiness. Write today—

MAGAZINE Box 670-D Palestine, Texas

LONELY!

For large list of opposite sex and your name listed: Gentlemen send $2.00; Ladies only $1.00. Send us your Name, Address, Sex, Age, Height and Weight. Confidential.

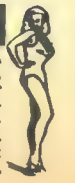
The Big "D" Club
P.O. Box 1341, Hickory, North Carolina

100 PRETTY GIRLS $1

List # 1 — 100 nice, lovely girls $1.00. List # 2 — 77 pretty girls, U.S.A., $1.00. List # 3 — 76 pretty girls, ages 18 to 30, $1.00. List # 4 — 23 chic gals, all U.S.A. ladies, $1.00. All 4 lists for $3.00. 16-page magazine (many pictures) $2.00. All 5 offers, $5.00. (Girls, write for special offer.)

HAROLD'S CLUB
P.O. Box 4284 Mobile, Alabama

UNIQUE CLUB



devoted to men and women with imagination! Exchange new ideas, meet interesting people! Amateur Models, photographers, artists, musicians, students, etc. Many New Contacts for you, other interesting offers. Complete information. 25c. Send to:
WILSON, 410 Park Pl., Fort Lee, N. J.

SEND NO MONEY

If you are single, sincere, and honestly wish to meet a pal, sweetheart or mate — just send us your name, address, and a stamp. We won't quit as long as we think you're trying. Information in plain sealed envelopes; strictly confidential.

GOLDEN-KEY-EXCHANGE
P. O. Box 5870 San Francisco 1, Calif.

Waiting Until Tomorrow?

Today is the Tomorrow of Yesterday.
Others more lonely than you are listed in Cupid's Destiny, World's Greatest Social Publication. $2.00 brings current issue with names, addresses, descriptions (many pictures) of opposite sex, matrimonially inclined. (Year, quarterly, $5.00.)

HOWELL C. KEEL
249 West 11th St. New York 14, N. Y.



GLAMOUR GIRL
Box 932, Chicago 90, Ill.
Your choice of 100 Addresses: Japanese Girls, Colored, Models, Oriental —Hawaii etc. with 5 Pen Pal Magazines, $3.00.

Lovely Girls from England

They make best marriage partners and penpals. We have hundreds of beautiful, well educated spinsters and attractive young widows who seek penpals and willing to settle in the U.S.A. Send your full details and $1.00 and receive current list by return AIR MAIL.

"CAMEO" BUREAU—Dept. S
11 Oakcroft Gardens
Littlehampton, Sussex, England



1000 FRESH PHOTOS $2

MEN: . . . Enter the fascinating private world of 1000 lonely women in search of husbands. For widest selection and fast results, get our big new issue. See 1000 lovely women from all walks of life. Fresh listings assembled monthly for an ever changing up-to-date catalog. 1000 clear photos & details $2.

PHOTO CONTACT, Box 382, Term. "A", Toronto, Canada

For Centuries—

JAPANESE GIRLS

have been trained since childhood in the art of pleasing men and catering to their every wish and desire. Our membership includes hundreds of wonderful Japanese girls — models, teachers, nurses, actresses, widows, unkissed maidens, secretaries — of all ages. Today rush $1.00 for membership application, real photos, descriptions, names, questionnaire, etc.

JAPAN INTERNATIONAL

P. O. Box 1181 Newport Beach, California



MEN...

Want a SWEETHEART? A WIFE??? We have hundreds of LONELY women (all ages) waiting to meet you! Get acquainted by mail! 16 pages of NAMES, ADDRESSES, PICTURES and DESCRIPTIONS $2.

TWIN CITY BUREAU - BOX 3129
TRAFFIC STA. MINNEAPOLIS 3, MINN.

LONELY?

Let us help you find that certain someone. Join old reliable Club. 50 years of dependable, confidential service. Correspondents most everywhere seeking congenial mates. Proven results. Interesting photos, descriptions FREE.

STANDARD CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, INC.
Box 207 Grayslake, Illinois

TROPIC CLUB

HERE'S ROMANCE FOR YOU!



NO OTHER CLUB OR SERVICE LIKE IT. CONFIDENTIAL & PERSONAL. WRITE TODAY. EXCLUSIVE PARTICULARS FREE.

TROPIC CLUB
P. O. BOX 4747 MIAMI BEACH 41, FLA.

MEET NEW FRIENDS

of the opposite sex. Find love and happiness thru America's best Correspondence Club. Members of all types and religions all over the United States. Ages 18 to 80. State age. also whether White or Colored. Free particulars in a plain sealed envelope. Established 1933.

AMERICAN CLUB
Box 6836-L Philadelphia 32, Pa.



LONELY?

At last, there's no need to be lonely any longer—no need to look for companionship thousands of miles from your home. Meet and correspond with members of the opposite sex, LIVING NEAR YOU—by joining this unique and independent club. Send for FREE details. ELITE PUBLISHING SERVICE, P. O. Box 1991, Chicago 90, Ill.

LONESOME?

Thousands of men or women waiting to hear from you. Don't face your future alone. For free confidential details in plain sealed envelopes send nothing more than your name and address. Your inquiry will be given personal attention.

DONAL B. CAMPBELL
P.O. Box 1215 Baton Rouge, La.

WHY BE LONELY?

Mail One Dollar bill for large list of names and addresses of opposite sex. Send full information as to age, height and weight. Quick Personal Service.

THE BIG CLUB
Box 305-S Minneapolis 40, Minn.

Real Romance For All — 18 to 80

Make your future happy through the finest Introduction Service available. Thousands of members to choose from. All ages. Write for free actual proof, details, many pictures. Ladies enrolled Free. State age, & preference. Send Photo if possible. Quick Results.

TO → THE UNITED CIRCLE CLUBS Dept. 19

P.O. Box 1283, Dallas 21, Texas or
51 W. 35th St., New York 1, New York or
216 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill. or
7047 Montgy. Rd., Cincinnati 36, Ohio or
P.O. Box 52, Spokane 10, Washington or
3043 30th St. S.E., Wash. 20, D.C.

LONESOME?

Join Reliable Club — established 1909.

Members everywhere — beautiful girls, nurses, teachers, widows, businessmen, farmers seeking congenial mates. Many claim wealth. Dignified, dependable and sure—we get results. WRITE FOR FREE INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIONS, SEALED.

EXCHANGE PUB. CO.
3827-LF Main St. Kansas City, Mo.

LONESOME?

Find your Lifemate through my Club. Old and Reliable. Established 1924. Personal service for refined men and women. Nation-wide membership. Many state they are wealthy. (CONTINUOUS, DEPENDABLE, INDIVIDUAL SERVICE). Confidential introductions by letter. Free Particulars. Photos, Descriptions. Sealed.

LOIS L. REEDER Box 549-D Palestine, Texas

World Wide Pen Pals

Men and women from all walks of life; from all countries in the world desire to correspond—

WITH YOU!

Send $2 for their magazine, complete with hundreds of names, addresses, pictures.

A SCHLENKER
851 E. Washington St. Pasadena 6, Calif

? DO YOU LIKE GERMAN GIRLS ?

Personalized Service only $2.00. Remember . . . "Deutschland" is still the best place for the man who likes his lady to think he is special (and he is!). Your description, please. Write today!

EUROPEAN CONTACTS
4023 Army Street, San Francisco 14, California



. . . and these words she was heard to say:

"Be Lonely No More!

Open Destiny's Door!" $2.00 brings CUPID'S DESTINY, World's Greatest Social Publication, including coast-to-coast and international listings with names and addresses, men or women. Captivating descriptions; sparkling pictures, widows, widowers, bachelors, beautiful girls desiring early marriage. (Year, quarterly $5.00.)

DESTINY LEAGUE
Aberdeen, Washington

HANDY ORDER FORM J

No need to write a letter. For quick action, simply fill in name and address and mail with $2.00 for latest issue (or $5.00 for full year subscription):

DESTINY LEAGUE, Aberdeen, Washington

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued on page 65)

(Continued from page 60)

cidental. It is regrettable that there were more deaths than ever before but accidents will happen."

That was that from the most powerful woman in British racing. And, although the Anti-Cruel Sports League didn't know it then, that was that so far as their abolition or modification of the rules campaign was going to go that year. The matter simply died when the powers of Parliament got down to brass tacks on the matter. The word was out. Mrs. Topham and her board, with the complete backing of the Royal family, saw to it that the Grand National would continue at Aintree, and under the same spectacular, crowd-pleasing, if highly dangerous, regulations.

One of the League's high officials told friends after the futile effort was over that "we never did expect to stop the race, although we feel it should be done. What we were attempting to get through was a tighter-regulated race . . . a race with more reasonable barriers and shorter length. We did hope to at least eliminate some of those damned killer jumps."

What he was referring to are the most formidable obstacles ever constructed on a track. The best-known of them all is Becher's Brook, named after a rider who more than a century ago suffered a soaking. Here the horse and rider must clear a thorn fence that is 4 feet 10 inches high, and 3 feet 3 inches wide, and, on the far side, a natural brook 5 feet 6 inches wide.

At "The Chair," the fifteenth jump, the order is reversed. This jump consists of a rail-topped bank one foot 6 inches high in front of a 6-foot-wide ditch and a hedge 5 feet 2 inches high and 3 feet 9 inches wide. The hazardous jumps, the distance and the speed at which the course must be covered, help to make it a major triumph even to finish the race.

The Grand National is so rugged, and its casualty lists so impressive, it has even figured in the cold war.

This year the Russians, going for broke in the prestige field, decided it was time to spread their massive sports and space efforts into the fields of Aintree. The Reds entered, and qualified two magnificent jumpers by the names of Relyef and Grifel in the 1961 competition. Moscow sent a team of crack cameramen and sports writers to cover the event. The Soviets pitched a prerace party in London, complete with plenty of caviar and vodka, to celebrate the first time Russia was to compete in the big event.

On the day of the race, Relyef and Grifel pranced toward the start point as Russian Ambassador to Britain, Alexander Soldatove and a beaming party of 20 filed into seats of honor at the famed old track. Overhead the blood-red flag of Russia flapped crisply in a smart breeze, along with the flags of other countries represented. The track was dry and fast. The sky a dull, lead-colored gray.

There were 35 horses in the field. There were the usual 300,000-plus fans in the stands and around the track. As starting time neared, the party of Russians settled back to watch another Russian miracle come to pass. It did.

As the field roared down the track, the

(Continued on page 64)

(Continued from page 63)

Reds got a close look at a big, handsome gray gelding, carrying British colors and ridden by veteran jockey Bobby Beasley, whose grandfather had won the Grand National back in 1891. Close behind came the Russian entries. That was the last the Reds saw of their stalwarts insofar as their competition was concerned. Neither Soviet entry made it passed the halfway mark. Beasley rode his gray, Nicolaus Silver, an Irish horse imported to England by British businessmen, to a fairly easy win.

Out of the 35 who began, 14 made it all the way.

As the crowd jammed itself around the winner's circle, the Russian party was speeding back to their embassy in London. It was a clean-cut victory for the West, and British papers made the most of it.

The only fatality of this year's contest came in a trial the day prior to the final running of the race, when a horse had to be destroyed after falling at the second fence and injuring himself beyond repair.

"Just luck, good luck," says a still-determined member of the Anti-Cruel Sport League. "That track is still as much of a killer as it ever was." Does the League plan to continue its efforts to change the rules? "Certainly. But we labor under a very large handicap. It's big business and it's thrilling to watch. The big tragedy is that we'll have to wait for another slaughter before we can get public opinion on our side," he concluded.

Meanwhile, plans are set for next year's running of the famous, grueling, historic classic. Says a prominent jockey who has run the course four times: "Sure it's murder. But it's the greatest race in the world. I love it." About the horse? "He was bred for it." THE END

I FOUGHT AGAINST CASTRO

(Continued from page 35)

land on the Cuban beaches the following morning at sunrise.

Squadron Three, of which we were a part, was ordered to travel to Santa Cruz del Norte and return to Havana with a cargo of guns and ammo.

"You are to accompany me to Santa Cruz, Timoteo," said Jorge. "You have ridden much on Matanzas' electric coach. In an emergency, perhaps you could work the throttle, yes?"

I prepared at once for the 60-kilometer trip. But I might not have been so eager if I'd have known that in less than twenty-four hours soldiers would fire at me, I'd run a blockade in a rickety coach, which would later speed madly through a city's streets with a dead man at the throttle, another man bleeding to death at my feet, and we would crash to a stop in a tangled wreck of rubble, splintered wood, shattered glass and mortar dust.

At this moment our movements were not under suspicion because we still belonged to the Castro party at the university.

Before daylight the next morning Jorge Munoz showed up with a large package under one arm. He explained that this contained the *Liberacion Cubano* flag and some red, white and blue armbands, which were to be worn openly when the rebellion got into full swing.

Shortly after sunrise we crossed the harbor by motor launch to the railhead at Casa Blanca. Here we boarded a self-propelled car of the Ferrocarril de Cubano, an electrified railway. This coach was dark-red in color and of ancient vintage. The pantograph, an apparatus on its roof, brought electric current from the overhead wires to the coach's motors, enabling it to travel in either direction.

Our route would be eastward for about 55 kilometers to the junction town of Jibacoa. Here we would switch to a branch line for the 5-kilometer journey to Santa Cruz del Norte, a storage depot for rebel arms that had been smuggled from the Florida Keys less than 100 miles away.

The motorman was a big, hard-bitten anti-Castroite. At a signal from Jorge Munoz, he swung the throttle around and our electric car started rumbling and swaying through the twisting streets of Casa Blanca. Soon we reached open country and the *motorista* swung the throttle around to the three-quarter notch. We jolted along at a 30-kilometer speed until our arrival at a sliding known as Justiz.

The motorman cursed in liquid Spanish as a squad of green-uniformed soldiers signaled him to stop. Jorge quickly shoved the bundle contaning the flag under a seat as the coach braked to a jolting halt.

Four troopers, armed with Czech automatic weapons, climbed on board. One of them, wearing the gold stars of a major on his green shoulder straps, wanted to know the reason for our "running extra." Jorge calmly explained that railway officials had ordered him to bring twenty Santa Cruzans to Havana to work in the marshaling yards.

The major next turned his suspicious eyes on the motorman. He stared at the latter's cotton shirt and railwayman's cap, and demanded to see his employment card. The *motorista* obligingly brought out the card, and the officer turned away with a shrug.

Then the major searched for arms under the rattan-covered seats. I stood by the motorman and watched the inspection continue. Sweat broke out over my forehead and ran down into my eyes. I rubbed a grimy hand over my face, hoping that my light features would not betray me for a *norteamericano*. I shot a nervous glance at Jorge Munoz, and he stared back at me. There was not a trace of emotion on his thin face. Just a few seconds from possible death and this little guy was as calm as a family man walking to church on a Sunday morning.

SUDDENLY the peering eyes of the major spied the package underneath the seat. He impatiently kicked it into the aisle. I grabbed at a window sill for support. Surely in a moment the flag and the armbands would give us away as rebels, for the flag carried the words *"Dios, Si, Comunismo, No!"* in bold letters on a white field. Right then I'd have given a thousand pesos to be safely on a plane for Miami.

Jorge's quick action saved us. He walked over and boldly kicked the package down the aisle. He spoke in words as cold as a Marxist decree, explaining that the parcel contained laundry which he was taking to Santa Cruz for his mother to wash.

The officer hesitated, then shrugged once more, shouted *"El Maximo!"* and led his soldiers from the coach.

The motorman settled back on his stool and swung the throttle over. The wheels groaned and our coach swayed down the tracks to the junction at Jibacoa. Here we switched to a branch line, and about ten minutes later entered the coastal city of Santa Cruz del Norte with its 3,000 inhabitants.

We stopped at a wharf warehouse. Jorge Munoz spoke a single word to a sleepy-looking fellow in the front office. This word was *"libertad."* The fellow led us through a large building filled with sugar refining equipment until we came to a back door. He unlocked this door and showed us into a room filled with stacks of guns and boxes of ammunition. In a corner three men huddled over a portable radio receiver. They were grinning happily.

It turned out that a message had just been heard from Radio SWAN that the six rebel landings had been successfully accomplished, and the Isle of Pines, off the south coast, was now in our hands.

Jubilantly we went to work. For almost an hour, under the curious stares of unemployed wharf workers, we loaded arms and ammo into the coach. One onlooker idly watched us as he massaged the bulging thighs of a fighting rooster. A few minutes later I noticed that he was no longer in sight. Alarmed, I called this to the attention of Jorge. The guy was probably a police informer, I pointed out.

This only made the little Cuban work harder, and soon we had stacked almost 200 rifles and 60 boxes of ammunition in the coach, wedging them tightly between the seats. Then Jorge gave an order for the return journey to begin.

But he wasn't fast enough. Two soldiers, apparently tipped off by the rooster-man, dashed around the corner of the warehouse and yelled: *"Alto!"* at us.

Ignoring this command, our motorman expertly set his throttle at the reverse end of the coach, swinging it around to bring into action the 1200 volts of electric current from the overhead wires. Just as a burst of shots came from the troopers' automatic weapons, the electric power whined, the wheels groaned in their high trucks, and the coach began to move at a quickening pace along the rail joints to the open track.

A swaying, jolting electric car makes a poor gundeck, but Jorge and I fired short bursts from hastily loaded rifles through a shattered rear window. One soldier was hit, while his companion scuttled back to the shelter of the warehouse.

Jorge and I slapped each other on the back at our luck in getting away from the *Fidelistas*. But our congratulations turned out to be premature. Ten minutes later,

(Continued on page 66)

Continued from page 63

For The Lonely Something New

The Help Company Club
4554 Broadway
Chicago 40, Ill.

All Lonely Men! Regardless of Age!

Let Ruth find the girl of your dreams. Have no fear — we have her — and she is registered in our files, just waiting for you.

No Man is Any Good Without a Woman

Remember This as long as you live:

There's a Jack For Every Jill

We have the most up-to-date equipment in existence for making a happy union. And we know we have developed a system that is years ahead of the times.

We are the originators of the Famous Selection Chart, and we have been so successful that people have requested that we make this opportunity available to all.

Handy Order Form

Please draw a ring around yes or no.

Does it annoy you to be interrupted when talking?	Yes	No
Are you happy most of the time?	Yes	No
Do you like pets?	Yes	No
Do you like city life?	Yes	No
Do you like the country?	Yes	No
Have you ever been in love?	Yes	No
Do you have happy memories of a previous love?	Yes	No



Your Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

Now it depends on you. Write us a confidential letter about yourself and also send questionnaire to:

The Help Company Club
4554 Broadway
Chicago 40, Ill.

You may send me a stamp if you have one to spare.

Your Friend,
RUTH

(Continued from page 64)

just as we rumbled along at a 30-kilometer speed over a long stretch of straight track, we observed another coach following at a distance of about 2 kilometers.

My Cuban friend explained that our pursuers must be soldiers from the Santa Cruz garrison.

"Our very lives, Timoteo," he pointed out grimly, "depend on the speed of this very ancient electric car."

Beads of perspiration broke out over my forehead, and this was not caused just by the warm weather. I hadn't bargained on running into a full-scale battle. So far my only knowledge of war had been theory. Soon, though, theory would give away to action, bloody action.

The big motorman clicked his throttle over to the last notch and we rumbled through the countryside at a jolting 40-kilometer pace. Now that our cargo of illegal guns and ammo made secrecy useless, we put on the red, white and blue armbands and proudly hung the flag over the center and left-front windows of the swaying coach. Here it fluttered in the wind and brought startled glances from straw-hatted bystanders. Some quickly crossed themselves on seeing the words *"Dios, Si! Comunismo, No!"* waving in front of them, like a clarion call to action against atheistic Marxism.

We managed to keep out of sight of the pursuing government coach except on long stretches of straight track. Then we would hear the thin crack of rifle shots sounding like firecrackers on Jose Marti Day. But the bullets either flew harmlessly into the roadbed or into the cane fields on either side of the track.

AT Jobacoa the coach braked to a grinding stop and Jorge leaped out to throw the switch. The *motorista* removed his throttle and ran to the other end of the car, installing the throttle for running in the opposite direction. This was necessary because the remainder of the route would be almost due west, at a sharp angle from the branch line we had just left.

Now the motorman put on just enough power to clear the switch points. Then Jorge turned the switch light so it would show green, all clear, to the pursuing government car.

"Soldiers will run into the open switch," he commented, grinning and rubbing his thin hands together gleefully at the thought of wrecking his enemies.

A moment later he jumped up the coach steps and raised his hand in the go-ahead signal. But our pursuers apparently were too smart to fall for one of the oldest tricks in railroading. As we speeded westward at full throttle, I glanced back and saw the other coach stop before hitting the open switch. A few seconds later the soldiers got their car on the main line and continued to pursue us. Now they managed to always keep in sight except on the sharper curves.

"If we could only wreck their pantograph, that would stop them," said Jorge.

So we began shooting at the apparatus on the pursuing car's roof. I emptied a clip of 15 rounds at the pantograph. Jorge did the same. But this wild shooting had no effect except to make the government men retaliate with a hail of shots. This forced us to duck when the bullets shattered every window in the back end of our coach. Flying particles of glass opened tiny cuts in Jorge's forehead and arm.

We reached a steep grade, at the bottom of which was a sharp curve. The *motorista* held open the throttle, and the coach rocked and swayed along the uneven roadbed until it seemed that at any moment it would leave the rails and take off through the cane fields and palm trees.

Jorge went forward and conferred with the motorman. I saw the latter nod his head. Then, as the coach rounded a curve with its trucks rumbling and its wheel flanges groaning and throwing up sparks from the tracks, we came to a stop on the far side of the curve, out of sight of the government car.

Jorge picked up a crowbar from the motor compartment. "If we do not wreck the soldiers here," he said, drawing a hand expressively across his throat, "for us it is finished."

I swallowed hard and nodded. I remembered that only a short distance ahead was the Fidelista railblock where we had been stopped at the beginning of our ammo run. Here we'd be caught in a deadly bind between the railblock and the pursuing car.

Following Jorge, I jumped off the coach and walked back to a halfway point on the curve, where the tracks rounded on a high embankment. I helped him shove the claw of the crowbar under one end of an outside rail. Then we pushed the bar down against a crosstie until the rail came loose amid the sound of squeaking spikes.

We ran back to the coach and breathlessly waited for the inevitable to happen. Soon we heard the sounds of an approaching electric car. Then the car appeared at the far end of the curve. The soldiers caught sight of us at the same time. They loosed a volley of shots that peppered our car and broke some of the side windows and most of the antiquated light fixtures. We dropped to the deck in order to escape the flying slugs and bits of glass.

Suddenly the shooting stopped. Cautiously we peered over the rear coaming. A moment later we were shouting and slapping each other on the back. For the pursuing government coach, amid crashing sounds, had been wrecked by the removal of the outside rail. It was rolling down the embankment in a cloud of dust and spewing forth soldiers in every direction.

Our motorman just grinned and hunched over his stool once more. He swung the throttle over and soon we jolted along the tracks at an ever-increasing speed. I began to breathe easier until Jorge pointed through a front window. The railblock at Justiz was now in sight.

A squad of soldiers stood on both sides of the tracks and the Castroite major held up a hand for us to stop. This only made our motorman hunch lower over the wide-open throttle. Jorge raised his carbine and pressed off a short burst of shots. The major and one soldier dropped beside the tracks as we flashed by the railblock, while the sounds of automatic weapons fire could be heard on both sides.

Between volleys I heard shouts and screams of pain. Two more soldiers rolled in the dust. Another shook his fist at our departing coach.

"Los insurgentes del diablo!" he yelled.

SOME of the screams of pain came from inside our car. Alarmed, I turned and saw Jorge Munoz writhing on the deck. His chest was covered with blood. More blood, bright red in color, poured from his mouth and stained his beard. He gasped and became still, his arms grew rigid, and his eyes stared unseeingly at the roof of the car.

Shaken, I stood there for most of the twenty minutes that it took to reach the narrow, twisting streets of Casa Blanca, a Havana suburb. Here we rolled along the track at such speed that the coach swayed dangerously on the sharp curves. At one point the pantograph almost broke loose from the overhead wires, as the inside of the wheel trucks raised perilously high off the rails.

I ran forward, shouting for the motorman to slow down. Then I noticed that he was hunched over the throttle in a peculiar way. I shook the big man until he slumped to the jolting deck. There was a round, neat hole in the side of his head, just behind the left ear. The railblock's automatic fire had found a second target.

I leaped to the throttle and swung the lever back to neutral. The coach went on careening around the curves, but at an ever-lessening rate of speed.

Then it happened. The forward trucks hit an unusually sharp curve. This caused their wheels to twist from the rails. The pantograph jolted from the wires with crackling sounds and weird flashes of light. The coach's top swayed violently, striking the wall of a wayside shop. A moment later we careened off the rails and struck against the walls of one building and then lurched across the narrow street and into a store on the other side.

The big red coach finally came to a jarring stop in a pile of rubble and amid clouds of mortar dust. I had ridden it through everything by grabbing the back of a seat and hanging on literally for my life.

Liberacion patriots fortunately got to me before the police did. It required only minutes for scores of them to empty the coach of the rifles—some of them damaged—and the boxes of ammuntion. Most of the latter was still intact despite the wreck.

Eight patriots wrapped the bodies of Jorge and the motorman in the flags that were fittingly inscribed: *"Dios, Si! Comunismo, No!"* or "God, Yes! Communism, No!" They carried them to the shelter of a near-by wharf warehouse. I followed, to be hidden for two days and then smuggled out of Cuba by the patriotic Underground.

Today, back in Florida, I know that our revolt has failed. But we have lost only a battle. There will be other uprisings, and it will be only a matter of time until the Red dictatorship of Fidel Castro will be a thing of the past. Cuba has many people like Jorge Munoz who will give their lives for the cause of freedom.

Jorge would have regretted only one thing about his death. He never got a chance to shave off the despised Castro-like beard. THE END

Mr. NED MASON, Dept. G-999
Mason Shoe Manufacturing Co., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Send my FREE Business Outfit Today! I want to start a profitable shoe business and earn up to $480 a month . . . and more, so I can start driving my own brand new 1961 car SOON!

Name_____
Please Print

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

Mr. NED MASON, Dept. G-999
Mason Shoe Manufacturing Co., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

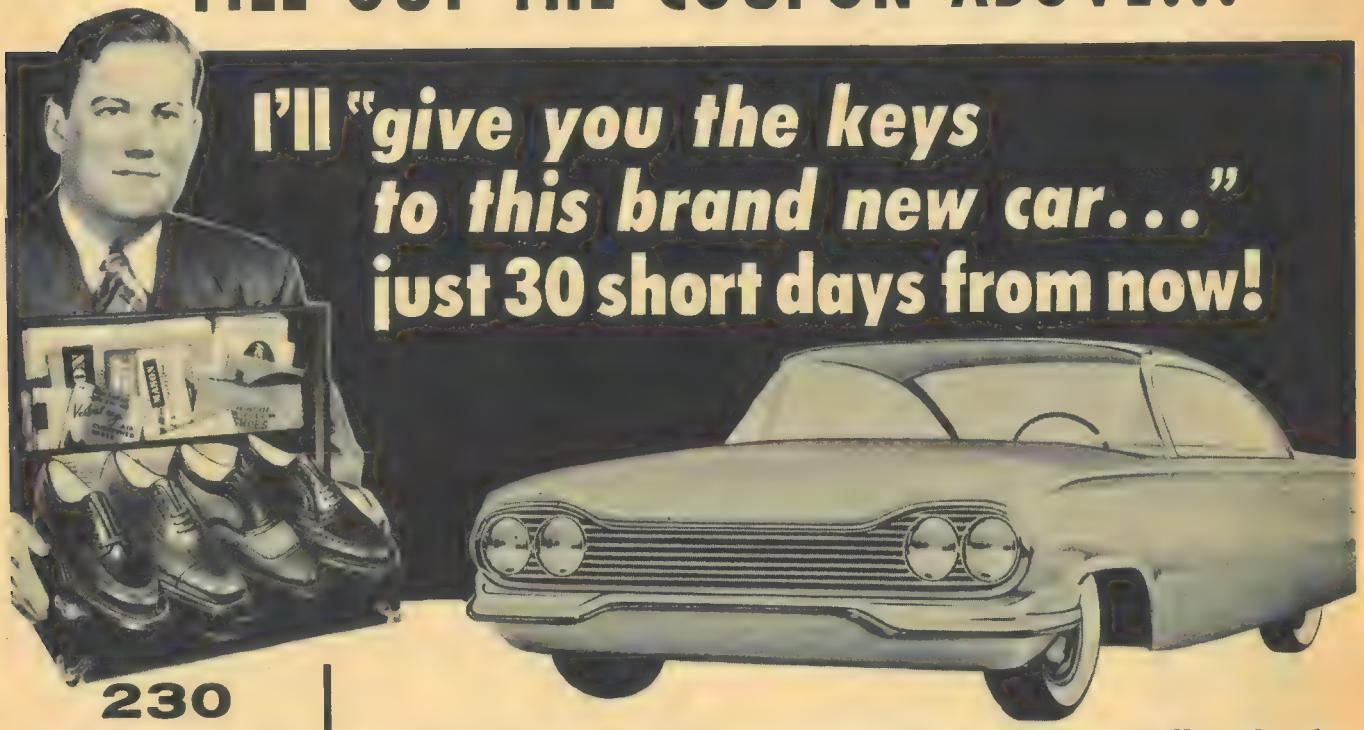
Send my FREE Business Outfit Today! I want to start a profitable shoe business and earn up to $480 a month . . . and more, so I can start driving my own brand new 1961 car SOON!

Name_____
Please Print

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

FILL OUT THE COUPON ABOVE...



230 *different styles*



70 Styles for Women! Satisfy almost every taste! Many comfort features. Low-heeled, high-heeled, casuals, service shoes, latest styles!



Smart dress, sport styles! The last word in styling! Many fine, unusual leathers. Cool Nylon Mesh styles, mocassins, 2-tones and Cush-N-Crepe soled shoes!



30 kinds of work shoes! A style for every trade! Special Neoprene, Cork, Cushion soles, heels . . . ventilated work shoes . . . even Safety Toe Shoes!

Just 4 orders daily for my super comfort shoes will make the down payment for you . . . and you can easily pay the balance with the profits I'll show you how to make!

At last . . . even in your spare time . . . you can start a business that makes money fast . . . so fast it can put you in a 1961 car of your choice in one short month! Here's how: At our expense, we'll set you up in a profitable Mason "Shoe Store" business. You need no previous experience . . . don't invest a dime! James Kelly tried our offer and made $93.55 in just one evening's friendly work! Yes, everyone wants exciting, Nationally Advertised Mason Shoes. That's why you pocket steady cash profits, enjoy easy repeat sales, big money . . . plus monthly bonus checks and rich prizes!

YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

It's easy, because you run this "Store" from home. Just show the hundreds of Mason Shoe and Jacket styles to friends, relatives, people at work . . . and take their orders! It's so CONVENIENT for your customers! You have no inventory . . . no overhead expenses . . . yet you keep 100% of the profit!

Mason Shoes SELL FAST!

You'll offer over 230 styles for men and women . . . featuring foamy soft air-cushion innersoles . . . every shoe so comfortable they almost sell themselves for dress, work, sport wear. You'll have no problem fitting people, because you draw on our stock of over 250,000 pairs . . . sizes from 2½ to 15, widths from AAAA to EEEE. Your customers are delighted. Remember, Mason Shoes aren't sold by stores . . . folks must buy these Nationally Advertised Shoes from you.

FREE SELLING KIT

The moment we receive the coupon above, we'll rush your complete Business Outfit FREE and postpaid! You'll receive a powerful Outfit showing the full Mason line in color; a dramatic 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator; "how-to-make-money" Booklet; special measuring board; National ad reprints . . . Good-Will Gifts . . . everything you need to start making big money your very first hour!

START SELLING NOW!

Stop dreaming about that new car . . . now you can own it by rushing this coupon to us at once! Just 4 easy orders a day will easily give you enough profit in one month to make the down payment—and your profits in this exciting business should soon pay for the car and many other luxuries besides!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO. Dept.G999 Chippewa Falls, Wis.

(Leaders in our Industry Since 1904)

HYPNOTISM



IS FASCINATING!!

FIND OUT HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

Hypnotism is merely imposing your will on others...making someone do exactly what you order. Learn and try hypnotism! These amazing instructions give full explanation and complete personal satisfaction. You'll find this *unusual* text both entertaining and gratifying.

ONLY $3.95 Postpaid. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

You get interesting, helpful illustrations with the text. Almost 300 pages! Complete full price for everything is only $3.95 postpaid, or C. O. D. plus postage. You must be delighted—or your money back at once! Mail coupon right now. Shipment will be made in plain sealed envelope.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

NELSON-HALL CO., Dept. 3GN-141
210 S. Clinton St., Chicago 6, Ill.

Please rush me the complete illustrated HYPNOTISM text at once. Mail in confidential sealed parcel. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Enclosed is $3.95. Ship fully postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. for $3.95 plus postage charges.

Name _____

Address _____



OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU

For ad rates, write
9 S. Clinton, Chicago 6

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING *MB-Oct.-Nov. '61*

MAKE $25-$50 week, clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth $5 each. Particulars Free. National, 81-PB, Knickerbooker Station, New York City.

SECOND INCOME FROM Oil Can End Your Toil! Free Book And Oilfield Maps! National Petroleum, Panamerican Bank's Building, Miami 32, Florida.

FREE BOOK OFFER, How I made over $40,000.00 year on $100. investment, selling by mail. Torrey, Box 3566-E, Oklahoma City 6, Oklahoma.

$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 3, Arkansas.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 64-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X718, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

PHYSICAL HEALTH AND Massage Pays big profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. Write National Institute, Desk 5, 165 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog Free. Research Association, Box 24-PC, Olympia, Washington.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

LET PRAYER SOLVE Your Problem. Get rid of worry and negative thinking. Ontology, new interpretation of Bible, shows how. Write for free booklet. "Prayer That Works." Carl Johnson, Box 146-L, Homewood, Illinois.

ADULTS! UNUSUAL NEW Offers. 25c; Wilson, 410 Park, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION

LIST OF NAMES—Addresses—100 American contractors with large overseas projects. Only $2.00. Research Services, Meramec Building, St. Louis 5-MB, Missouri.

JOBS ON SHIPS. Age 18 to 55. No Experience Required. Liners, Freighters, Etc. Send $2.00 For Opportunities And Guidance. National Seafaring, Box 71881, Los Angeles 1, Calif.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW $50 TO $600 For Any Purpose. Confidential. 2 years to repay. Free loan application. Write: American Loan Plan, Dept. U-8301, City National Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebraska.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY Selling Advertising Book Matches. Free Sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. GH-101, Chicago 32, Illinois.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

POEMS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for Songs and Records. Our offer is best. Rush Poems. Songcrafters, 6145-D Acklen Station, Nashville, Tenn.

HYPNOTISM

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write: Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 46W, California.

ARE YOU TAKING CHANCES WITH VD?

(Continued from page 14)

the second most prevalent contagious disease in the country, and syphilis ranks third. Yet less than ten years ago public health officials thought they had the VD problem licked.

Maybe that's what you've been thinking all along. Nevertheless, since 1958, venereal diseases have been on the rise, so much so that health authorities are alarmed over the situation and doing all they can to combat it.

In many major cities syphilis has increased more than 50 per cent during the past year, and gonorrhea is close to that figure. Epidemics of VD have actually occurred in some twenty-four states. The situation is now classified as dangerous and growing worse.

Despite all the wonder drugs at the command of medical men, the venereal diseases have shown an alarming persistency toward hanging on and increasing the misery of the human race.

Recently a medical investigation team concluded that more than one-half of the individuals seeking venereal-disease treatment in public health clinics were young adults and teenagers, the majority being males. These researchers found that it isn't the poor, the downtrodden or the skid-row element which gets VD more than anyone else, but actually the middle-of-the-road individual with a desire to indulge in sex.

Now it's perfectly normal to have a sexual urge. There isn't a sin against that. However, venereal diseases seem to spread because a majority of men with strong desires forget that they risk infection when they become too promiscuous.

The venereal diseases rarely strike at a home where the husband and wife are satisfied with each other and do not venture outside to commit adultery.

If you're a married man, the best advice you can get is to forget about VD if you're able to trust yourself and your wife. However, if you're single and have a natural hunger, or if you stray from the straight and narrow path, then get acquainted with these vital facts and you may save yourself from a crippling infection.

Venereal diseases follow promiscuous people. If you're in a crowd where sex is practiced as often as it's talked about, then plan to take your chances, and at that the odds will likely go against you!

Experiment too much with sex and you may get burned badly. Not all women you meet casually—at a gathering, in a bar or through an introduction—are transmitters of VD. But when you consider that such women may not be too choosy about their companions, you should also remember that such women are more apt to have VD.

Using prophylactics helps avoid VD, but the process is not a complete safeguard. Too many men have placed their faith in a prophylactic device or procedure, only to find they have acquired VD. Your sexual behavior, attitudes and knowledge are the real factors which can help you to avoid getting a venereal disease.

During the war, and especially in the years from 1942 to 1950, many large cities maintained free pro stations close to a health department facility (clinic or hospital) where treatment was given for VD; either that or a pro station was near a bus or train depot. Anyone (soldier or civilian) could come in for a soap-and-water wash over a urinal, plus instructions to drink lots of water and keep emptying the bladder for a 24-hour period in order to wash out hidden gonococci. Sometimes argyrol ointment or colloidal solution was squirted up the urinary meatus. A male attendant, usually a first-aid man, remained on 24-hour duty and often gave warning VD literature to those receiving a pro.

At military bases the pro method was the same, except there was a more consistent use of prophylactic kits, consisting of a tube of antiseptic ointment sometimes a mercury compound base or sulfathiozole rather than silver nitrate salts (argyrol).

After the GI had his genitals thoroughly washed, he would be given a small pro kit with a leaflet of instructions telling him to void and apply the ointment promptly if a soap-and-water wash wasn't feasible.

These centers began to close as penicillin seemed to be the wonder cure-all for VD, and also as VD control funds were cut off.

Some military bases still have pro stations, but only dispense pro kits. Civilians can also purchase these kits in drugstores.

A GOOD beginning in your personal fight against VD is to know the diseases and how to recognize them. Gonorrhea is the most prevalent. It spreads from person to person through a sexual relationship. It is not caught by lifting heavy things, nor is it a strain. The slang expression for this disease is "clap." A few days after intercourse, the individual may notice an itching and burning of the sexual parts, and urination may become painful. A discharge is often present and demonstrates that gonorrhea germs are doing damage to body tissue.

The disease can cause sterility and serious arthritis in the male; in the female the symptoms are the same, but often more distressing and widespread. Occasionally gonorrhea can induce heart trouble and blindness.

A man can frequently be a carrier of gonorrhea, having some immunity which keeps the disease from becoming recognized through the usual symptoms. As such, he can spread it to the women with whom he has relations, and they, in turn, will transmit it to any men they may consort with.

Gonorrhea can be quickly cured if the individual goes to a responsible doctor and takes antibiotics, such as penicillin. Treatment is fast and effective, but it's impor-

tant to get it promptly. Delay can be dangerous.

Syphilis is a more difficult disease to recognize and treat. Like gonorrhea, it's spread essentially through a sexual relationship, although there are exceptions where innocent infections do occur. An example is kissing or heavy petting, in which the syphilis organism can spread to the mouth and other parts of the body rather than confine itself to the reproductive organs.

The first sign of the disease is usually a sore on the sexual organ appearing two to six weeks after intercourse. The sore is referred to as a chancre and will disappear whether treatment is given or not. Later, in a couple of months, a rash may appear on the body, there may be sores in the mouth, falling hair, fever, sore throat, headache or a combination of these symptoms.

Treatment during these early stages quickly arrests the disease and prevents further body damage. If untreated, however, syphilis will soon cause insanity, blindness, heart disease, paralysis, deformity, and other terrifying destructive changes.

Physicians estimate that about 1,500,000 people, mostly men, are in need of treatment for syphilis but fail to receive it. Possibly three times that number of persons may have gonorrhea and do nothing about the disease.

Such individuals are grouped as the country's "reservoir of infection," in that they continue to spread their disease to others. The best way to make certain you are not in this group is to visit your doctor or a health department if you have engaged in sexual relationship of a doubtful nature.

You can protect yourself against VD if you know where you stand in your sexual life and if you take precautions. No one else can do this for you.

If you've taken any chances with the venereal diseases lately, play it smart and get professional attention whether you feel okay or not. Such precaution now is identified as prevention, and although you've heard it a million times before, an ounce of prevention is really worth a pound of cure. THE END

SURVEY ON CALL GIRLS

(Continued from page 27)

they patronized a whorehouse will openly boast about having been with a call girl.

When she first starts out in her chosen profession, a call girl may depend on a procurer or madam—who run a sort of central clearing office by telephone to obtain customers.

For this specialized type of employment agency, the call girl pays a commission. Usually it's 25 per cent of her fee.

In due time, if she's successful, the call

(Continued on page 70)



Yoshie Imanami

I CAN PARALYZE A 200-LB. ATTACKER WITH JUST ONE FINGER! Yet I weigh only 93 lbs.! YOU TOO can protect yourself with my SECRET Oriental System of Yubiwaza.

Girls, these days it isn't safe to be alone even during daylight—let alone coming home at night on dark streets. Mugging and other kinds of attacks can do more harm than the loss of mere money. Yet—although I'm under 5 feet and weigh only 93 lbs.—I don't have a bit of fear—day or night! That's because my forefathers in Japan always passed along to each generation the secrets of Yubiwaza—the amazing system of ONE-FINGER DEFENSE. With Yubiwaza, I've subdued huge bullies almost twice my size and weight . . . I've made rough characters cry out for help themselves . . . and I've left muggers suffering in pain on the ground! And I've done all this just by placing a single finger on the right spot of my attacker's body! Simply press your finger on one of the vital spots shown in this Yubiwaza System and your attacker may lose consciousness . . . or become paralyzed—completely unable to move. He releases his grip on you instantly—becomes helpless himself! I've revealed every secret of the ONE-FINGER SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM in my book, Yubiwaza. I guarantee you can protect yourself as easily and surely as I have done—or your money back! Now you can walk home at night unafraid, with the knowledge no harm can come to you as long as you know YUBIWAZA. My system is profusely illustrated with LIVE ACTION photos of me demonstrating each secret. My system can be used by any man as well—so why not order an extra copy for your favorite man! For my complete instructions, send only 99c plus 26c postage (Total: $1.25). YUBIWAZA, c/o Precise, Dept. 1452 125 E. 46th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



To learn how to guard *yourself* against cancer, call the American Cancer Society office nearest you or write to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

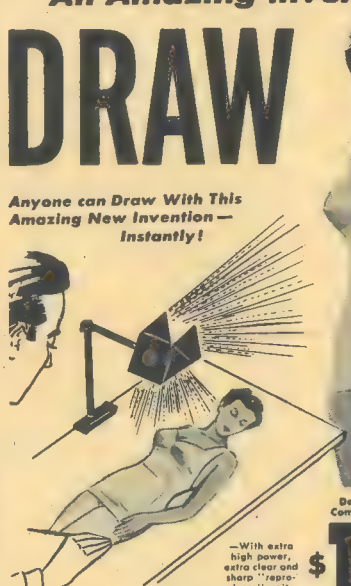
An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE

NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!

You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—Like An Artist... Even if You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line!

Anyone can Draw With This Amazing New Invention—Instantly!



De Luxe Model Complete for only $1.98

—With extra high power, extra clear and sharp "reproducer" unit.

A New Hobby Gives You A Brand New Interest!

Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now . . . the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil . . . and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings.

Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.

Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Light and compact to be taken wherever you wish. No other lessons or practice or talent needed! You'll be proud to frame your original drawings for a more distinctive touch to your home. Give them to friends as gifts that are "different," appreciated.

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER TYPE OF DRAWING AND HOBBY!



FREE! "How to Easily Draw Artists' Models"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours free with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Packed with pictures showing all the basic poses of artists' models with simple instruction for beginners of art. Includes guidance on anatomy, techniques and figure action.



SEND NO MONEY! Free 10-Day Trial!

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage. Or send only $1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

NORTON PRODUCTS Dept. 614 296 Broadway New York 7, N. Y.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. 614
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide "*How to Easily Draw Artists' Models.*" I will pay postman on delivery only $1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

Name_____

Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only $1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

Protect Your Valuables

HEAVY GAUGE STEEL
combination LOCK SAFE
with Built-in Fully
Automatic Burglar Alarm



NOW ONLY $4.98

Here's the modern, safe way to protect your valuable papers, cash, jewelry, etc. This electrically welded, heavy gauge steel vault gives bank-like protection for your valuables. A secret built-in automatic alarm (needs no batteries) provides extra security. This real combination safe with special features not found on other models at this special low price: Double bank vault doors with throw bolts; built-in sliding cash drawer, no-mar rubber feet, loads of room for papers, cash, jewelry. The secret combination which opens the vault is known only to you. Give yourself the satisfaction and peace of mind of knowing that your valuables are locked safely, securely in this super-strong steel bank vault. Satisfaction fully guaranteed or money refunded. Only 4.98 plus 60¢ shipping charges. Send check, cash or money order today or send $1.00 deposit for C.O.D. shipment and pay postman balance plus handling charges.

WARD GREEN COMPANY
Dept. RS-1211 , 43 W. 61 St. New York 23, N. Y.

High School Course
at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
American School, Dept. H985, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

SUPER DIRECTIONAL MICROPHONE
picks up a whisper at great distances. Used by detectives, Intelligence Agents, broadcasters. Hear conversations clearly through ordinary walls a block away. Inexpensively constructed with ordinary department store materials for about $6.00. No electronic experience, knowledge or special tools needed. Full simple plans anyone can follow. $2.95. DEE DETECTIVE EQUIPMENT CO., Box 7263-D, Houston 8, Texas.

BIKINIS



Beautiful cotton sateen, adjustable ties to fit you perfectly. Black, red, turquoise or lavender on Alpine white. Sizes S-M-L
#324 only $3.98

#315—Same style in colorful cotton in solid red, blue, white or black.
SPECIAL $2.98 P.P.

FREE CATALOG of boudoir gowns, bikinis and exotic lingerie. Enclose $.25 for handling.

Originals INC
DEPT. Y-68 P. O. BOX 9505
TREASURE ISLAND, FLORIDA

(Continued from page 69)

girl builds up a private list of clients, most of whom will recommend their friends or business associates to her. She may get on the list of key business executives who frequently call on the services of call girls to help entertain important customers or prospective customers. So widespread is this latter business activity, due to the present expense-account angle of our tax structure—where business entertainment of customers may be deducted for tax purposes—that in many cases call girls have taken to referring to themselves, half-mockingly, as "expense-account girls."

Once she has become a recognized member of the profession, other call girls may recommend customers to her. Often, when a call girl retires or quits the racket, she will sell her list of private customers to another girl. As much as $5,000 has been paid for such a list.

The average income of the call girl in New York, Miami Beach, Chicago and Las Vegas—the four most lucrative spots for the practice of the profession—is between $400 and $500 a week. The call girl's expenses are in proportion. She has to make a good appearance at all times. This means she has to dress well and spend considerable time and money in beauty parlors. She has to maintain a smart apartment at a smart address. She has to keep herself in perfect health, avoiding pregnancy and disease, and this means constant medical checkups. She has to overtip constantly—some of the extravagant tips (to apartment-house supers, elevator operators, switchboard girls and the like) being no more than bribes.

Very few of the call girls have worked their way up from streetwalkers or house girl to their present status. Apparently it's one of the few professions where you can start at the top. Which means, naturally, that there's nowhere to go but down.

This, then, is the call girl. The questions the editors of this magazine wanted to find an answer to were, how does she get that way? What motivates her? How does she feel about sex? How does she feel about the men who come to her?

The only way to obtain answers was at the source. Here are some of the results:

Subject: Agnes W.
Age: 28
Time: 6 years as call girl

Subject was product of typical middle-class parents, both of whom were extremely strict. She was brought up by her mother to believe that boys were nasty creatures, not to be trusted, and that if they had a chance, they would do "dirty" things. Subject was also taught to be ashamed of her own body.

When subject was 8 she was discovered engaged in sex play (mutual inspection of genital organs) with a boy who lived next door. She was severely whipped and not allowed to forget the experience.

"From then on I was always accused of doing something bad or wanting to do something bad," subject explained. "I had to come straight home from school. I couldn't play naturally with the other children."

Mother further warned subject that if she ever let a boy fondle her or kiss her, she would have a baby as a result. Subject had her first sexual experience at the age of 14. A boy she had been friendly with in school cornered her in the coat room during a recess and after a struggle kissed her. Subject felt she had already been ruined, so when the boy attempted intercourse, she made no effort to resist. She had no sensation other than one of thinking, this is what my mother always said I would do. During the next two years she had sexual relations with just about any boy who asked her.

"I didn't care about it one way or another," she explained. "It was just that I felt it was what everyone expected of me. It didn't mean anything."

When she was 16 her mother threatened to send her away to a "home for girls like you." She ran away. She worked in Chicago as a waitress and finally got a job as cigarette girl in a cheap night club. She was sleeping around for nothing, simply because she was asked, when she met a girl who put her wise.

"Why give it away when the suckers will pay good money for it?" this girl asked.

Through this new friend she became a call girl.

"It doesn't mean anything to me," she insisted. "I've never had an orgasm with any of the Johns. Sure, I like the nice clothes and things the money brings. And what else could I do but what I'm doing? It's the way my mother always said I would end up. Once, a couple of years ago when I was arrested with a couple of other call girls and my picture was in the paper, I sent her the clipping. I hope she's satisfied now!"

It might be remarked here that Agnes W. is currently one of the most popular call girls working the New York-Miami Beach circuit. It might also be asked what her clients, mostly top men in the cloak-and-suit industry, get for their money.

Subject: Mary Lou N.
Age: 26
Time: 8 years as a call girl

Subject was born in a small Southern town. She had two older brothers. She was "Daddy's girl" and resented her mother, particularly after discovering her mother and father having sexual relations. From that point on, even as a child, she acted "sexy" in order to get male attention. Father died when subject was 10, and shortly after that her mother remarried. Her antagonism toward her mother increased, augmented now by a subconscious feeling of sexual competition.

As a growing girl, she used to parade in front of her stepfather in the nude, apparently "innocently." Conflicts with her mother increased. She eloped at the age of 15 with boy three years older, but the marriage was unsatisfactory from the start.

"All he wanted was sex, sex, sex," she explained. "Besides, he was insanely jealous, always accusing me of things."

When the marriage broke up, subject moved to New York, with vague ambitions for the stage. She got a job as a model in a dress house and started going out with the customers.

Shortly she became a call girl, explaining her reasons as follows: "I think men ought to pay for what they get from a girl. Otherwise they don't appreciate it."

Subject doesn't enjoy sex and only rarely has had an orgasm.

"I wouldn't give a John that much satisfaction. Besides, a girl loses something every time that happens. That's how you get to looking old before your time."

Mary Lou's curious idea that orgasms "make a girl lose something" is a myth shared by a surprising number of other call girls. One remarkable fact disclosed by this survey-in-depth was that the average call girl, despite her profession, is actually almost naive in her knowledge and understanding of sex. She's able to cater to various tastes and stimulate passion—but it's all on a surface level.

Subject: Lucille B.
Age: 31
Time: 10 years as a call girl

Subject was product of a broken home and was raised by an aunt and uncle. In this home she was constantly reminded of how grateful she should be for their care. She never had the pretty clothes and things other girls her age took for granted. When she was in high school she was denied the few dollars needed to buy a class sweater. Her first sexual experience was with the owner of a soda shop, who offered to let her have unlimited sodas if she would go in the back room with him.

Although they never indulged in actual intercourse, all sorts of other sex play took place. Subject discovered that she could get the pretty things she craved by being "nice" to older men.

"I wasn't giving it away to the kids my age for nothing," she explained. "From the start I knew better than that."

Subject was a brighter-than-average student in high school and got a scholarship for college, where she took an art course. Her aunt and uncle refused to help her, but she insisted she could work her way through. The college was located near Chicago, and shortly subject was working as a week-end call girl, building up her own list of clients. Her original contacts were made through a minor executive in an advertising agency who came from her home town.

"I never get any kick out of an affair with a John," she said. "With them it's just something mechanical. They don't even know how to really please a girl. But with a butch (a Lesbian taking the masculine role) it's different. There you've really got something!"

Her first homosexual experience was in college, with a girl who was majoring in physical education. This affair lasted nearly a year, until the girl left school. Afterward there was a succession of other Lesbian affairs. At the time of the interview subject had a butch whom she was keeping.

"That's how I can put up with all these Johns," she explained further. "It doesn't mean anything. I'm not really giving any of myself, if you know what I mean. I figure they're just paying the freight for my real love life. Someday maybe I'll save up enough money to buy an art shop or something and quit the racket. But on the other hand, as long as I can get a lot of loot for nothing, why shouldn't I keep on putting out?"

Here, too, was a situation this magazine's researcher uncovered time and again. It was revealed that over 50 per cent of the call girls interviewed obtained their emotional and sexual satisfaction only through Lesbian affairs. A good many psychologists, in fact—notably among them F. S. Caprio—maintain that prostitution in itself represents a defense against homosexuality. Certainly this theory was born out in the survey on call girls.

Subject: Miriam N.
Age: 22
Time: 2 years as a call girl

Subject was the only child of divorced parents. She was raised by her mother, who went through four more marriages and divorces. Mother constantly blamed subject for these marital breakups, saying that no man wants to be saddled with another man's brat. Subject was lonely and a daydreamer during childhood. She had numerous sex fantasies as a child, mostly involving her mother having affairs with one man after another and pointing at her, saying: "I'm doing this for you."

Subject had her first affair at 13, with one of her mother's temporary lovers. Her rationalization was: "Now my mother doesn't have to blame me any more for what she does. I'm doing it myself."

She reported having no physical satisfaction. She continued to have affairs as an adolescent, each time feeling that she was either getting even with her mother or making up for her mother's promiscuous indulgence in sex. Subject married at 18 and was divorced the following year. Her husband was a musician, a trumpet player in cheap orchestras, and it was through him that she met several call girls who introduced her into the racket.

"It's better than just sitting around the house looking at four walls," she explained. "You meet a lot of interesting men, and some of them are nice to talk to. I wish some of them just liked me for myself, though. I think of all sorts of things while they're making love. It doesn't affect me any."

This, then, is a representative cross section of the modern, present-day call girl. We find that most of them came from broken homes and were either rejected or denied normal affection as children.

We find that in their relations with men, most of them are sexually unresponsive inwardly, only simulating passion.

We find that over half of them are Lesbians, achieving satisfaction only in homosexual affairs.

We arrive at the final paradox—the call girl, whose business is sex, not only doesn't like normal sex, but doesn't know much about it!

This leaves one obvious question: "Just what does the client get for his money?"

THE END

at last a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples

Illustrated SEX FACTS



BY DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES

Available in this Country for the first time

THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS
—many in life-like color.

Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures (many in true-to-life color), plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. This book is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind — both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for $5.00 — but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only $2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

Partial List of 61 Big Chapters. Each a "Book" in Itself.

- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act for male and female
- What causes climax in women
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female sex organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male changes of life and its effect
- Causes and treatment of male and female sterility
- Feminine self-satisfaction
- Causes of sexual urge in men
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to use preparatory love towards greater satisfaction in sex act

Just a few of hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

Partial List of Illustrations with Authentic Color Pictures!

- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations
- Watch step-by-step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs
- Pictorial Story of Woman's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Cause of Women's sexual ills
- Picture Story of normal Sexuality in male
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female Bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

. . . plus many more pictured instructions

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON
CADILLAC PUBLISHING, Dept. F-956
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." I will pay postman $2.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for $5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE ___

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon only $2.98. Same Money-Back Guarantee!
(CANADIAN ORDERS $3.50. NO C.O.D.'s.)

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

Your Big Opportunity!



34-lesson course on proved, tested, up-to-date, profitable methods. Amazing treasure-house of the best mail order plans and practices. How to start your mail order business on a small one-man scale . . . how to keep it growing more and more profitable month after month. Money-making *facts*. Full price only $9.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or refund. Circle below No. 40 for Mail Order Course.

5 ACRES and INDEPENDENCE



How to Buy a Small Farm and Run It PROFITABLY!

SECURITY is yours when you own a few acres and use them wisely. You supply your own food requirements and possibly enough extra to enjoy a comfortable cash income. Teaches you practical things you want to know about livestock, farming, poultry, orchards, etc. Only $4.95. Order 'Farming' No. 4 in coupon.

ART SCHOOL *Self-Taught*



Learn at home in your spare-time. Enjoy this up-to-date self-instruction training while you prepare yourself for a fascinating career in art!

NO PREVIOUS ART TRAINING NECESSARY

These excellent lessons guide you step by step. Teach drawing: perspective, still life, landscape. Teach painting: oil, water, gouache and tempera, female figure: sculpture: wood modeling, etc. Circle No. 1 in coupon at bottom of this page. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. Complete price only $9.95.

How to Run a RESTAURANT...



Get into a Good MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS of *Your Own!*

Virtually a complete self-instruction course on starting and operating profitable lunchonettes, cafeterias, diners, tea rooms, etc. Teaches you the all-important facts about leases, licenses, equipment, furnishings, decorating, kitchen arrangement, menu-planning, etc. How to make money!

FULL PRICE, Only $6.95, Postpaid

This could be your BIG chance! Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Circle "How to Run a Restaurant." No. 2 in coupon below.

PUBLIC SPEAKING FOR SUCCESS



HOW TO HANDLE PEOPLE

Oratory and public speaking is an art which must be learned. Don't you believe bunk about "natural born" speakers! For your greater personal advancement let this excellent course teach you the fundamentals of influencing people: how to make them laugh, cry and ACT. Only $8.95. Circle No. 3 in coupon below. Satisfaction or refund.

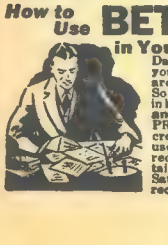
PIANO TUNING



Experienced piano tuners charge up to $10.00 for a job they finish in about an hour. Repeat business, too! You can start training for this profitable field right now. It is NOT necessary that you play piano . . . you don't even have to understand music at all. SELF-INSTRUCTION COURSE — only $4.95 complete price. This excellent home-study course includes instructions on piano regulating, repairing —other servicing operations every good piano tuner knows. Also covers electric organs, tuning by Stroboscope, etc. Good, clear, helpful illustrations to guide you step-by-step. Money-Back Guarantee. Order 'Piano Tuning'. Only $4.95. Circle No 7.

BUSINESS LAW SHOWS YOU HOW to avoid trouble and get ahead faster. Valuable legal information for ambitious men who want to be even more successful in business. It teaches MODERN law for practical use TODAY! In understandable language you are introduced to many important principles and fundamentals of the law. Full price only $6.97. Circle No. 34 in coupon.

How to Use BETTER ENGLISH in Your Letters and Conversation



Daily YOU are being judged by the language you use. Your other abilities, however great, are generally denied full credit if English is faulty. So don't let your shaky English hold you back in business or social life. Improve your speech and writing by studying these interesting, PRACTICAL lessons. Teaches you how to increase your vocabulary—learn new words and use them right. How to spell and pronounce correctly. Secrets of good letter-writing and entertaining conversation. Full price ONLY $4.95. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Order 'Correct English.' Circle No. 30 in coupon below.

LOCKSMITHING & Key Making



PRACTICAL UP-TO-DATE COURSE!

ONLY $5.95 COMPLETE—Teaches you the professional "secrets." How to pick locks, de-code, make masterkeys, install and service key systems, etc. Step-by-step detailed, illustrated instructions make every operation crystal clear. Money - making information for carpenters, mechanics, hardwaredealers, gunsmiths, cycle shops, maintenance men, etc. 53 lessons! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Order "Locksmithing Course." No. 6 in coupon. Only $5.95. Mail coupon today!



Learn YOGI! The Art of SELF MASTERY

Make the Most of What You've Got!

Practical Course—ONLY $5.95 Complete Yogism aids your self-confidence, will-power, self-control. Helps your personal efficiency. Points out time-tested methods for a happier, more successful life...based on modern scientific discoveries plus ancient Yoga Secrets for releasing your deeper powers. Practical, valuable for everyday use by busy, level-headed Americans. Send No Money. Pay postman $5.95 plus COD, or send $5.95 for postpaid shipment. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Send for this "Practical Yoga Course"! No. 22 in coupon.

APARTMENT HOUSE MANAGEMENT Wonderful field for ambitious men and women, especially those over 40. Experienced managers have steady work, good pay and SECURITY. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. Complete, only $8.95. Course No. 8 in coupon below.



Stop FORGETTING!

How To Develop Your Memory And Put It To Practical Use

Teaches you how to remember by teaching you how to do CLEAR, ORDERED thinking, speaking and working. Not a "trick system" but virtually a self-instruction course in concentration and straight thinking. Learn how successful people retain, recall and USE information, knowledge and facts. This information worth its weight in gold. Full price only $4.95. Order "Memory Course." No. 23 in coupon!



PAPER HANGING

Self-Instruction Text—Only $3.97

Thoroughly illustrated step-by-step, one-volume course for self instruction. Simple enough for the average home-owner. Each job, each step is explained in detail. Easy to follow and also get perfect results.

Teaches you about paste-table work, hanging patterns, hanging side-wall and ceiling paper, hanging panel paper, etc. Complete price only $3.97. Satisfaction or refund. Just circle No. 124 in the coupon below.

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE Written by a physician! Intelligent men and women can now get the modern, helpful, scientific facts they want about sex and the love life. Virtually an encyclopedia of Sex, the Journal of the American Medical Association says it "ranges the entire gamut of sex subjects from birth, thru adolescence, marriage, sexual aberration and disease, and rejuvenation." A really great work! Order "Sex Happiness in Marriage." Only $3.95. Just circle No. 24 in the coupon.



How to Write Songs—

A PRACTICAL COURSE IN LYRICS—MUSIC—SELLING

Best selling hit songs often are written by those who know only the special "techniques" or secrets. You don't have to spend long dreary years studying theoretical music in order to do popular songs the public goes wild over. If you have the stuff inside of you to begin with . . . this practical course will teach you how to get it down on paper and will teach you exactly how and where to offer it for sale. ONLY $4.95. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Order "Song Writing." No. 26 in coupon.

HOW TO BUY, SELL, TRADE OLD GOLD, ETC.

A newto-the-point Technical Bulletin to teach you how to make money dealing in precious metals—broken jewelry, old gold, silver, platinum, etc. Enormous opportunities for those with experience. Only $1.00. Order "Old Gold." No. 20 in coupon below. Guaranteed!

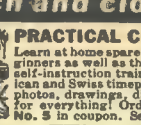


POULTRY RAISING

Practical, workable instructions on how to start a chicken flock in your back yard or on a small farm. Teaches you how to do egg farming efficiently, pleasantly—and profitably! Explains many of the fine points of poultry raising, step by step. Only $4.95 complete. Order "Poultry Raising." No. 13 in coupon. Satisfaction or refund!

PROSTATE GLAND DISORDER World-famous specialist explains in ordinary language the kinds of prostatic ailments and discusses causes and methods of treatment. "I do wish to emphasize, however," he says, "that in a large number of instances prostatic enlargement can be prevented." Helpful and interesting! Only $4.95. Order "Prostate Gland Disorder." Circle No. 31 in the coupon below.

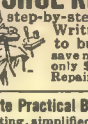
watch and clock repairing



PRACTICAL COURSE IN HOROLOGY

Learn at home spare time. How-to-do-it lessons for beginners as well as those already in the trade. Thorough self-instruction training in the fundamentals of American and Swiss timepieces. Contains a wealth of helpful photos, drawings, diagrams, charts, etc. Only $7.95 for everything! Order "Watch & Clock Repairing." No. 5 in coupon. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed.

World-Famous Health and Medical Texts



TROUBLES WE DON'T TALK ABOUT—All about piles, etc. Only $4.95. Circle No. 55 in coupon at bottom of page.

NERVOUS STOMACH TROUBLE — for victims of high tension modern living. Only $4.95. Circle No. 58 in coupon.

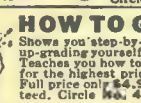
CONSTIPATION — How To Combat It — Practical advice and valuable warnings. Only $4.95. Circle No. 59 in coupon.



SUPER JU JITSU

Now get tough double quick!

A course of instruction in the art of practicing and using this method of applying LIGHTNING-QUICK Super Ju Jitsu. Be Dangerous! These amazing lessons show you how it's done . . . in a big illustrated home-study course. The weapons are just your BARE HANDS—they can be used effectively! If you know how and practice the art. Easy to learn, quick. Full 76-lesson course only $9.95 postpaid. Satisfaction or money back. Circle No. 38 in coupon below.



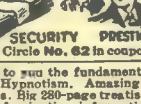
HOW TO GET A GOOD JOB

Shows you step-by-step the successful techniques of up-grading yourself into a better position in any field. Teaches you how to SELL yourself to a new employer for the highest price. A Practical 36-Lesson Course. Full price only $4.95. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Circle No. 43 in coupon for 36-lesson course.



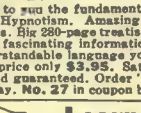
MAKE MONEY in STOCK MARKET

This Guide to Profitable Investment will show you how to save money, . . . show you how to make money work for you. Nationally known expert advises you how to buy and sell stocks and bonds for profit. Very practical —minus theory! Written for the average investor. Full price only $6.47. Circle No. 62 in coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed.



REVEALS to you the fundamentals of Practical Hypnotism. Amazing illustrated lessons. Big 280-page treatise jampacked with fascinating information. In simple understandable language you will enjoy. Full price only $3.95. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Order "Hypnotism" today. No. 27 in coupon below.

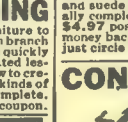
HYPNOTISM



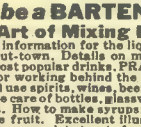
Learn UPHOLSTERING

Start by doing work on your own furniture to save money & beautify your home. Then branch out as you gain experience. You'll learn quickly and enjoy these step-by-step illustrated lessons. Easy-to-follow instructions on how to create, repair and remodel practically all kinds of upholstered furniture. You get everything for only $5.95, complete! Satisfaction or money back. Order "Upholstering." No. 9 in coupon.

How to be a BARTENDER and the Art of Mixing Drinks



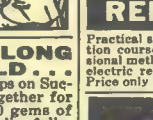
Professional information for the liquor trade and man-about-town. Details on mixing and serving 300 most popular drinks. PRACTICAL instruction for working behind the bar. How to handle and use spirits, wines, beers. Trade secrets on the care of bottles, glassware, mirrors, utensils. How to make syrups: bottle in bulk, prepare fruit. Excellent illustrations. Also includes appropriate toasts for good fellows. Only $1.95. Order 'Bartender' No. 32.



HOW TO GET ALONG IN THIS WORLD . . .

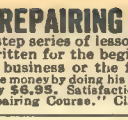
Boiled down, practical tips on Success! Here, gathered together for the first time, are 5,000 gems of worldly wisdom on how to live fully, joyously, successfully . . . how to handle people, make money, be happy. Most interesting—and useful. Only $1.95 complete. Order "How to Get Along in This World." Circle No. 33 in coupon below.

AMAZE Your Friends



Let music develop your personality—increase your popularity. You'll enjoy learning this tested, short-cut way. You'll learn by playing REAL music, with BOTH hands, right from the very FIRST lesson. This is NOT a trick system—but it IS a genuine piano course that's lots of FUN. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed! Complete price only $8.95 postpaid. Circle No. 35 in the coupon below.

SHOE REPAIRING COURSE New, well illustrated, step-by-step series of lessons on how to rebuild shoes.



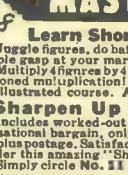
Written for the beginner who wants to go into business or the family man who wants to save money by doing his own shoe repairing. Full price, only $6.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order "Shoe Repairing Course." Circle No. 44 in coupon below.

Complete Practical Blueprint Reading Course



Interesting, simplified self-instruction lessons for builders, mechanics, electricians, etc. 24 volumes, including over 600 actual blueprints, diagrams and step-by-step drawings. FULL PRICE ONLY $11.95. Unusual bargain! Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Order "Blueprint Reading Course." No. 16 in the coupon.

MASTER MIND!



Learn Short-Cut Mathematics

Juggle figures, do baffling number tricks. Make people gasp at your marvelous lightning-quick mind. Multiply 4 figures by 4 figures without using old-fashioned multiplication! Big cloth-bound volume: fully illustrated course. A fascinating study.

Sharpen Up Your Brain Power

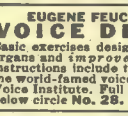
Includes worked-out problems, answers, etc. Sensational bargain, only $3.95, postpaid—or C.O.D. plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or refund. Order this amazing "Short-Cut Mathematics" today. Simply circle No. 11 in coupon. Then clip and mail.

SWEDISH BODY MASSAGE



Course of instruction in the Art of Body Massage and Hydrotherapy. Contains information on fundamentals of anatomy, physiology, procedure for complete massage, approved exercises, etc. Includes business advice. This valuable study may open door to a handsome knowledge of the profession. Only $11.95, complete. Get 'Body Massage.' No. 15 in coupon.

EUGENE FEUCHTINGER'S HINTS ON VOICE DEVELOPMENT



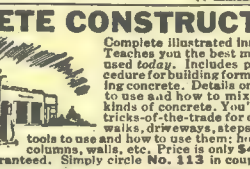
Basic exercises designed to *strengthen* your vocal organs and *improve* your voice. These new self-instructions include the most important parts from the world-famed voice course put out by the Prefect Voice Institute. Full Price, only $2.95. In coupon below circle No. 28. Order "Voice Development."

SPRAY PAINTING



A real good how-to-do-it text! For both industrial and commercial use. These practical instructions teach the fundamental principles of spraying technique, together with the latest development and practice of this craft. Arranged as self-instruction course for spraygun operators in industrial concerns or commercial studios such as sign shops, interior and exterior decoration, etc. Includes excellent sections on flock and suede finishes, automobile work, etc. Unusually complete and well illustrated! Full price only $4.97 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. To order "SPRAY PAINTING" just circle No. 122 in coupon at bottom of page.

CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION



Complete illustrated Instructions! Teaches you the best methods—as used *today*. Includes proper procedure for building forms and pouring concrete. Details on materials to use and how to mix different kinds of concrete. You'll learn the tricks-of-the-trade for doing sidewalks, driveways, steps, etc. What tools to use and how to use them. How to make columns, walls, etc. Price is only $4.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. Simply circle No. 113 in coupon below.

REFRIGERATION



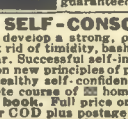
Practical service manual — like a self-instruction course — teaches you the newest professional methods of repairing and taking care of electric refrigeration systems. Up-to-date! Price only $3.97. Circle No. 119 in coupon.

FINGERPRINTING



Well illustrated simplified course in one handy volume. Teaches you the science of reading, classifying and identifying fingerprints. Includes many sample prints enlarged for easy study. Also includes questions and answers for self-instruction! Full price only $3.97. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circle No. 127 in coupon.

Cure SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS



How to develop a strong, positive personality—get rid of timidity, bashfulness, shyness and fear. Successful self-instruction lessons based on new principles of practical psychology. Healthy self-confidence can be yours! Complete course of home-study lessons. NOT a book. Full price only $8.95, postpaid, or COD plus postage. Mailed in plain wrapper. Satisfaction guaranteed or refund. Order "Curing Self-Consciousness Course" today. Circle No. 41 in coupon at bottom of page.



$ $ $ $ PRACTICAL

KNOWLEDGE

CRIMINOLOGY
HOW TO DETECT MURDER . . .

This good ___-volume course will help you train to be a detective. Includes valuable examination questions and answers. These lessons are arranged for men who want to qualify for professional work in criminology. Also of enormous value to detectives and investigators, officers, guardians and any law enforcement official. This valuable UP-TO-DATE instruction on criminal investigation may be used to great advantage by lawyers, detective story writers, etc. Complete, for only **$6.95.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today by circling **No. 10** in coupon on this page.

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

Train yourself for a profitable career in this booming profession! Practical lessons on appraisals, valuation, management, investments, real estate operating low-cost housing, the law on real estate transactions including legal forms, salesmanship, etc. Strictly up-to-date! Price **$10.95.** Satisfaction or refund. Just circle **No. 11** in coupon at bottom of this page.

MONEY-MAKING SALESMANSHIP

GOOD salesmen are always wanted and can always make a good solid living. This fine up-to-date short course teaches you the secrets of effective salesmanship. Shows you how to increase your income selling full-time or spare time. Very practical step-by-step brass-tacks information—the kind you can bank! Also shows you how to sell your services to a new employer and get the best deal for yourself. Full price only **$5.97.** Satisfaction or refund. Simply circle **No. 49** in coupon below today.

SIGN PAINTING

Teaches you commercial sign painting and sign building as it is being done TODAY in leading shops all over the country. A good practical course for self-instruction. Shows latest methods of truck lettering or office doors, wood letters, reflecting signs and plastics, sprayed signs, gold leaf, silk screen process, alphabets, etc. It includes money-making business information. Full price only **$5.95.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Simply circle **No. 101** in coupon.

SHOW CARD WRITING

Practical training for beginners and tricks-of-the-trade for those already in the field. Very complete teaching plan takes you through each step of the trade from fundamentals of lettering to how to run your own show card studio successfully. Tells you where and how to begin in this field, teaches alphabets, layout, spacing, color application, etc. All fully illustrated with actual commercial work as practical examples. Complete price **$5.95.** Just circle **No. 102** in the coupon. Satisfaction or refund.

Only $3.97 COMPLETE RULE SLIDE MANUAL

Self-instruction text with logarithmic tables, including 10-place tables. Explains practical use of the slide rule for all purposes as employed by draftsmen, engineers, electricians, mechanics, businessmen, merchants, etc. Shows you how to solve nearly all problems with ease, speed, accuracy. Price only **$3.97.** Order "Complete Slide Rule Manual". Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Simply circle today **No. 104** in coupon below.

MATHEMATICS
The Practical Kind

Valuable self-instruction text for ready reference. Refreshes your knowledge of common everyday figuring . . . the USEFUL kind of mathematics used regularly in business, trades, profession. Includes many interesting illustrations and some helpful worked out problems. These practical self-teaching lessons show you step-by-step the easiest and quickest ways of getting right answers to REAL problems. Answers included. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Full price, **$4.95** postpaid. Circle **No. 109** in the coupon at bottom of this page.

HOW TO MIX COLORS AND PAINTS

Expert up-to-date information for interior decorators, house painters, artists and craftsmen. Full list of easy-to-follow formulas. Extra color charts included. Also includes full information on white lead, paint oils, thinners, driers, paint mixing methods, color theories and matching secrets, aluminum paints, color harmony and color schemes, etc. Newest edition. Price only **$4.49.** Order "Colors & Paints". Circle **No. 105** in coupon at right hand corner. Satisfaction or money refunded.

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE SERVICING

Practical guide to job and business success in this BIG and important new field. Illustrated how-to-do-it information on repairing all common household appliances: food mixers, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, ironers, roasters, waffle irons, chimes, percolators, toasters, etc. Valuable self-instruction lessons for the handy man who wants information fast and hates to waste time! Full price **$4.97.** Circle **No. 103.**

DIESEL ENGINES

Not technical—written for the average mechanically-minded man. Practical instructions on the care, operation and adjustment of all common Diesel engines. Excellent sections on the principles and construction of Diesel engines—and also the care and operation of electrical power equipment in connection with Diesel engines. Very complete and helpful lessons! Hundreds of illustrations. Full price only **$4.95.** Circle **No. 126** in coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

How to have a BETTER HOUSE

A priceless guide for prospective owners!

How to Buy... Build ...Remodel

Tells you in detail how to plan a new house from a selection of the lot to arrangement of furniture in the house. Gives you a wealth of practical help on improvements and remodeling jobs, instructs you on the art of getting the most for your money—how to select an architect, builder, contractor, material dealer. How to finance at lowest cost. Includes actual photographs and floor plans! Price **$4.95.** Satisfaction or refund. Circle **No. 116** in coupon.

WORRY AND NERVOUSNESS

Do you have the jitters? Are you being worn down by nervous fatigue? Sometimes over-anxious and irritable? Let a famous physician give you secrets that will help you develop calm, quiet confidence. When your nervous system behaves you'll sleep better, feel more rested and live a more satisfying life. Price only **$3.97.** Circle **No. 61** in coupon below.

PLUMBING MADE EASY

A practical one-volume short course. Written especially for the beginner in the trade and for the handy man . . . home-owner. Shows you how to plan, install and maintain common plumbing systems economically and without violating regulations. Everything you want to know simply explained and well illustrated. Includes details of traps, drains, vents, stacks, water supply, valves, pipe fitting, joints, hot water supply, care, emergency repairing, etc. Latest printing! Only **$2.98.** Satisfaction or refund. Circle **No. 108** in coupon.

CARPENTRY LESSONS

Fully explains and illustrates practically every step from selection of proper tools, how to use them and how to do hundreds of kinds of finished jobs. Will instruct the beginner and the practical home-owner how to do professional job. Show you through clear illustrations how to hang doors, sharpen tools, use steel square, make window and door frames, floor and ceiling work, boxing, sidings, roofing, screens, heavy timber framing and reinforcing, how to use power tools, etc. Full price only **$4.98.** New edition. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded! Order "Carpentry" today. Simply circle **No. 110** in the coupon at bottom of page.

STEEL SQUARE

Complete practical study of the steel square and how to use it. Teaches you which of your craft problems can be solved by a "steel square—and shows you step by step how to solve them! Valuable to anyone in the building trades as well as the practical home-owner who wants to do professional-looking work. Hundreds of illustrations. Price only **$3.97.** Circle **No. 111** in coupon.

Practical Electricity

A SHORT COURSE IN ONE HANDY VOLUME. Teaches you how to understand and how to use electricity. How to do wiring for light and power, how to repair small motors, how to work on circuits, dynamos, generators, electroplating, heating, etc. Simple enough for beginners! Full price only **$3.95** postpaid. Circle **No. 115** in coupon.

Blacksmithing & Horseshoeing

Useful instruction fresh from the anvil. Written by a successful, working blacksmith—not a school teacher. Here is the everyday how-to-do-it information you need on shop equipment, tools, methods of horse shoeing. Wagon, wheels, and axle repair. Plowshares, hardening, pointing, sharpening setting. Boiler work, Hoisting Hooks. Horse diseases and treatments, etc. Good, clear, helpful illustrations! Only **$3.97** postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circle **No. 118** in coupon.

IT'S EASY TO ORDER

In coupon draw a circle around the number of each course you want us to send you. Print your name and full address clearly, then mail coupon right away. Send full payment with your order and we'll prepay all postage charges—on C.O.D. shipments you pay charges. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed . . . you take no risk.

FREE!! Select two or more courses from these pages and we will include an **EXTRA** educational item as a special bonus . . . without any additional cost to you! You may *keep* this excellent Dividend Item, as your own, even should you send back for refund the courses you order. We reserve the right to withdraw this unusual offer when present limited stock is gone. Don't lose out—*mail coupon today!*

NELSON-HALL CO. *(Established 1909)*
210 S. Clinton St., Dept. LN-141 **Chicago 6, Ill.**

MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE

Unusually complete study of all the standard operations performed on lathe, shaper, drill press, planer, milling machine, grinding machine, etc. Also includes the practical information on layouts, measurements and the use of machinists' hand tools. Shows you step-by-step how to read a blueprint, how to do practical machine shop work. Full price only **$4.95** postpaid. Satisfaction or money back. Just circle today **No. 121** in the coupon below.

Painting & Decorating

Complete Cyclopedia Only $4.98

Professionals in the trade use this handy one-volume course as a reference to keep abreast with the latest methods. But it is written so simply and illustrated so thoroughly that the home-owner and beginner in the trade finds these lessons EASY TO UNDERSTAND and practical to follow. You will find everything from A to Z at your finger-tips—nothing left for you to guess at.

347 Step-By-Step Illustrations

Shows you how to do ceilings, with paint, paper or whitewash, calcimine, etc.; it shows you how to do the floors and steps; how to do the walls, inside and outside; what tools to use . . . what materials you need, and how to prepare surfaces to simplify your work, how to stain, paint, varnish, marble, enamel, fume; complete detailed instructions on how to do a thousand and one jobs! Full price only **$4.98** postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Just circle **No. 123** in coupon at bottom of page.

ROOF FRAMING

Practical self-instruction course complete in one handy volume. Teaches you the how-to-do-it steps as well as the important underlying principles. Hundreds of specially-made illustrations guide you. Here is expert, up-to-date training for the experienced carpenter as well as the practical handyman interested in all kinds of roof framing. Full price only **$4.95.** Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Circle **No. 117** in the coupon.

HEATING, COOLING and AIR CONDITIONING

Especially prepared by experts *for the amateur.* Combined reference manual and instruction text. Ideal for the home-owner, as well as the ambitious man who wants to get into these fine growing trades. Practical illustrated information on how to select, install and operate all standard types of equipment. Contains extra section on radiant heating. Very valuable one-volume course! New revised edition. Price only **$4.98** postpaid. Just circle **No. 120** in coupon.

JEWELERS & WATCHMAKERS Cyclopedia

Packed with trade secrets, manufacturing processes, little-known formulas, etc., for opticians, stone setters, engravers, case makers horologists, photographers and others. 1001 money-making ideas for the practical man! Only **$2.49.** Order "Jewelers Cyclopedia." **No. 18.**

Learn SHEET METAL WORK

Virtually a self-instruction course complete in one handy volume. Usable, practical information on pattern drafting, and construction work, in both light and heavy gauge metal, including sky-lights, roofing cornice work, patterns for forced air fittings, etc. Air conditioning is now creating wonderful opportunities for ambitious men in the sheet metal field. This big illustrated treatise is the latest revised edition! Full price only **$4.47** postpaid. Satisfaction or refund. Circle **No. 106** in the coupon.

The HUMAN BODY!

Teaches you how your body is constructed, how it works. Big 640-page course explains EVERY part of the body with hundreds of excellent illustrations. Learn about your nervous system, blood pressure, sex and reproduction, stomach, heart, lungs, digestion, muscles, brain, skin, the five senses, etc. Only **$4.98.** Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Circle **No. 107** in the coupon.

Handyman's Cyclopedia

SHOWS YOU HOW TO SAVE HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AROUND YOUR HOME EVERY YEAR! Like having a dependable hired man around your place 24 hours each day. Tells everything . . . shows everything . . . repairing, remodeling, modernizing . . . carpentry, painting and decorating . . . plumbing, heating, electric wiring and appliance repairing, furniture repairs, etc. Wonderfully illustrated—every operation pictured! Will save you time, trouble and money . . . and will make you the smartest handy man on your street. Full price only **$4.97** postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Simply circle **No. 114** in coupon on this page today.

MAKE MONEY WRITING!

How to write short articles, fillers, brief paragraphs, how-to stuff, etc. You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. This excellent one-volume course tells you exactly what to write, where and how to sell it, how to put across your short salable ideas in the right way so that editors will send you lots of small checks, regularly. Complete, price only **$3.95.** Just circle **No. 60** in the coupon below.

Learn CARTOONING and CARICATURING

Complete—practical—and easy to follow. A good short practical self-instruction course in caricaturing and drawing funny pictures. Contains more than 100 original professional illustrations! Tells you exactly what materials you need to start with. Then carefully instructs you every step of the way through drawing people and the animals, lettering, shading and shadowing, how and where to sell your drawings, etc. Even includes self-training assignments to help you improve your techniques more quickly. An excellent one-volume course! Price **$4.95.** Circle **No. 125** in coupon.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

NELSON-HALL COMPANY, Dept. LN-141
210 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Ill.

Draw a circle around the number of each course you want

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	13	15	16
18	20	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	30	31	32	33	34
38	40	41	43	44	49	53
55	58	59	60	61	62	101
102	103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	113	114	115	116
117	118	119	120	121	122	123
124	125	126	127	128	129	130

Please rush me the practical concentrated courses I have circled below. I understand each is complete and that this is the full price, nothing more for me to pay. I have the right to examine everything you send me for 10 full days. If I am not more than satisfied in every way I will return the material and you guarantee to make full refund, without question or quibble.

☐ I enclose $_____ in full payment. Ship entirely postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. for $_____ plus postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if above order is for two or more numbers. In this case we send you, **without extra charge,** a fine educational volume as a bonus. You'll be delighted with this excellent gift. And it is yours to keep, free, even if you return the courses after inspection. MAIL this coupon NOW—this special bonus offer is subject to cancellation when our present stock runs out.

HUMAN JERKED BEEF

(Continued from page 13)

portion of the leg on the sharpened stick.

Like a miser counting his hidden gold pieces, Packer rose and walked anxiously from one mound of tree branches to another, peering under each pile. He hummed the same little tune as he studied what lay under each heap of shrubs and branches. Five dead men lay there. Their bodies all bore the marks of a knife and a hatchet. Two men had bullet holes in the back of the skull.

Satisfied with what he saw, Packer threw some fresh wood on the fire and licked his lips as he watched the new portion of meat begin to brown and sizzle.

He spoke earnestly to himself, as if reassuring a frightened 6-year-old child: "There's nothin' to fear out here, Packer. You got the weather licked and there's plenty of firewood. As for food, you can live another month or two on all this meat if you have to. The boys won't mind you eatin' 'em; they're dead. Better one man should live and get out of these mountains than have everybody in the outfit die."

Somewhere in the high, thin air of the snowy desolation a lynx howled mournfully, as if it too were seeking food and warmth. At this doleful sound Alfred Packer became alert and crafty; the look of a jungle predator was on his watchful face. When he grinned, his prominent teeth gleamed in the light from the ebbing fire.

He spoke aloud to the unseen mountain cat: "Damn you, I dare you to come around here! I'll kill you if you do. This meat's mine, do you hear—mine! I ain't goin' to to share it with any filthy cat. Go find your own food, you bastard, or I'll shoot your head off!"

The man bent down and from a cache in the snow picked up a Winchester rifle. He seemed to breathe easier with the weapon in his hands. Then he raised it to his shoulder and fired blindly at the top of a scrubby bush. The shot echoed and re-echoed in the still mountain air. Overhead the rifle's reverberations set in motion a small snowslide; a mound of the powdery stuff cascaded down the slopes and covered the dead men.

With a string of curses Packer threw the rifle down and ran like a mad thing to each corpse, scraping the snow from the faces and torsos so they would remain within his sight. He babbled that he wouldn't be cheated, that the meat was his.

"I'm Alf Packer and I've got to live! There ain't anything on earth that can keep me from livin' and findin' gold. Do you here that, Israel Swan, old man? Are you listening, Miller? Tracy? How about it, Humphrey? Bell?"

The names of the dead men whose flesh he had eaten hung like echoes in the frigid air. As if he realized the enormity of his actions, Alfred Packer now gave a convulsive shudder and stared at the human remains with compassion and shock. Then he sat down on a log and, while the fire burned low and a freezing wind beat at his flesh through his heavy clothing, he buried his head in his hands and wept the hoarse, unaccustomed sobs of a strong man reduced to sniveling fear by forces beyond his control.

CANNIBALISM is a horrid act to civilized man. It's a practice ascribed to yesteryear's South Sea Islanders, Congo primitives, and a few Indian tribes in the South American jungles. It's difficult for any American or European to believe that under certain circumstances devouring the flesh of fellow human beings has been done in this and other "civilized" lands.

When members of California's famed Donner Party fell to eating one another after being marooned by winter's fury in the High Sierras, there was understanding—though no less abhorrence for the deed—after the full plight of these men, women and children became known to the outside world.

But it was the case of Alfred Packer that aroused the most indignation and outrage in America; for this gold prospector—the most celebrated cannibal in our national history—was accused and convicted of slaying and eating five men for profit as well as for subsistence.

Packer admitted eating flesh from five bodies. He also said he had killed one of the five men in his Colorado party which was searching for gold. He denied, however, that he had murdered all the men in order to rob and eat their flesh.

At one of his trials he told the prosecuting attorney: "Hell, man, what do you think—that I'm some kind of animal?"

The entire West, from Sacramento to Cheyenne, thought precisely that.

For almost a decade the case of Colorado's burly man-eater made the headlines from coast to coast. He escaped while awaiting trial and was at large almost nine years. When he was finally recaptured and sentenced to die, he cheated the hangman and stayed in prison fifteen more years, to become as much of a tourist attraction as Pike's Peak.

His human flesh-eating was immortalized in Rocky Mountain folk lore and ballads. Lynch parties sought to execute him. Women formed a lonely-hearts club which sent him love letters, gifts and flowers. Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London cast a $2,500 effigy of the American cannibal and displayed it for thirteen years. Then a fire melted the waxy features of Alf Packer and he was replaced in the Tussaud exhabit by a new mannequin of Otto Jaeger, the German kidnaper.

Packer's crime was debated in Congress and in a thousand saloons, town halls and churches of the West. In such Colorado mining camps as Loco, Wildhorse and Cripple Creek indignant men contributed to a fund—which ultimately totaled $12,000—to be presented to the volunteer who would assassinate Alfred Packer if the law failed to take his life. But people were afraid of the cannibal and nobody stepped forth to make a try for the prize money.

In Apollo Hall on Denver's Larimer Street—an unplastered, gaslit room above Dinmont's Saloon—200 cowboys, miners and stockmen gathered to hear Ellie Hayes, who called herself "the Poetess of the Rockies," declaim for three hours on the monstrous crime of cannibalism. They paid the hysterical lady poet the sum of $800 to hear her fulminate in verse against Alf Packer, who was languishing in a cell at the time, awaiting the hangman's noose.

As the years wore on and the man-eater escaped the gallows, served a long prison term, and re-entered human society, a cult of Packer devotees sprang up in the West and it became as risky to criticize the man as it once had been to say a word in his defense.

The Packer story began on the night of October 4, 1873, in the Provo, Utah boardinghouse of Mrs. Ernestine O'Malley, a somewhat plump blonde of sleazy habits and amorous inclinations who catered to miners, cowboys, hunters and trappers.

Frenchy Cabazon, a wiry, bearded drifter from Louisiana, excitedly waved a copy of the Salt Lake *Tribune,* which had printed a glowing account of "Summit County's Harvest of Gold Nuggets in the Territory of Colorado."

"Listen to what the feller in the newspaper writes, boys," Frenchy said in awe. "'Riches for the taking lie under one's feet, awaiting only the coming of men who will seize the gold. Men are becoming rich overnight simply by walking through the mountains and spotting the yellow treasure.' That's for me, fellows. How about you?"

The other boarders consulted a smudged and somewhat vague map of the West which had been owned by Mrs. O'Malley's late husband. A newcomer to the boardinghouse—a sullen and dark-complexioned tall man named Packer—impatiently grabbed the map and studied it intently.

He poked a finger at the middle of the sheet and said gruffly: "Here's where the newspaperman is writing about. I been there. Right here near Breckenridge in Summit County, Colorado. I think we ought to go there and take a look. Who's ready to go with me?"

Frenchy Cabazon exuberantly waved a hand in assent. Other men said yes, they would come, too—old Israel Swan, a hunched and feverish-eyed prospector who had searched for riches all his life; Bob McGrew, a jovial Civil War veteran who owned four horses and six pack mules; a 16-year-old youth named George Tracy; and almost a score of other idlers, roustabouts and adventurers who found the pickings slim around Provo.

"Packer is an ornery fellow but he knows the West," Bob McGrew said later. "I guess I trust him. He can have one of my



horses and I'll grubstake him. He'll lead us there."

Frenchy said doubtfully: "He's a strange one. Cold as ice and watchful like a rattlesnake. *Bien,* I will not protest; he may be the leader if he knows that country. It is more than 500 miles to the east."

Actually the men knew little of Alfred Packer, who had come to the boardinghouse after working in the copper mines at Bingham, Utah, where he was "leaded up with the mine sickness" and had to quit his job.

IT was later learned that Packer had been born in 1842 at Winona, Minnesota, had served briefly in the Civil War with the Union Army, and had been discharged while still a recruit from the 16th Regiment of the U.S. Infantry at Fort Ontario, New York.

He drew a $25 monthly disability pension from the government. It was a kick from a mule, not a war wound, that caused Packer's quick retirement from the Army after serving only three months in uniform.

Following this brief Army hitch, the man drifted through the West. He drove a stagecoach in Colorado, clerked in a store in New Mexico, worked as a ranch hand near Cheyenne and as a miner in Utah.

Only one thing about the taciturn fellow bothered hearty, good-natured Bob McGraw, who now experienced a twinge of doubt about grubstaking Packer for the long journey to Colorado.

"Packer tears at meat like he can't get enough to eat," McGrew observed to Frenchy Cabazon. "Hell, I ain't exactly a gentleman, but I'm damned if I'd let Packer eat a steak or a chop in front of my wife or sister. He's downright disgusting."

Cabazon reflected on this. It was true that Packer frequently complained that Mrs. O'Malley's chops were overdone, and on more than one occasion he had been observed in the kitchen covertly stealing a bit of raw beef, which he would devour with relish.

But the men of the boardinghouse were eager to reach the Colorado gold fields. They had little time or inclination, and less ability, to psychoanalyze the morose, quiet man who had offered to lead them to riches through grim mountain country.

On a wintry Monday morning in November they set out from Provo on horseback, in buckboards, leading mules and pack horses, following in reverse the trail which had been taken by the Mormons on their historic flight westward to Utah.

The road was rutted and invisible in many areas; it hadn't been used since 1851. Half the time the men and the animals were floundering in snow, slush and mud. But Alfred Packer was a steel-willed man and he knew the road and the country. He cursed and insulted the laggards and punched young George Tracy in the face when the boy moaned he was too weary to go on. He helped 68-year-old Israel Swan carry his gear and meager provisions when three packhorses sickened and died in the cold.

They sang "Lily Dale," "Oh, Susanna" and "Sweet Betsy From Pike" to keep their spirits up when the icy winds from the Rockies rubbed their faces like sandpaper, and blowing snow became tiny hot coals in their eyes.

Eight miles a day was regarded as real progress. One man, Walter Grebb, 51, suffered a heart attack from his exertions and died as they neared Colorado Territory. He was buried quickly, old Israel muttered a brief prayer, and the party plodded eastward.

Now the provisions of lard, grain, hardtack and jerked beef were in pitifully short supply. Half the men ate one day, the others had a little food the following day. Packer ordered the men to subsist on horse feed when their provisions were exhausted.

The horse feed was chopped barley liberally infested with maggots. Even this dwindling supply of grain was eyed jealously by the ravenous men. Packer drew his gun and threatened to shoot anybody who took more than half a cup of the food each day.

By the time they reached the junction of the Uncompahgre and Gunnison Rivers, there wasn't a spoonful of maggoty meal left for the hungry and weakened group of travelers.

"We're out of grub, and we're gonna die out here in the snow," mumbled Israel Swan.

"Or we'll be killed by Injuns," said Bob McGrew. "Look up there on that north ridge just above the butte. Injuns, by God!"

Panicky, George Tracy reached for his rifle and aimed it shakily at the distant Indian who sat motionless on a black horse, intently studying the procession of white men. Alfred Packer smashed his right fist at the youth's forearm and the rifle dropped soggily into a snowbank.

"What you do that for, Packer?" the boy whined. "It's Indians. They'll kill us for sure."

"Shut your damned mouth and act like a man. I'll talk to the Injuns. You be quiet, Tracy."

Packer advanced through the snowdrifts on his own mount, a handsome roan loaned by McGrew, and parleyed in the Ute tongue and sign language with the furred and imposing-looking man who led a band of fifteen armed Utes.

"Gotta hand it to the bastard," McGrew muttered to Swan. "Packer knows Injun talk, too. They won't attack."

A short time later Packer rejoined his party of prospectors and said curtly: "Put your weapons away and keep 'em out of sight. That's Ouray, a Ute chief. They call him the friend of the whites in the Territory. Ouray thought we were soldiers out to grab more land from his tribe. He has no interest in gold and says he will help us."

THE party of twenty-two whites stayed with Ouray and his Utes three weeks, gratefully drinking the hot bark tea and wolfing the pemmican, dried fish and roots which the Indians generously shared with the gold hunters. Ouray broke out his precious cache of flour and sorghum and divided it with the hungry travelers.

He said to Packer: "It means death to proceed across the mountains at this time of the year. The snows are as deep in the canyons as a white man's house. Two

(Continued on page 76)



Borrow BY MAIL

$32.49 Per Month Repays $600

Enjoy the things you want *now* with a confidential *LOAN-by-MAIL*—get any amount, $100.00 to $600.00. Pay back in small monthly installments to fit your paycheck. Take as long as 24 months. No co-makers. No-Charge Life Insurance pays your loan if you die. Everything private. No matter where you live, rush this coupon. Loan Order Blank mailed **Free** in plain envelope. No obligation. Act!

Cash YOU WANT

Amount of Loan	24 Monthly Payments
$100	$ 5.03
$300	$17.49
$400	$22.75
$500	$27.89
$600	$32.49

DIAL FINANCE CO., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg. DEPT. M-69 - OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

DIAL FINANCE CO., Dept. M-69
410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Omaha 2, Neb.
Please rush FREE Loan Order Blank.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Amount you want to borrow $_____

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT

Men-Women, fascinating jobs all over the world. South America, Hawaii, Australia, Alaska, Europe, Far East, Africa. Experience not required. All ages. Free information.

Davenport Foreign Service, Dept. 828
G.P.O. 1354, New York 1, N. Y.

You can paint



. . . even if you can't draw a straight line now!

You start with simple drawings. And we train you at home, in spare time, to prepare for a high-pay career or fascinating hobby. Now, through our simplified course, you learn Oil and Watercolor Painting, Commercial Art, Illustrating, Cartooning, Fashion Drawing, TV Art, Lettering, etc. *All for only 20¢ a day!* No previous art training needed. Instructions are personalized, step-by-step.

Earn While You Learn

Have your own studio — or earn good money as staff artist for ad agency, newspaper, magazine, store, etc. Many of our students earn while they learn — pay for Course even before they finish. TWO 22-piece Artist Outfits (worth $25) included *at no extra cost.*

36-Page Book Yours Free

"Art for Pleasure and Profit" fully describes this low-cost WSA Course, tells about success of students, opportunities in field today. Send for it NOW. No obligation. No salesman will call. **WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 5411, Port Washington, N.Y.** (Estab. 1914 — Licensed by N.Y. State Education Dept.)



"The School That Gives So Much for So Little"

MAIL NOW FOR FREE BOOK

Washington School of Art
Studio 5411, Port Washington, N.Y.

Send me — FREE — your new 36-page illustrated book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." No obligation. No salesman will call.

Name.....
(Please print clearly)

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

(Continued from page 75)

houses deep. The passes are clogged and men and animals would die in the drifts. Stay with us until the snows melt."

But the white men were bored and restless already. They sat around the fire and thought about gold. A drover, 24-year-old O. D. Loutsenhizer from Kansas, said bitterly: "To hell with this livin' on the Injuns. Some of us are leaving. I gotta find me some gold."

Ouray's coppery face was impassive, but he counseled Loutsenhizer and four other men to follow the Gunnison River and never to leave it. He gave them provisions and they set forth on snowshoes, only to encounter one of the worst storms of that winter. Losing their way, they wandered away from the river and into the mountain wilds for six days, subsisting on rushes, frozen rosebuds and frozen grasses.

Late one afternoon Mike Burton from Omaha, a member of Loutsenhizer's party, made out a brown shape standing dimly in the blowing snow. Plunging forward, he saw that it was a starving and bony United States government cow. The animal had wandered away from the Los Pinos Indian Agency.

Burton, Loutsenhizer and the three other men had lost their knives and guns in the snow, so they strangled the cow. They sucked the blood and ate the meat raw, after sawing it from the carcass with a sharpened stone. Soon half the cow was eaten and its bones were exposed.

They carried strips of the animal's flesh in their knapsacks, and five days later the men—miraculously alive though delirious from cold, hunger and fear—staggered into the Los Pinos Agency through drifts as high as a man's thigh. Here they were given whisky and dry clothes, and they lay in a stupor for days.

"We'll stay here till spring comes," said Loutsenhizer. "To blazes with the gold. May that newspaper feller in Salt Lake rot in hell for writing that piece about the nuggets. I'm just glad to be alive now."

It was February 9 and the snow had stopped falling, but Ouray, wise in the ways of the Colorado winters, warned the white men that new storms could be expected any day.

Old Swan said: "I'll become a squaw man if I stay here any longer." With distaste he eyed the giggling Indian women who crouched behind Ouray and the other braves and watched the white men. "Let's get going, Packer. Loutsenhizer prob'ly made it to the gold fields; at least he and the others didn't come back here."

Alfred Packer nodded. He was a man of few words, and quietly packed his gear. Once again the kindly Ouray gave this second party a handout of food, but this time it was a smaller amount, for the Utes' own provender was running perilously low.

With Alfred Packer again serving as the guide, the white men followed the Gunnison River which led toward the Los Pinos Agency, where they counted on obtaining additional food. In this new group were old Israel Swan; Frank Miller, a rolypoly German butcher from Philadelphia; young George Tracy; a 30-year-old former Confederate cavalryman named James Humphrey; and Shannon Wilson Bell, 33, a thin, nervous man who had been a whisky salesman, a horsecar driver in Chicago and the husband of four wives.

Packer said: "I reckon it will take us a good week to reach the Los Pinos Agency. We'll make it if we don't waste time or get lost. Don't eat too well, boys; save your grub. We'll need it."

They were well-supplied with winter clothing and blankets. Young Tracy and old Mr. Swan had Winchester rifles. Miller the butcher carried a meat-trimming knife tucked in his belt. Shannon Bell owned a small hatchet which he used for chopping firewood at their nightly stops.

Packer's party made satisfactory progress for the first three days, though snow was falling again. When they reached the mouth of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River, Packer said without hesitation: "We'll take the right fork after stayin' here tonight."

Old Israel Swan protested. "The Injun chief said to stay on the Gunnison's shore and not to leave it, son. He should know. But you're changin' directions. Why?"

Packer's swarthy face became even darker. "Shut up, old man! I'm the head man here. I know this land. If you don't like it, go back to Ouray's camp and stay with the Injun women."

On February 17 they were six tiny dark figures trudging through a vast snowy wasteland in the middle of the barren Uncompahgre Valley near Dry Creek. Packer and his fellow travelers were glimpsed by two other men who had come out from Provo with them—Preston Nutter and James Montgomery, who had been shooting rabbits to take back as food to Ouray's winter quarters where they prudently intended to stay until the thaws came.

"We thought it was strange that Packer and the other men were heading away from the Gunnison," Nutter told a court many years afterward. "We yelled a halloo at them but the wind was stiff and nobody heard us. They looked so far away and small. That was the last time we seen any of 'em alive. Except Packer, the dirty cannibal."

THE Los Pinos Indian Agency was a collection of shacks and a corral located on Cochetopa Creek almost 80 miles across the mountains from Ouray's winter camp. Here the Indian Agent, Gen. Charles Adams, kept supplies for the Utes who were federal wards. He was known as a sharp negotiator with the tribe for land and mineral rights.

On Wedensday morning, April 16, 1874, Gen. Adams, a hearty man who liked to eat, was devouring a large breakfast with his secretary, Maj. James P. Downer, and Herman Lueders, a supply clerk. Adams, who had keen vision despite his 60 years, shaded his eyes with his hand and peered at the foothills leading to the high ranges.

"Get my field glasses, Lueders," he ordered. "I swear I see a man coming down alone from the mountains. Good Lord, a man afoot coming out of the Rockies! He must have wintered there. It seems impossible!"

Thirty-five minutes later Sgt. Michael Trask, who had been sent out with a spare horse to meet the stranger, came back with a bone-weary tall man who carried live coals in a coffeepot to keep his hands warm. A Winchester rifle was slung over his shoulder.

He said his name was Alfred Packer and he looked around with appreciation at the potbellied stove, the chairs, the well-set table, the rug. It was obvious that he hadn't enjoyed any of the amenities of civilization for a long time.

He wolfed the toast, eggs and hot coffee the soldiers brought him, but his face took on a stricken, sick look when he was offered a breakfast steak.

"No meat!" he rasped. "Damn you, no meat, I say! Just more coffee."

Gen. Adams and his aides thought this irrational outburst could be attributed to the stranger's long sojourn in the frigid mountains. They gave him a bunk and he slept for twelve hours.

Later Packer identified himself as a former Union Army man and said: "You wonder what happened to the men who were with me, General? They must be dead now, all of 'em. We started out from Ouray's camp to find gold, but we got lost. I begged 'em to stay close, not to get separated. But they got panicky and wouldn't listen. They never came back for me after I sprained my foot and had to rest awhile. I've been living on frozen berries, roots and leaves. But I'm alive!"

Leuders, the supply clerk, whispered to Sgt. Trask: "He ate damned good food, if you ask me. Look at his face and body. He's strong as an ox. Face is full and fleshy. Imagine, he's been in the mountains for almost eighty days!"

Gen. Adams spoke. "Why didn't you get meat by shooting plovers, conies or mule deer? You have a rifle."

Packer replied: "Didn't see any, sir. Got off one shot at a deer and missed. It's been a terrible winter up there; even the animals left."

"We've had some of your friends staying here," Maj. Downer said. "A chap named Loutsenhizer and some others. They were in bad shape after being up in the mountains. They returned to Utah last week."

"I'm not staying, Major. I'm goin' back for gold in those mountains. That's why I came here."

The following day Alfred Packer told the men at the Indian Agency that he was broke and needed cash. He sold his Winchester to Maj. Downer for $10, then went into the near-by mining hamlet of Saguache in the company of several thirsty soldiers from the Agency.

Packer idly carved his initials on a table in a saloon, and one of the soldiers asked: "Where'd you get that knife, Packer? It looks like a good one."

"It is. One of our party was Frank Miller, a butcher. He stuck the knife in a tree trunk and never came back for it. So I took it."

Saguache had six saloons, four brothels and an inordinate appetite for fun and money. The soldiers from the Agency noted that Alfred Packer seemed to have plenty of cash, though he had sold his rifle for $10 because he claimed he was destitute. Peeping into the man's wallet, Cpl. Henry

Blechman saw that Packer had a thick roll of currency including six $50 gold notes, many smaller bills and a Wells Fargo bank draft for $160.

Packer bought a horse and bridle from the general store of Mears & Gottlieb for $115 and stood treat for many rounds of drinks. A prostitute named Fanny Simms caught his eye, but this painted woman of 28—who had never been known to reject any male with money—ignored Packer's offer of $35 for her love. Her usual fee was $10.

"I just don't like you, Mister," she said candidly. "Keep your money. You don't seem human to me. I'm afraid of you."

At her words Alfred Packer's wide lips drew back in a snarl and his prominent teeth gleamed in the gaslit brothel parlor. He reached for Fanny's wrist and twisted it cruelly.

She sank to her knees, her rouged face white with pain. But she spat at him: "Hurt me—kill me—but I ain't going to bed with you, Mister. Animal!"

A hand fell roughly on Packer's shoulder. It belonged to Maj. Downer, who had ridden to Saguache at Gen. Adams' orders to bring Packer back to the Agency at once. Downer, a no-nonsense type with side arms and a hard face, was accompanied by four troopers.

He said: "Let the girl alone and get moving, Packer. The general wants to see you pronto."

The unkempt Packer stifled his resentment and managed a half-smile. "Sure, Major, I'm just having a little fun with the slut. No hard feelings. Glad to oblige the general!"

WHEN the major, the soldiers and Alfred Packer returned to the Los Pinos Agency, they encountered three of the men from Provo who had spent the previous two months in Ouray's winter camp. Now these gold-seekers also had reached the government buildings and were astounded to find Alf Packer alive.

Said one of them, Gus Briggs, a ranch hand who had turned prospector: "How come you got Miller's knife, Bell's hatchet, and so much money, Packer? That rifle you sold the major didn't belong to you. You had no gun when we come out from Utah, remember? The Winchester belonged to old Israel Swan. He'd as soon part with his right arm as give you that gun. You must have stolen it from Swan or killed him. What did you do to those men, Packer? Where are they?"

Gen. Adams spoke. "Cpl. Blechman tells me you spent money rather generously in Saguache, Packer. But you told us you were destitute, that you had to have $10 from Maj. Downer. Yet you had almost $500 on your person in Saguache. Where did you get it?"

"Max Connors, the blacksmith in Saguache, is an old family friend. He loaned me the money, General."

The Indian Agent sent a corporal on a fast horse to town, where the smith indignantly denied having loaned Packer any cash. In fact, said Connors, he had met Packer at the bar that day for the first time in his life.

"And I can't say that I liked him. There's something wrong about that fellow. He seemed like he was tryin' to buy friends with all that money."

Confronted with this rebuttal, Alfred Packer surveyed the ring of unfriendly, questioning faces at Los Pinos. Then he said: "I'd tell you the truth, Gen. Adams, but I'm afraid of your boys. They might kill me after I speak."

"Nonsense, they are military men, Packer, and I'm their commanding officer. They won't hurt you, I swear it."

The story Packer told before eleven witnesses was a shocking one. After leaving Ouray's camp and taking the wrong fork at the river, the party's provisions had become depleted and the gold-seekers were hopelessly lost in the Rockies. Old Israel Swan, gnawing futilely at his boot laces for a little nourishment, had died of hunger on the 12th day. The survivors had sliced strips of flesh from the skinny oldster, had eaten some and saved the rest in their grub bags.

Three days later Shannon Bell shot the butcher, Miller, who had gone berserk during the 5-below-zero night. Since old Swan's meat had been consumed by then, Bell, Tracy, Humphrey and Packer had skinned the portly butcher with his own knife. They had used their last vial of salt on his flesh to flavor it, and had retained chunky strips of Miller's body for future meals.

"Old Swan had $800 on him," Packer related in his first confession. "We divided the money. Later, when I was out hunting firewood and looking for rabbits or birds to kill and eat, Bell killed the other men. He claimed they were feeble and would mean trouble for us if we had to forage for them, too. I disagreed, but I was afraid of Bell by now."

"And did you eat those men, too?"

Packer's leathery visage took on a dreamy quality. "Yes, General, we did. The breast meat was the best-tasting part. But we had to, sir, can't you understand? We'd have starved up there if we didn't eat their flesh."

Sgt. Trask excused himself, went outside, and gave up his dinner.

Inside, Packer's oral confession continued. Bell, he said, was a ravenous fellow who ate most of the human meat. Once again Bell and Packer, now the only survivors in the mountains, were reduced to digging in the frozen earth for roots and weeds to sustain their strength.

"Bell and I swore not to kill or eat each other," Packer recalled. "But he was a weakling. He couldn't take the hunger and the cold. One night he lunged at me with his hatchet and I knew it was him or me now. So I tripped him. He fell on his face in the fire. Then I finished him off with his own hatchet.

"That left just me—and Bell's body was fresh meat. I figured I could live another month or so. As I walked down and sighted the Agency, there was just a strip of leg meat left. I stuffed it into a hole under a rock. I didn't want it on me when I came down here, General. What would you have done, sir? Starve or eat the men?"

For the first time in his thirty years as an officer Gen. Adams was uncertain and shaken to the core. He downed a whisky

(Continued on page 78)

SAVE UP TO 50%
on NATIONAL BRANDS of
Watches, Binoculars, Luggage, etc.

RUSH $1.00 FOR DISCOUNT CATALOG AND LEATHER GIFT WALLET

FIDELIS WHOLESALERS
Box 1324 **Dania, Florida**

HYPNOTISM

Be Popular Amaze Entertain

Learn to apply Hypnotism and Auto-suggestion in short time by training at home. Write to America's oldest, most famous Hypnotic School for free information — now — today. DON'T DELAY. Satisfaction or money refunded. Sent in plain wrapper.

JUST FILL IN COUPON AND MAIL

School of Applied Hypnology
Dept. GM-75
11 E. 47th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me free information.

Name .....

Address .....

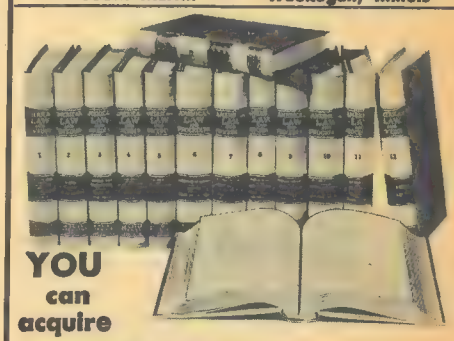
City ..... State .....

"WHAT MOST MEN KNOW ABOUT WOMEN"

An interesting little book guaranteed to fool you . . . . full of surprises . . . . a laugh on every page.

Order Yours NOW — ONLY $1.00

RA-MEY
19 South Martin **Waukegan, Illinois**



YOU can acquire LAW AT HOME! EARN LL. B. DEGREE

LaSalle's famous Law Library—used as reference in many Law libraries and Law offices—has enabled thousands to master Law surprisingly fast, in spare hours at home, for business and professional advancement.

These 14 remarkable volumes, compiled by leading professors and lawyers, cover the whole basic field of Law in condensed, orderly, simplified manner.

You advance rapidly with this great library, plus special lectures furnished. We guide you step-by-step with personalized Problem Method of instruction...you *learn by doing*—handling legal problems—not by memorizing rules.

Send for two FREE booklets, "Law Training for Leadership," and "Evidence," answering questions about Law and its value to you. Mail coupon below. No obligation.

Accredited member, National Home Study Council

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn St. Dept. 11384L Chicago 5, Ill.

Send me your two FREE booklets described above, without obligation

Name.....*Age*.....

Street.....

City, Zone & State.....

(Continued from page 77)

quickly and said huskily: "My God, Packer, I don't know . . . I don't know!"

Maj. Downer had taken notes and Packer had signed the confession. Now, as Downer read the sheets over, he wasn't satisfied with the man's story.

"Make him take us to what remains of the bodies, sir," he urged Gen. Adams. "His account just doesn't ring true somehow."

With no show of reluctance, the arrested man agreed to lead a search party into the mountains. At dawn the following day Packer, Downer, Pvt. James McIntosh, Sgt. Trask and three Ute trackers set out for the Gunnison River. At the fork where Packer had made the wrong turn, despite Ouray's instructions, the self-confessed man-eater turned pale and broke down for the first time.

"I can't go on," he said. "It's—it's too horrible. Don't make me face those bodies."

Maj. Downer grabbed him by the neck and shook him. "Then, by God, you must have killed all those men yourself, acting guilty this way! You took the wrong fork here on purpose. You let them starve, killed them for their money and weapons, then ate their flesh. You stinking man-eater!"

Packer was tied with rope to his horse and led back to the Los Pinos settlement under armed guard, while Maj. Downer and his Indian trackers pressed on. Three days later they found the remains of a fire and scraps of blankets. There was also a discarded pillbox with Alfred Packer's name on the label. Downer now believed that Packer had slain his companions and had tossed their remains—after slicing off enough meat for his needs—into a near-by lake.

The Utes dragged the lake with nets after cutting a beaver dam and lowering the water level. They found nothing, though they dredged the waters and explored the surrounding forests for ten more days.

On his return to Los Pinos Maj. Downer was told by Gen. Adams: "That damned cannibal Packer fought like a tiger when we got him back here. He threatened to kill me, bashed his head against a wall, and had to be put in irons. Tomorrow I'll turn him over to Sheriff Amos Wall in Saguache."

WITH no evidence against him other than his admission that he ate human flesh, Packer was held in the two-cell, adobe jail at Saguache while the authorities pondered what to do with him. During this time John A. Randolph of New York City, an artist for *Harper's Weekly*, went on a sketching tour for his magazine in the Uncompahgre Mountains.

Looking for a better vantage point, he climbed a steep bluff on August 16 and suddenly came upon the remains of five men lying close together in a cave. The cold nights at this high elevation had partially preserved the corpses. The sickened artist saw that great gouges of flesh had been taken from the thighs and breasts; strips of skin had been neatly pared from the limbs. Facial skin had also been cut away.

(*Editors' Note: The site where the remains were found may be viewed today 5 miles east of Lake City, Colorado. A simple marker has been placed there. State maps identify it cryptically as "Cannibal Plateau."*)

Preston Nutter, one of the original trekkers from Provo, had settled down as a rancher in San Juan County. He hurried in his buckboard to Saguache and identified the grisly human scraps as the remains of Swan, Miller, Tracy, Humphrey and Bell. Scraps of clothing on the corpses helped him to make the identification.

Almost skeletons now, they lay in their blankets, lacking guns, knives, money and jewelry. Three of the skulls had been split open, probably with a hatchet. Two had bullet holes in the back of the head, showing they had been shot from behind. There were no broken branches, scuffed earth or other signs of a struggle.

Alfred Packer was formally charged with murder and held in the adobe cabin which served as the jail in Saguache. Throughout the villages and mining camps of Colorado the word was carried by horsemen, Indians, farmers and prospectors: "They got a real live cannibal in the jail in Saguache! The feller killed and ate five men. No indigestion from it. Let's go see the devil!"

The shocking news spread through Dry Gulch, Hangman's Flat, Germantown and Boulder. It seeped into Central City, Georgetown, Canon City and Denver. The Cherry Creek *Pioneer* editorialized that "the American cannibal Packer should be placed in a zoo with other wild animals, then he should be destroyed, stuffed and placed in a museum of horrors."

At the smelter in Blackhawk, Ephraim Hawkes, an enterprising workman, struck off "cannibal medallions" with Packer's likeness and exaggerated vulpine teeth. He sold these at $3 each in the saloons and bordellos of the mining country, clearing $2,000 in five days.

In prosperous Leadville the town's six "wine theaters"—including the Gaiety, the Theater Comique, the Strand and the New Show—hastily introduced new vaudeville acts re-enacting Packer's foul deeds.

At the Tabor Grand Opera House in Leadville—owned by mining tycoon "Haw" Tabor, who avidly followed the news of the man-eater—a scheduled drama, "Life and Trials of a Factory Girl," was abruptly canceled. A local amateur named Hubert Meeker overnight penned a three-act drama titled "Flesh-Eating Ghoul of the Rockies," and the Opera House proudly featured this new play. Miners, cowboys, townspeople and ranchers fought one another and paid as much as $7 a seat to view the gory two-hour production.

In his cell Alf Packer sat quietly playing solitaire and talking now and then with his jailer, "Indian Jack" Potter, a slow-moving and somewhat dim-witted man of 55. The corpulent Potter didn't worry about the safety of his famous prisoner; outside thirty soldiers and militiamen stood guard and ordered the milling crowds to move along. But the primitive jail house had a rear door which led to the outskirts of town and into the foothills.

Packer said: "Potter, I'll bet you $5 you can't do five push-ups from the floor. You're too sloppy and fat for it. Some jailer!"

Potter was wheezy and angry. He fell for the bait. "You're on, you damned cannibal. I'm a lawman, not a weakling."

Laboriously the stout jailer got down on all fours preparatory to doing his push-ups. Moving up behind him, Alfred Packer doubled his fist and chopped hard at the man's bald head just over the left ear. Potter groaned and lost consciousness.

Taking some blankets, dried food, a bottle of whisky and some money from the jailer's desk, Packer cautiously opened the back door. He saw nobody and walked briskly away into the night.

In front of the jail fifty miners and cowboys yelled: "Let's go get the s.o.b. who eats other men! We'll let him chaw with his teeth on a rope around his neck."

The soldiers kept the would-be vigilantes moving. An old woman in a shapeless denim dress approached and showed the jail to her wide-eyed grandchildren. She croaked: "That's where Alf Packer is! Right in that jail is a man who will eat you if you kids don't behave! Are you going to mind me, or do you want the cannibal to eat you?"

The children began to snivel and the soldiers and deputies laughed. But the old granny was wrong; Packer wasn't in the jail. By this time he was miles away in the pine forests, a dark wraith with a bedroll, provisions and a contempt for all mankind. As Packer, he wasn't to be heard from again for almost a decade.

THE escape of the Colorado man-eater made headlines from coast to coast. For weeks worried homesteaders locked their families up at night and stood guard with rifles and clubs lest the man-eater invade their dwellings and devour their loved ones. The unhappy jailer, Potter, was fired and had to leave the Territory. A $5,000 reward for Packer's capture, dead or alive, was posted by the Territorial legislature.

Packer was reported in San Francisco, Chicago, Cuba and South Carolina. But the wanted man never materialized; he seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. As the years passed interest in him dwindled and he was put out of mind by the 40,000 residents of the Territory, who achieved statehood soon after and began to worry about such mundane things as railroads, taxation, credit from Eastern banks and soil conservation.

In March of 1883 Frenchy Cabazon, one of the original gold-seekers who had followed the Mormon trail with Packer from Utah to Colorado, was peddling tinware and clothing from a covered wagon on the road between Cheyenne and Fort Fetterman. Staying overnight in the home of Horace Brown, Frenchy was drowsing (he'd downed almost a quart of whisky) when suddenly he sat bolt upright in bed. He had heard a voice which he would always remember, coming through the thin wood partition between his room and another in Brown's house.

At first the shaken Frenchman thought he'd had a nightmare. He reached for a new bottle and took a long swig. His sharp Gallic features were greenish; his dark, expressive eyes were glazed with dread.

Soon he heard a horseman canter away.

Cabazon, still in a nervous sweat, awoke his host, Brown, and said: "Quick, my friend, tell me who was that other man who just left this house. I must know!"

Brown rubbed his eyes sleepily. "You dumb furriner, he's just an old friend. We been playing cards and talking. His name is John Swartze, lives on Crazy Horse Creek. John's woman is a squaw, an Arapahoe Injun named Ma-Su-Ho."

Frenchy asked with mounting excitement: "Does he have two fingers missing from his left hand?"

"Yup, that's Swartze, all right. Do you know him?"

Cabazon didn't wait to reply. Gibbering with fear but thinking of the reward money, he took another pull of whisky and jumped into his canvas-covered wagon, which was laden with gee-gaws such as any peddler sold. An hour later he was in the office of Sheriff Louis Carter and blurted out an incredible story.

"It's the cannibal, Alf Packer! He's living here in Hinsdale County. I heard him, Sheriff. I'd know that voice till I die! And he's got two fingers missing; so has Packer. Go get him—he's a killer!"

The sheriff had known John Swartze for five years; he looked at Frenchy with disbelief and suspicion. The peddler had been drinking heavily. Besides, Sheriff Carter distrusted foreigners who spoke with an accent and showed their emotions.

Still, he reflected on the $5,000 reward which he would share with Cabazon if the peddler's story could possibly be true, so he said: "All right, Frenchy, let's go and see. If you recognize him, scratch your right ear. I'll arrest him."

Swartze was out plowing when the sheriff and Frenchy Cabazon arrived at his farm. Speaking pidgin to the Arapahoe squaw, Sheriff Carter told her to go get her man. A few minutes later a gaunt, muscular farmer with a full beard and deep-set, watchful eyes came up to the visitors.

"Morning, Sheriff, what's on your mind?"

Swartze paid little attention to Frenchy, who kept his own face averted so the farmer would not recognize him and take flight. Pale and quaking, the peddler tugged furiously at his right ear, for there was no doubt in his mind that this man was Alfred Packer.

Sheriff Carter turned pale himself. But he was a brave officer—though he had been nervous at the prospect of meeting the cannibal—so he said coolly: "John, the Frenchman here says you're Alfred Packer. Is Cabazon lying or are you that man?"

"John Swartze" looked hard at Cabazon. Swartze carried no weapon. He clenched his large, strong hands as if he would like to strangle Frenchy's scrawny neck. Then he spoke slowly.

"Yes, I'm the man you're looking for, Sheriff. My name is Packer. But I didn't kill those men in the mountains. I swear it. I ate on 'em, yes, but I didn't kill my friends."

Sheriff Carter wasn't taking any chances. He had his Colt pistol trained on Alfred Packer and said sternly: "Put your coat on and come with me. You're still a wanted man, Packer; you know that."

There was the rustle of moccasined feet behind the sheriff. Acting instinctively, he ducked just as the Indian woman Ma-Su-Ho hurled a pitchfork at his head. A tine of the weapon knocked off Carter's broad-brimmed hat. Another tine caught Frenchy Cabazon on the right cheek, grazing the skin. Blood spurted and the little peddler howled in fright and pain.

Sheriff Carter contemptuously shoved the jabbering Indian woman into a pile of straw and said to Frenchy: "Quit your yelling and help me guard Packer. That cut on your face is nothing. If Packer takes a bite out of you—should he be hungry, that is—you'd really be a mess!"

ON a dull, cloudy Sunday in March, 1883 a special train of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad chugged into Denver's Union Station. It pulled only two cars.

"That first car contains the man-eater," croaked an excited little woman to a beautiful blonde girl named Polly Pry who was a reporter for the Denver *Post*. "My husband told me about it; he's a railroad brakeman. There are plenty of guards in the second coach, too."

For almost a week, through the newspapers and by word-of-mouth, the startling news had spread—Alf Packer, the man-eater, who was presumed dead after nine long years, was returning in chains to face judgment for murdering and eating five men.

Rich mine owners in their carriages leaned out to watch in awe as the train ground to a halt. Hunters and trappers in buckskin, gamblers in fancy waistcoats, plainsmen with belts and revolvers, teamsters in leather suits, and dandies from the East dressed in yellow gloves and spats—all were hushed, waiting for Alfred Packer to descend from the train.

Denver policemen, a squad of militiamen, sheriff's deputies and fifteen soldiers formed a double line in front of Coach No. 1. Two deputies stepped from the railroad car holding a heavy length of chain. At the other end of the chain was the prisoner, with a 20-pound steel ball riveted to his ankle. Denver's crowd of 3,000 curious spectators saw a dark-haired man in his 40's with a lined face and a wry smile on heavy lips.

A high-school boy said in awe: "Gee, look at the big teeth he's got!"

Cries went up from the mob. Some Chinese laundrymen on the roof of the Grand Pacific Hotel tossed down firecrackers, adding to the din.

"There's the flesh-eating devil himself!"

"Hey, Packer, do you like mustard or catsup on your human sandwiches?"

"Hang the fiend now! Why spend the State's money on a trial?"

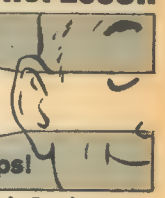
Polly Pry winced as she scribbled her impressions in a reporter's notebook. "'The people themselves are cannibals today,'" she wrote and read aloud. "'They are howling for the blood of a fellow human being. I feel sorry for the poor unhappy man-eater. Packer looks so alone, helpless, out of touch with humanity.'"

The woman standing next to the reporter screeched: "Packer's a damned cannibal, you hussy, and deserves no mercy!

(Continued on page 80)

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

BECOMES A MEMORY EXPERT



While he sleeps!

Uses Patented Electronic Device To Train His Memory For Instant Recall

I used to have trouble remembering names, dates, facts, languages, and scientific formulae as well as my wife's birthday. But not any more! Now I've discovered an amazing electronic device. It has actually helped me memorize detailed data, master three foreign languages and recall speech material instantly. I've even learned bridge rules, music, poetry and prose. It's really astonishing! Don't let a poor memory handicap you, when a good memory opens the door to greater success, added confidence and enjoyment. For now you can actually train your memory to recall *anything* you learn—automatically.

Here's how: The patented Memory Trainer, using a dramatically new recording principle, electronically increases memory retention as it accelerates the learning process. This amazing new kind of teaching tool is used by educators, psychologists, people of all ages and professions. Yet it's so simple, even a child can work its clock-controlled electronic tape system.

Learn not to forget anything you want to remember. It's easy. Start right now with Lesson One: Don't forget to send for complete evidence of the Memory Trainer's amazing effectiveness. Call or write TODAY for FREE book, FREE DEMONSTRATION. There's no obligation.

MODERNOPHONE, INC. Circle 7-0830
323-111 Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE Booklet. I am interested in learning more about the Dormiphone Memory Trainer and what it can do for me. No obligation—no salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

My main interest in the Memory Trainer is for:

☐ Language Learning ☐ Speech Improvement
☐ Memorization ☐ School or College Work



$$ TREASURE $$

New transistor metal detector finds lost or hidden treasure, coins, gold, silver, jewelry, relics. Profitable hobby. New underwater metal detector detects sunken ships, outboard motors, etc. in up to 300 feet of salt or fresh water. Operates from a boat. Scintillation counters. Many other models. Free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept.42 2545 East Indian School
Phoenix, Arizona

POEMS

★ **Wanted To Be Set To Music**
★ by America's Largest Song Studio.
★ Send Poems. Immediate consideration.
★ **Phonograph Records Made**

FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 793 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.



BE SHARP! NEW

FOR MEN

GROOMING AIDS. A complete line of special cosmetics, etc. Send for **FREE** catalog TODAY

J&M Co, Box 4188, Dallas 8, Texas

Please rush **FREE** catalog.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone__ State____

(Continued from page 79)

Death is too good for him. If you admire him so, maybe we ought to kill you, too!"

The girl writer barely had time to run through the crowd and disappear down a side street. Already a band of ruffians carrying barrel staves and knives, attracted by the other woman's screams and curses on Polly's head, were searching for the newspaperwoman to mete out punishment.

At 7:45 p.m. that evening Alfred Packer made a second confession in the presence of three police officials. It was transcribed and sworn to by the prisoner in the presence of U.S. Marshal Simon W. Cantril.

(*Editors' Note*: *The document can still be inspected in the law library of the Supreme Court of Colorado.*)

In this confession Packer stated that he had returned to his mountain campsite one afternoon to discover that Shannon Bell had killed the other prospectors.

"He had used his gun and hatchet on the men. When Bell saw me, he raised the hatchet and advanced on me with murder written on his face. I lunged at him, he fell, and I grabbed the hatchet, killing him with his own weapon.

"I tried to make my way out of the mountains, but the snow kept getting worse. It snowed some every day. So I hunkered down and lived off the flesh of the five men for the better part of sixty days. When the spring thaws came I hiked out, carrying some dried strips of the flesh as food. I disposed of these strips when I saw I was near the Indian Agency at Los Pinos, for I was ashamed of how I'd had to live. I, Alfred Packer, of my own free will voluntarily do swear that this statement is true, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me God."

The man-eater's trial in Denver began on April 6. Only one murder, that of Israel Swan, was charged in the indictment. It was difficult to select an unprejudiced jury. People's imaginations and emotions were so stirred that few men said they could serve impartially on the panel. Most of the people of the new state of Colorado considered Packer guilty and discounted his confession, which had discrepancies and gaps.

There were eighteen witnesses for the prosecution. The artist who had found the rotting bodies long before testified as to their condition. On the stand were Maj. Downer, Gen. Adams and others who had interrogated Packer back at Los Pinos almost a decade earlier.

PACKER himself spent six hours on the stand. He made an impassioned speech to the court. "We were hungry, I tell you! Oh, so hungry! Humphrey ate his moccasins and I ate mine two days later. The worst of it all was the lack of salt. We chewed pine gum but it made us weak and nauseated. We ate frozen rosebuds and prayed for salt. After Bell killed the others, and I killed Bell, I kept wishing I had salt that I could sprinkle on the meat before I ate a little each day. At the final campsite I ate rosebuds and three pieces of meat taken from the abdomen of George Tracy, the youngest one in our party. When I saw I was only two or three miles from the government agency at Los Pinos, I threw the rest of the meat away before I walked down to the plain, and a soldier met me with a spare horse."

The jury thought the man was lying under oath. Charles Smollett, one of the jurymen, later said: "We fellows believed that the gold-hunters followed the Gunnison River until they reached Lake Fork, and that Packer knowingly misled them to the desolate spot where he committed his crimes. Robbery was his motive, for he was broke when he left Utah, but he spent large sums carousing in Saguache after he was saved.

"Besides, he claimed that he killed Bell with the hatchet in self-defense. But the hatchet wound was in the back of Bell's skull. It looked to us like he sneaked up from behind and killed all the men, including Bell."

At 9 a.m. on April 13, 1883 the jury brought in a verdict of guilty as charged. "We find the killing of Swan was premeditated."

And at 5 p.m. that day Judge H. S. Gerry sentenced Packer to die on the scaffold on May 19, saying with feeling: "Prisoner, close your eyes to the blandishments of hope. Prepare for the dread certainty of death and to meet the spirits of your murdered victims, whom you violated after their demise. And may God have mercy on your soul after you have paid in part for your unspeakable acts!"

The invitations to Alf Packer's hanging were more precious than gold ingots. The Slocum Press in Boulder, Colorado printed 3,000 fancy invitations on deckle-edged, embossed paper, which were sent out by Sheriff Clair Smith to his friends, voters, newsmen and famous people, as if he were inviting them to a lavish banquet instead of an execution.

Lillian Russell, the famed actress of the era, received an invitation and promised to attend the hanging. Mark Twain received one and angrily sent it back, saying: "The death of a cannibal at the hands of so-called civilized men makes them as demonic as the victim they sacrifice."

Tourists from as far East as Philadelphia came to Colorado for a glimpse of the celebrated man-eater before he died on the gallows. The city of Gunnison proudly printed a pamphlet describing his crimes, the fame he had brought to Colorado, and illustrated it with woodcuts of the prisoner. This not-so-literary product was sold at $2 per copy.

As he sat in his cell making horsehair watch fobs and rings in order to earn spending money, Packer learned from his jailers that women were divided in their feelings about him. Mrs. Tessie Gebhart, a prosperous owner of three brothels in Denver, formed the "Ladies' Vigilante Society," with the avowed purpose of lynching Packer, but the group disbanded after three ineffectual meetings.

Another female faction seemed to find the man most attractive, despite his record of having eaten five persons. Mrs. Daisy Flowers of Colorado Springs, a thrice-married lady of easy morals and florid good looks, developed a crush on the prisoner and organized the "Alfred Packer Defense League."

This group was composed of fifty-five simpering women from Colorado Spring. and surrounding hamlets. They collected almost $450 for the purpose of hiring a top-notch lawyer to prepare an appeal for Packer. But Mrs. Flowers, as the club's president, overruled the members and with the money bought Packer an expensive gold-and-diamond pocket watch, which she ordered from Tiffany's in New York City.

In gratitude for the gift, and with the help of a bribed jailer, Packer permitted the smitten Mrs. Flowers to visit him in his cell at night. Details of the love-making between the man-eater and the amorous Daisy are lacking, but Conrad Selkirk, a guard, told his friends outside the prison:

"That cannibal may have been rough on men, but he's sure a dandy with the girls! Daisy didn't leave his cell until 5 a.m. She promised me $15 to let her in again tonight."

To be close to the scene of his impending execution, Packer was removed from Denver to the new red brick jail at Gunnison. Here he remained for three years while his attorneys—who charged no fees because of the publicity they achieved and a natural interest in the celebrated case—hurled one writ after another at the bemused Colorado Supreme Court. They charged errors, prejudice and unconstitutionality.

Finally, in October, 1885, the weary judges ordered a new trial for Alfred Packer.

This time he was indicted for manslaughter of his five companions. The State did not ask for his death. Years had rolled by and people were losing interest in the case. But the cannibal was still around, growing fat and indolent in his comfortable cell, where he remained a prime tourist attraction.

ON September 2, 1886 Judge Waldo Harrison ordered Packer to serve a 40-year-prison term for the five deaths. The next day he was taken to Canon City, home of the State penitentiary, where he began a new phase of his tragic life as the prison's most celebrated inmate.

For a while the other convicts either baited him or gave him a wide berth. But he won their grudging respect one day when he picked up 210-pound Dexter Grundwig, a murderer and bank robber, and snarled at the burly con: "Mister, you been teasin' me long enough about bein' a cannibal! Now I'm going to take a real bite out of you."

Grundwig, who had killed three men and injured many in a long criminal career, broke down and sobbed like a scared child. The other prisoners in the yard looked on in fascination, uncertain if Packer were kidding or if he meant business.

Whatever his intentions, the arrival of a captain and three guards broke up the scene, and both Packer and Grundwig were placed in solitary for brawling. After that the man-eater had little trouble at Canon City.

However, for the first year of his incarceration, the warden, guards and other

inmates complained that the sight of Packer eating with gusto in the mess hall made them nervous.

Warden Edgar Hutchins said: "I get the shakes when he tears into a meat bone with those big teeth and wolfs the food down. It makes me remember those poor devils out on the mountains that he ate years ago."

To spare the sensibilities of other diners, the warden ordered that a screen be placed around Packer. For eleven months he ate his meals alone and in silence.

In the entire fifteen years Packer was in the State penitentiary the Denver newspaper writer, Polly Pry, never lost interest in the lonely, brooding man. She convinced the editors of the *Post* that Packer had suffered enough punishment over the years through his flight, his prolonged hearings, the hatred of his fellow men.

Given the green light by the publishers, Polly went to town with screaming headlines in the green ink for which the Denver *Post* was noted. She prepared daily feature articles on Packer.

Polly wrote on her red-hot typewriter: "Gov. Thomas, how is it that you have pardoned or paroled 58 men, including nine killers and seven rapists—yet this aging, tired man rots in his cell, forgotten by society, having paid many times over for his alleged crimes?"

The Denver *Post* raised a defense fund for Alfred Packer and hired William "Plug Hat" Anderson, a prominent criminal attorney, to reopen the case and fight for the prisoner's freedom. Unfortunately, Plug Hat became embroiled in a fight with the newspaper owners and became so enraged over a petty $25 bill that he shot two *Post* executives and critically wounded both men.

Anderson was discharged as Packer's counsel and the carnivorous Alfred stayed in prison three more years. But Polly Pry, still writing furiously, convinced Gov. Charles S. Thomas that Packer had had enough punishment in his time. On January 7, 1901 the governor signed a pardon for the man-eater, who was given a cheap suit of clothes, a one-way rail ticket to Denver, and his savings of $391, which he had earned over the years weaving lariats and carving souvenirs for the tourists who came to stare at him.

Packer rented a cheap room in the Hotel Midland, went to a boxing match and spoke disapprovingly of cruelty in the ring, and visited a theater for the first time in twenty-five years.

"I am shocked by the nudity of the girls on the stage," he told Polly, his only friend. "In my day no decent woman would show so much of her hide. Are they actresses or tramps?"

Polly turned this interview to good journalistic advantage by penning an attention-getting headline: "EX-CANNIBAL SPURNS WOMANFLESH, SAYS BARE SKIN IS UNPALATABLE!"

A rival newspaper sent a reporter to dog Packer's footsteps. When the ex-convict was observed outside a butcher shop on Champa Street, staring wistfully at the steaks in the window, a photographer snapped his picture and the other paper ran a front-page story under the headline: "IS PACKER REMEMBERING HIS HUMAN MEAT FEASTS? CITIZENS, LOCK UP! A MAN-EATER IS ON THE PROWL!"

Disgusted with this new outburst of sensationalism, Alfred Packer stayed in Denver only until the snows melted; then he walked into the open country to the hamlet of Littleton, where he rented a small room in a widow's cottage.

In the winter of 1902 he moved to Sheridan, near Fort Logan, and lived on his veteran's pension of $25 a month. He spoke little of his adventures, but assured townspeople and visitors that he had eaten human meat "only because I had to, there was no other way to survive."

As to the deaths of the five men whose flesh he had devoured, Packer insisted until he died that it was Bell, not himself, who had slain the gold-seekers.

In early March, 1907 Alfred Packer, then 64 years of age, began to suffer from fits. He would snap like a dog when people approached his cabin. In time he went out of his head. People gathered at his door heard him railing at the dead men who had camped with him in the snow-mantled Rockies so long ago: "Miller, you damned butcher—Tracy—Humphrey—Israel Swan, you old fool, quit babbling! Bell, you devil—"

Still mumbling the names of his companions, he died on April 23 and was buried in the tiny cemetery at Littleton. The local unit of the Grand Army of the Republic conducted a simple military funeral for him. Time had softened the memory of his earlier deeds and ghoulish reputation.

More than thirty years later, on September 22, 1940, a Denver eccentric who called himself "Bishop" Frank Hamilton Rice decided that the name of Packer had been a dirty word in the West too long.

At dawn the Bishop and thirty of his followers gathered in the neglected Littleton cemetery to absolve the spirit of Alfred Packer of the sin of cannibalism.

One barefooted disciple assumed the role of the man-eater, daubed his arms with blood from a beefsteak, and walked barefoot over rocks and rubble in penance. The other men wore sinister black robes and threw a fright into early risers who glimpsed the strange procession wending its way to the grave of Alf Packer.

The self-appointed bishop led a white angora nanny goat named Angelica, and draped a black cape over the goat's hairy pelt. The cape represented the dark sins of Alfred Packer.

"And now, Angelica," intoned Frank Hamilton Rice, "I hereby transfer to your body the crimes which Packer committed, thus earning the enmity of generations yet unborn. His unhappy spirit is freed this day, for no longer will be he reviled as that most loathsome of creatures—a man who eats his own kind. Go forth, Angelica, and be the scapegoat henceforth for that unlucky man!"

It was as corny an act as Rice, ever the sensationalist, could contrive, but it received a good press. A carload of newsmen had followed the procession to the cemetery. Packer, if he'd been around to catch the show, would have enjoyed it. Few cannibals ever had such nice things said about them.

THE END

YOU can develop a stronger HE-MAN VOICE!



Achieve more social and economic success... by putting more CHARACTER into your voice. It's *simple* and *easy* with the tested, scientific Feuchtinger Voice Method Develop a compelling voice... a voice that gets what it wants.

IMPORTANCE...RESPECT LARGER EARNINGS

Your voice will be more convincing, more persuasive, after you add new, interesting power-under-control. Isn't it true that the people with colorfully strong, dynamic voices have made the best and most lasting impression upon you?...You, too, can hold sway over others with the help of a properly-trained, well-used, BIG voice.

BE A "SOMEBODY"

Lodge members, union leaders, salesmen, ministers, teachers, lecturers, singers—and many others—have used the Feuchtinger Voice Method successfully since the founding of Prefect Voice Institute in 1916. Join the more than 150,000 ambitious people who have benefited from this amazing home-study course

TRAIN YOUR VOICE AT HOME...*PRIVATELY*

Learn how easily and quickly any normal voice can be strengthened...for speaking or singing. You do these interesting self-training lessons in the privacy of your own room. No music required; exercises are silent. We handle everything confidentially. Your mail is sent to you in plain wrappers. Don't wait. MAIL COUPON TODAY. Receive the fascinating booklet "How to Strengthen Your Voice to be More Successful." Take this first, important step right now. Simply fill in and mail this coupon TODAY. (Cannot be sent unless you state your age.) Address: Eugene Feuchtinger, Director, Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., Chicago 6.

FREE "Successful VOICE" BOOK

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Eugene Feuchtinger, Director
PREFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
210 S. Clinton St., Studio LN-141
Chicago 6, Illinois

Please send me—free and without obligation—your inspiring and helpful illustrated booklet "How to Strengthen Your Voice to be More Successful," by Eugene Feuchtinger. Mail in plain wrapper. No salesman will call.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

My age is_____

PICK YOUR OWN SUCCESS STORY FROM THIS PAGE



Wins $3000 contest—"After my I. C. S. courses I secured a new position." says Mr. Cecil Rhodes. "My income has more than doubled and I recently won a $3000 sales contest."

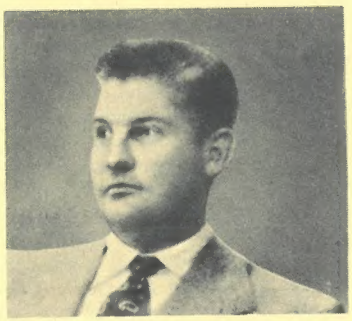


From clerk to Assistant Estimator, thanks to I.C.S. "Any way you look at it," writes Mrs. Edna James, "the time and money one spends for I. C. S. Courses will be repaid a thousandfold."

These are the true stories of people who seemed trapped in routine, low-pay shaky jobs. Handicapped by lack of proper training, they couldn't get the things they wanted out of life—more money, a job they liked, security and happiness.

They are a small sample of the thousands of men and women—young and old—who turn to I. C. S. for help. Their will-to-learn plus I. C. S. training have changed the course of their lives.

Are you discouraged with your job and pay and feel you can't improve yourself because of lack of specialized education? Well, these men and women were in the same boat. With I. C. S. training, one of these success stories could be about *you.*



"As a college graduate, I found I.C.S. very valuable." Robert Lee took the I. C. S. Course in Advertising, is now Promotion Manager for a large corporation. "I. C. S. got me started on the way up," he says.



Reports 20% increase in salary! Gregory C. Johns says. "I. C. S. training gave me unlimited opportunity! I have completed one course, and am now enrolled in Practical Plumbing."

I. C. S. is the oldest and largest correspondence school. 250 courses. Business, industrial, engineering, academic, high school. One for you. Direct, job-related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical application. Complete lesson and answer service. No skimping. Diploma to graduates.

3 FREE BOOKLETS—a 36-page pocket-size guide to advancement, a gold mine of tips on "How to Succeed." Also a big catalog outlining opportunities in your field of interest and a sample I.C.S. lesson.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.** Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 92022H, SCRANTON 15, PENNA. (In Hawaii, reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu) (Partial list of courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpenter Builder
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine Illus.
- ☐ Sign Painting and Design'g
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobile
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Electrical Technician
- ☐ Diesel Engines

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aviation Engine Mech.
- ☐ Reading Aircraft Blueprints

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Bookkeeping and Cost Accounting
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Clerk Typist
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Oil Field Technology
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineer
- ☐ Sewage Plant Operator
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Water Works Operator

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting & Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Engineer Drafting
- ☐ Industrial Piping Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Motor Repairman
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ H. S. College Prep. (Eng'r'g & Science)
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Science
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Heating and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Plumbing and Heating
- ☐ Professional Engineer
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing
- ☐ TV Technician

RAILROAD
- ☐ General Railroad

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Steam Engines

TEXTILE
- ☐ General

Name_____ Age_____ Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ Working Hours_____ A.M. to P.M._____

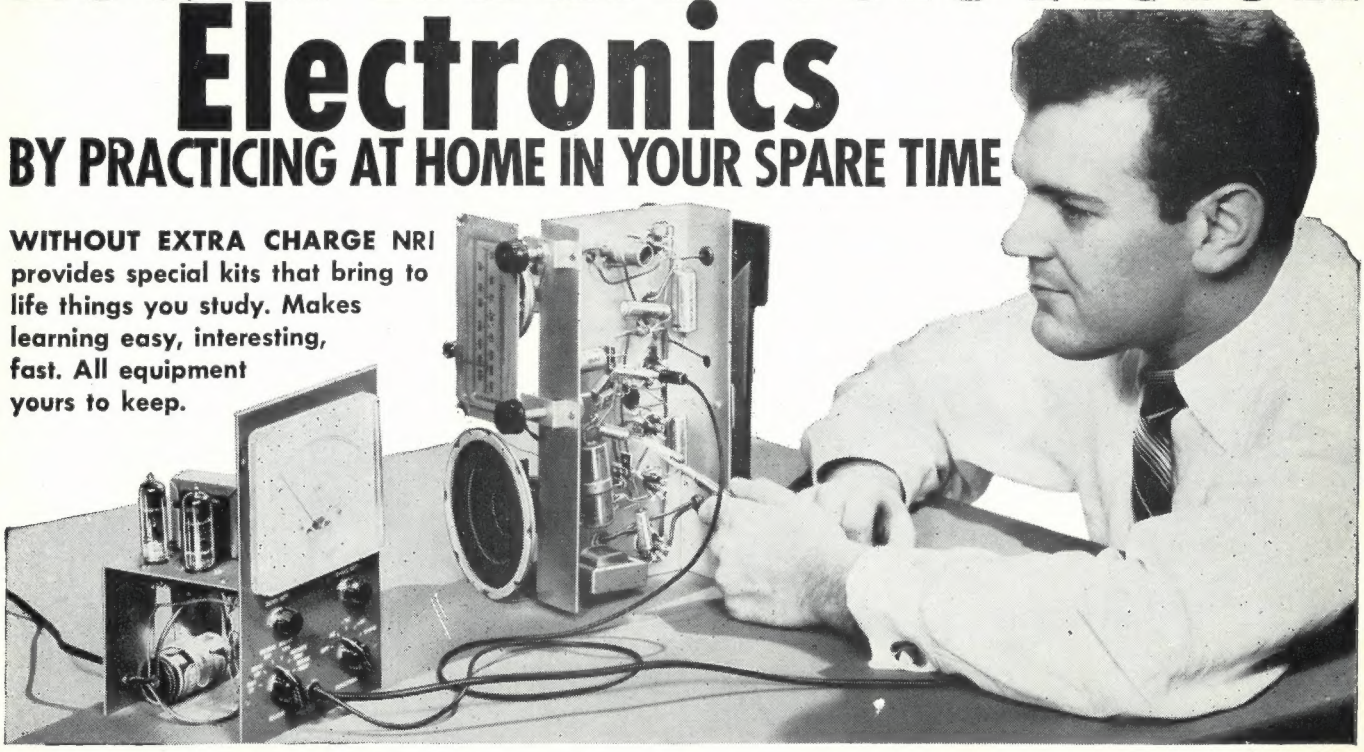
Occupation_____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special low monthly tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

Learn Radio-Television Electronics

BY PRACTICING AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE NRI provides special kits that bring to life things you study. Makes learning easy, interesting, fast. All equipment yours to keep.



Fast Growing Field Offers You High Pay, Prestige, Bright Future



In every community, interesting jobs await you in the exciting field of Electronics. Radio-TV Servicing, Communications, Industrial Electronics, all need more trained men. Prepare now for a brighter future.



J. M. SMITH
President

There are more job opportunities for men with Electronic training than for any other field. And these are *better than average* jobs with bright futures... jobs for which YOU could qualify through NRI training. Thousands of men like yourself—most without a high school diploma—stepped up to good money in Radio and TV broadcasting, industrial Electronics or in businesses of their own where they sell, install and service Radio and TV sets.

Train With The Leader

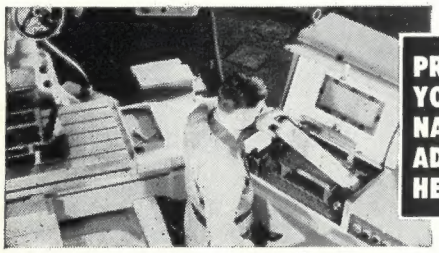
Throughout the U.S. and Canada, successful NRI graduates are proof that it's practical to train at home, in your spare time, at your own pace. Keep your present job while training. For 45 years, NRI has featured the best Radio-TV Electronics training at low cost because it is the oldest and largest home-study school of its kind. Electronics is a profitable field for the ambitious man . . . and the NRI "learn-by-doing" method is the practical way to get into this exciting field quickly.

Start Soon to Earn More

Earn while you learn. Soon after enrolling, NRI shows you how to earn $10, $15 a week and more extra in spare time fixing sets. Helps pay for training. Buys extra luxuries. Mail postage-free card today for *free 64-page catalog*. Read success stories. See equipment you get. Find out about 60-day trial enrollment offer. Convenient monthly terms. National Radio Institute, Washington 16, D. C.

64 PAGE CATALOG FREE





PRINT YOUR NAME & ADDRESS HERE

NRI Trained These MEN for Success



OWN BUSINESS When I graduated I was working in a textile factory trying to make ends meet. Now I own one of the most modern Television Radio service shops in this section. ARGIE C. TAYLOR, Glasgow, Ky.



BROADCASTING After graduating I was a shipboard radio operator. At present I am chief engineer of Station WARA. The NRI Course was a wonderful foundation for me. RAYMOND D. ARNOLD, Attleboro, Mass.



INDUSTRIAL Four months after starting your course I left my job in a hardware store to work at Raytheon Manufacturing. Now, 3½ years later, I am an engineering assistant in Microwave Power Tube Research and Development Laboratory. Choosing your course was the turning point of my career. LEONARD J. BLOOM, Newton Centre, Mass.

CUT OUT AND MAIL No Postage Needed

FROM

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT
NO. 20-R
(Sec. 34.9, P.L.&R.)
Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

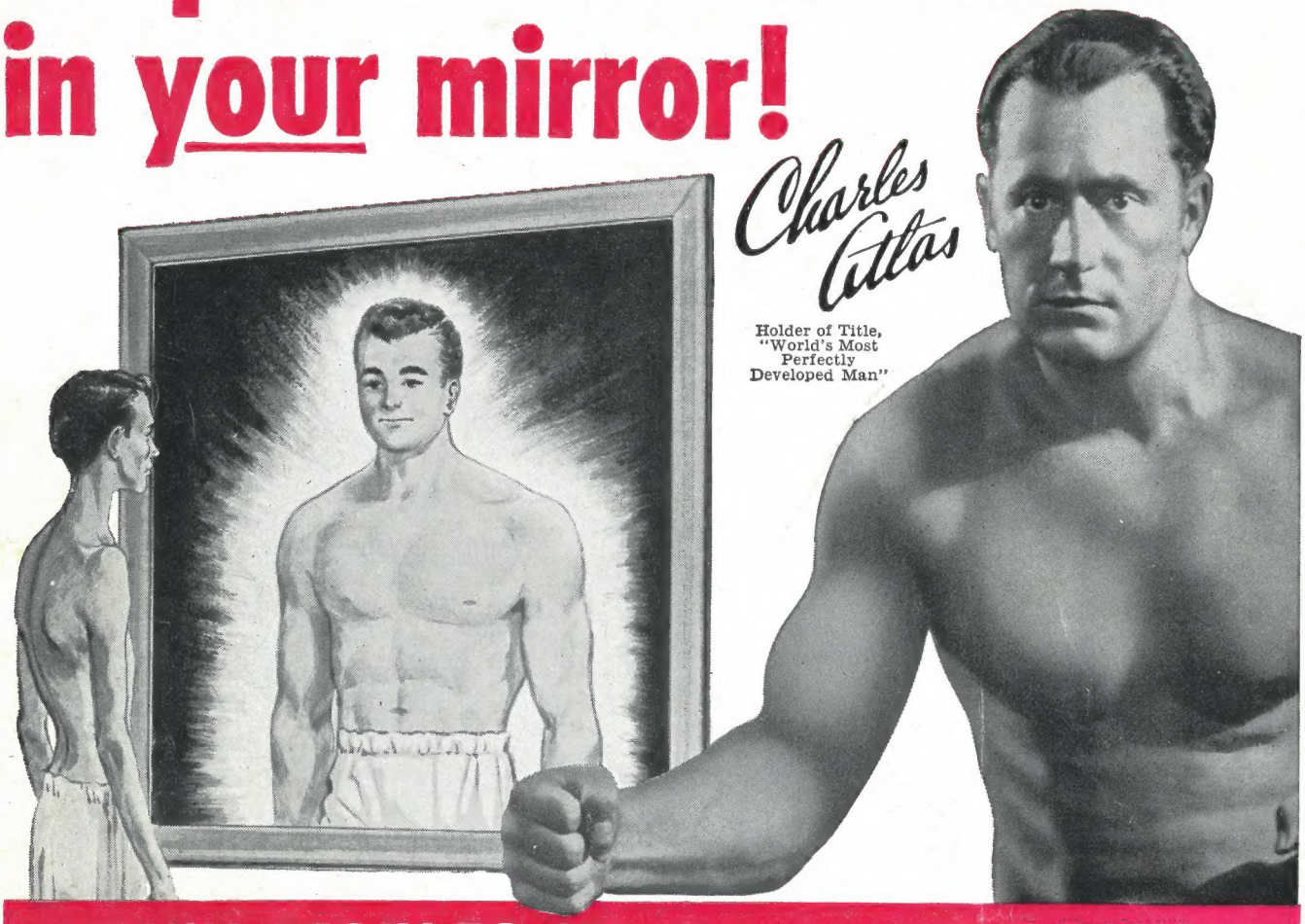
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE

3939 Wisconsin Ave.

WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

Dept. 1MG9

I'll put a real HE-MAN in your mirror!



YOU'LL BEGIN TO SEE HIM IN JUST 7 DAYS...

Just Check the Kind of Body You Want In the Coupon —And I'll Show You How Easily You Can Have It!

WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR do you feel proud of yourself? Or does it reflect the kind of picture you'd rather "keep to yourself"? Well, I promise you'll be mighty pleased with the brand-new HE-MAN body I can put in that mirror for you. And you'll begin to see this new "you" in no time flat—JUST 7 DAYS. If I'm wrong, you pay me absolutely nothing. Best of all, I need only *15 minutes a day* to do this for you!



TROPHY GIVEN AWAY
Win this handsome Trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

I Turn "Sad Sacks" into Fine Physical Specimens

I don't give a hoot how puny and undeveloped you are now. I can pack a whole blast-furnace of vigor and vitality into that physique of yours. I'll build up your body where it ought to be built up—give you handsome, brawny arms and shoulders, a chest of rippling muscle, legs that almost burst with power and energy.

Just check the kind of body you want—right in the coupon below—and I'll show how easily and quickly you can have it!

I'll chip every pound of flabby flesh from your waist and stomach. I'll tone up your system, straighten your back, give you a proud ram-rod "West Point" posture. The handsome new body I give you will show right through your clothes. Finally, I'll help you to a warmer, more confident personality to go with your new physique.

My Proven Method: DYNAMIC TENSION!

I'll do all this for you with my own exclusive method, "Dynamic Tension." It's the identical method that changed me from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" . . . the system that's already built husky, strapping bodies for many thousands of others like yourself. No one else can offer you this method. No equipment for you to buy—no barbells or other apparatus. All you need is the potential powerhouse of energy that's in your body RIGHT NOW. And all I need is 15 minutes of your time a day!

My famous system is *the same one* which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—for boxing, wrestling, baseball, football, and other sports.

Here Are Two of The Thousands Who Have Become HE-MAN My Way:



Proud of His Build Now. Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you."—P.V., Va.



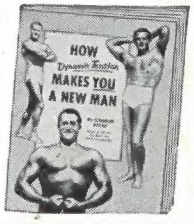
Now Ten Times Stronger and Healthier! "I am grateful for the wonderful improvements you have worked on me. Your course has reformed my soft flesh into solid, power-packed muscles."—E. W. Donovan, New Orleans, La.

FREE—My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book Not $1.00 . . Not 10¢ . . but FREE!

Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it *fast*. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles *where* you want them; add inches to your chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man—confident popular, successful.

See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health . . . your personality . . . your future—WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally:

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 156-L
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 156-L
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. N.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid in the Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name ..... Age....
(please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

SCAN COURTSEY OF EXCITER

